

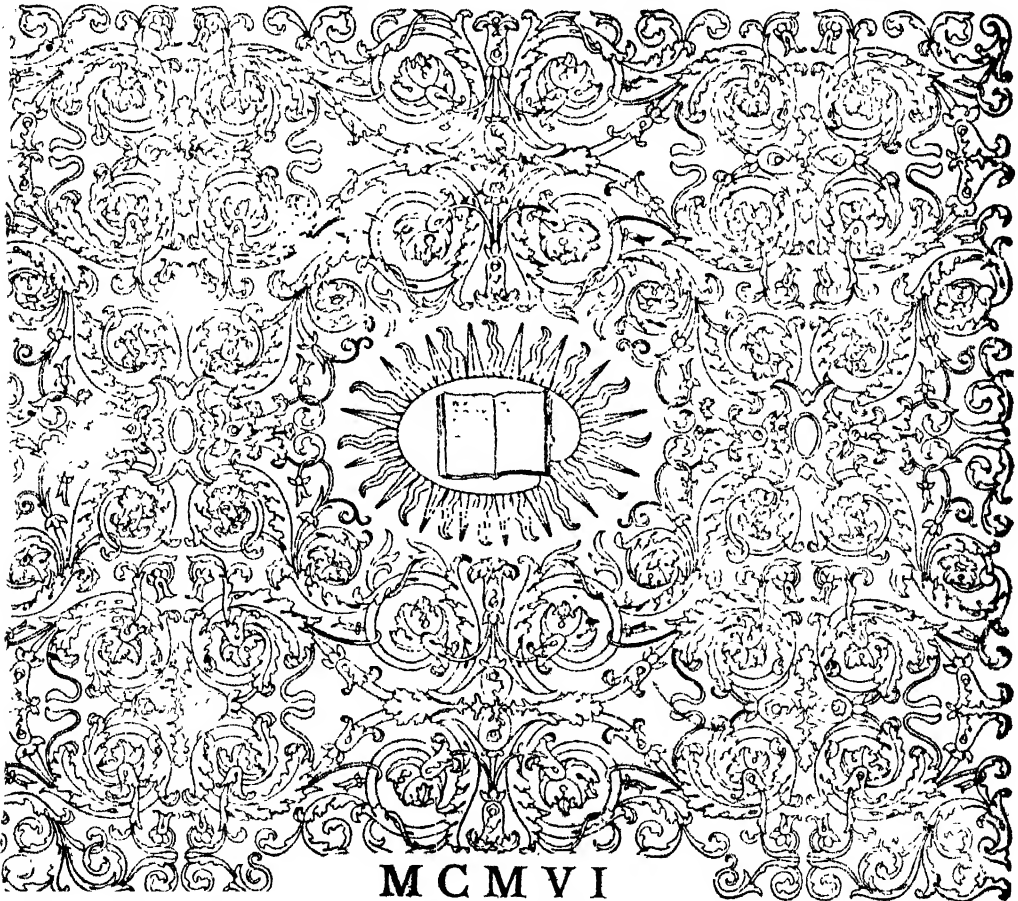
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Sarah Drummond started from her chair, and blushed deeply as she moved towards me. We joined hands in silence. I was breathless with emotion. Never had she appeared so beautiful. At last I faltered out, 'Miss Drummond,'—and then I stopped.

'Mr. Faithful,' replied she: and then after a break—'How very silly this is:

I ought to have congratulated you upon your safe return, and upon your good fortune.'

'Miss Drummond,' replied I, confused, 'when I was an orphan, a charity-boy, and a waterman, you called me Jacob: if the alteration in my prospects induces you to address me in so formal a manner—if we are in future to be on such different terms—I can only say, that I wish that I were again—Jacob Faithful, the waterman.'

'Nay,' replied she, 'recollect that it was your own choice to be a waterman. You might have been different—very different. You might at this time have been partner with my father, for he said so but last night, when we were talking about you. But you refused all: you threw away your education, your talents, your good qualities, from a foolish pride, which you considered independence. My father almost humbled himself to you. Your friends persuaded you, but you rejected their advice; and, what was still more unpardonable, even I had

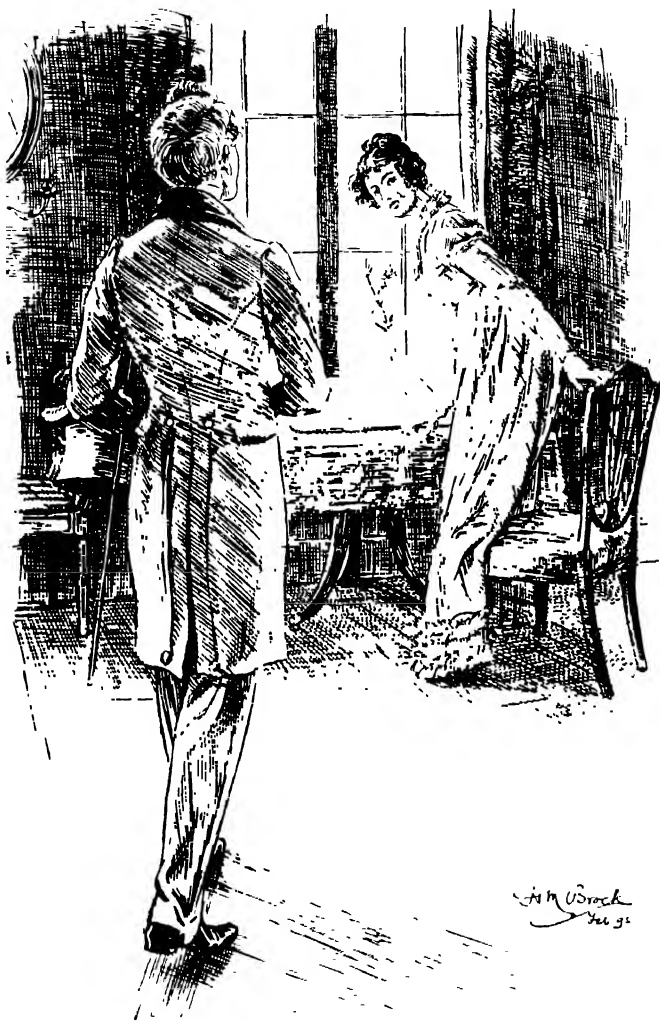
no influence over you. As long as you punished yourself I did not upbraid you; but now that you have been so fortunate, I tell you plainly——'

'What?'

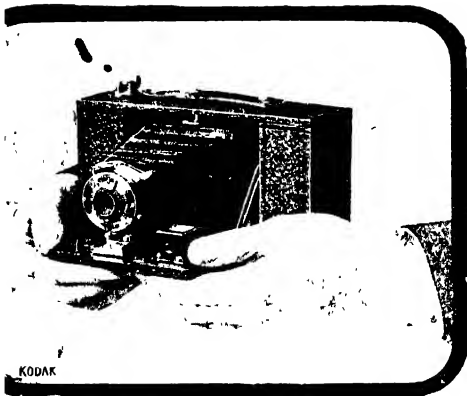
'That it is more than you deserve, that's all.'

'You have said but the truth, Miss Drummond. I was very proud and very foolish but I had repented of my folly long before I was pressed; and I candidly acknowledge that I do not merit the good fortune I have met with. Can I say more?'

'No: I am satisfied with your repentance and acknowledgment. So now you may sit down and make yourself agreeable.'—("JACOB FAITHFUL," *by* Captain Marryat. Illustrated by Henry M. Brock.—Macmillan and Company, Limited, London.)



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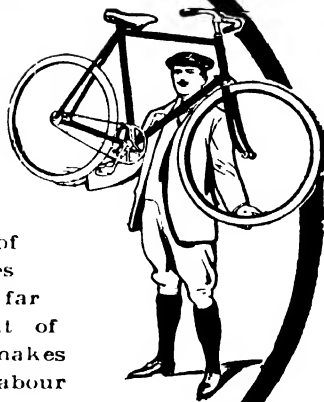
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‘The place is, indeed, invested,’ returned Duncan: ‘but is there no expedient by which we may enter? capture in the works would be far preferable to falling again into the hands of roving Indians.’

‘See!’ exclaimed the scout, unconsciously directing the attention of Cora to the quarters of her own father, ‘how that shot has made the stones fly from the side of the commandant’s house! Ay! these Frenchers will pull it to pieces faster than it was put together, solid and thick though it be.’

‘Heyward, I sicken at the sight of danger that I cannot share,’ said the undaunted but anxious daughter. ‘Let us go to Montcalm, and demand admission; he dare not deny a child the boon.’

‘You would scarce find the tent of the Frenchman with the hair on your head,’ said the blunt scout. ‘If I had but one of the thousand boats which lie empty along that

shore, it might be done. Ha! here will soon be an end of the firing, for yonder comes a fog that will turn day to night, and make an Indian arrow more dangerous than a moulded cannon.’—(‘THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS,’ *by Fenimore Cooper. Illustrated by H. M. Brock.—Macmillan and Company Limited, London.*)



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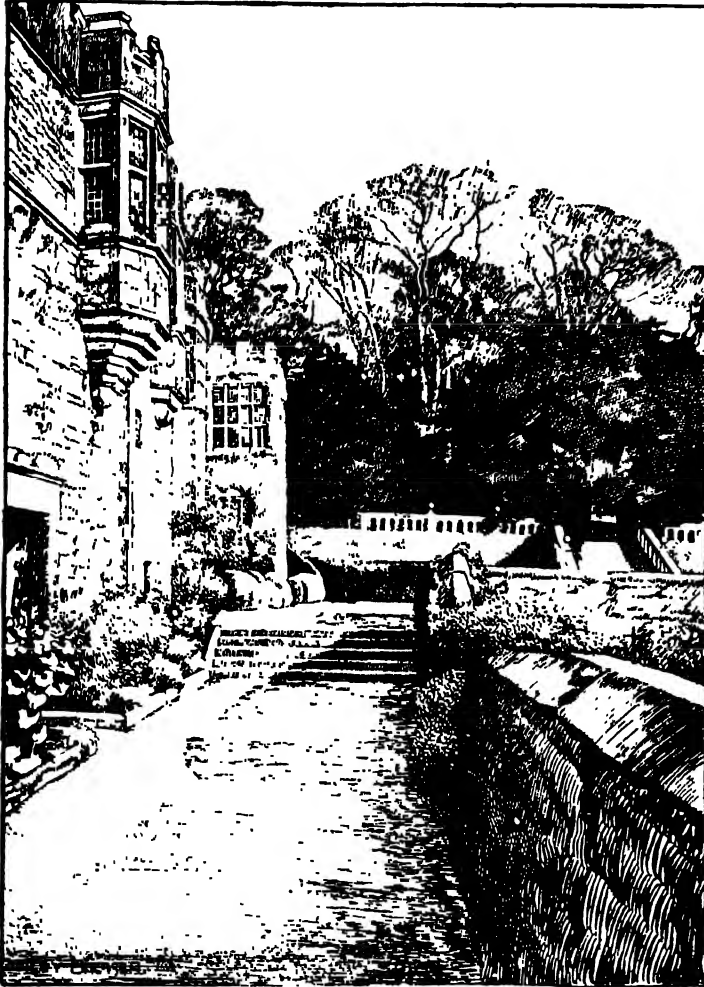
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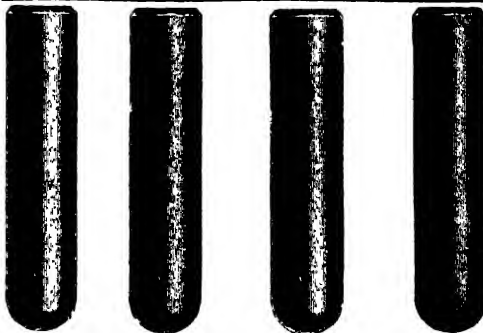
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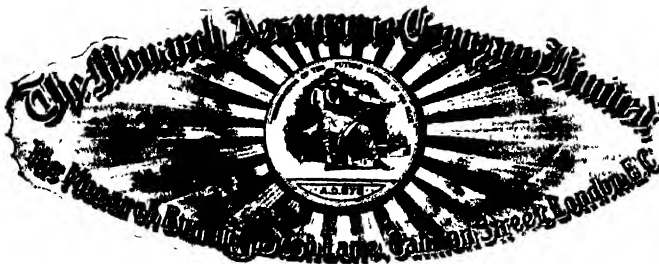
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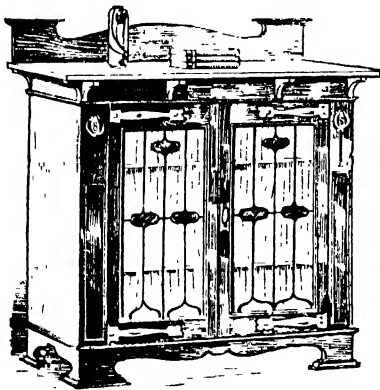
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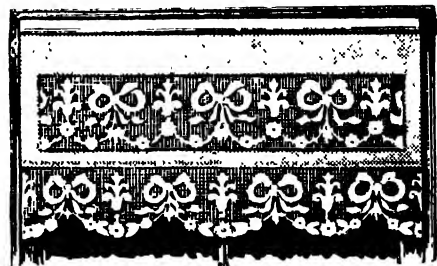
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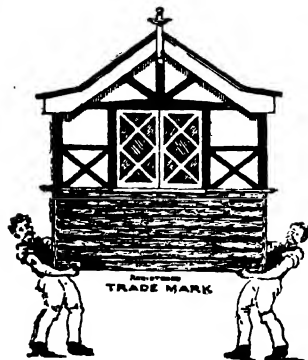
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FIELD-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXI

APRIL, 1906

No. 6

A WEEK AT WATERLOO:

SCENES DURING AND AFTER THE BATTLE

THE REMARKABLE NARRATIVE OF LADY DE LANCEY, WIFE OF
COLONEL DE LANCEY OF WELLINGTON'S STAFF,
NOW BROUGHT TO LIGHT

WITH UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT AND CHARLES DICKENS
WRITTEN IN ADMIRATION OF THE NARRATIVE

THIS manuscript account by Lady De Lancey of her tragic experiences during and immediately after the battle of Waterloo, revealing her devotion as a nurse to her wounded husband, Colonel Sir William Howe De Lancey, was written by her for the information of her brother, Captain Basil Hall, R. N., the well-known author, and is here printed from the copy in possession of his granddaughter, Lady Parsons.

It is a matter of interest to Americans that Colonel De Lancey was born in New York, about 1781, of the well-known family of that name, being a son of Stephen and a grandson of Oliver De Lancey, the latter a loyalist and brigadier-general in his Majesty's service during the Revolutionary War. Not the least interesting feature of this account is the light it throws upon the primitive condition of Wellington's surgical service.

Among the friends to whom Captain Hall submitted the manuscript privately were Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens, whose letters here printed are in the possession of Lady Parsons.—THE EDITOR.

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SCOTT'S COMMENT ON THE NARRATIVE

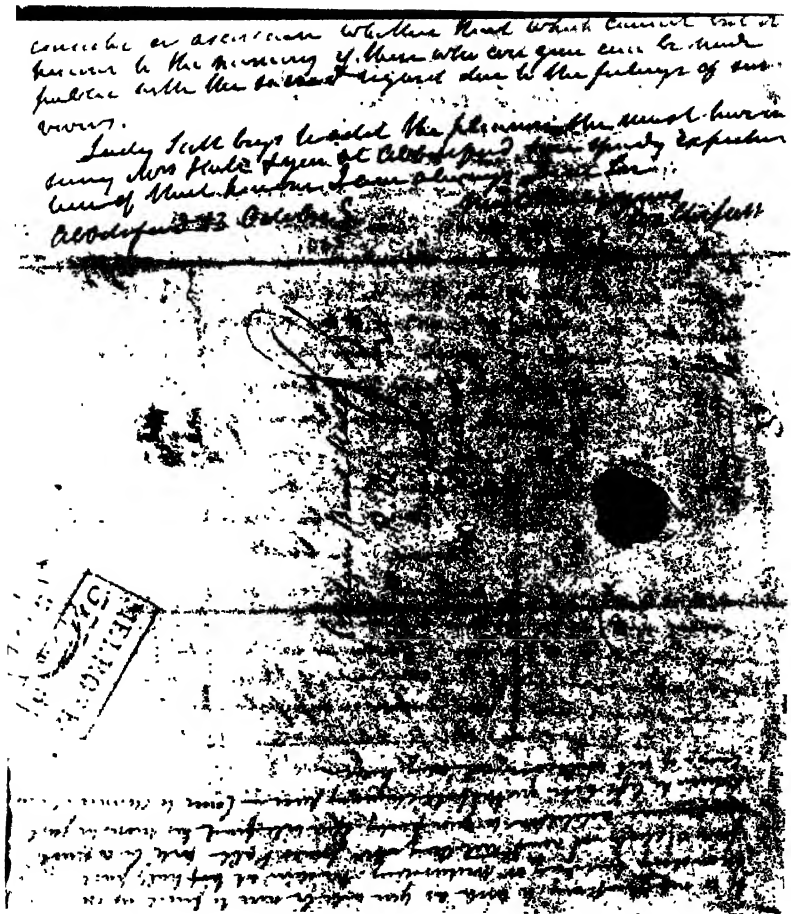
UNDER date Abbotsford, October 13, 1825, Sir Walter Scott writes:

"MY DEAR CAPTAIN HALL: I received with great pleasure your kind proposal to visit Tweedside. It arrived later than it should have done. I lose no time in saying that you and Mrs. Hall cannot come but as welcome guests any day next week which may best suit you. If you have time to drop a line we will make our dinner hour suit your arrival, but you cannot come amiss to us.

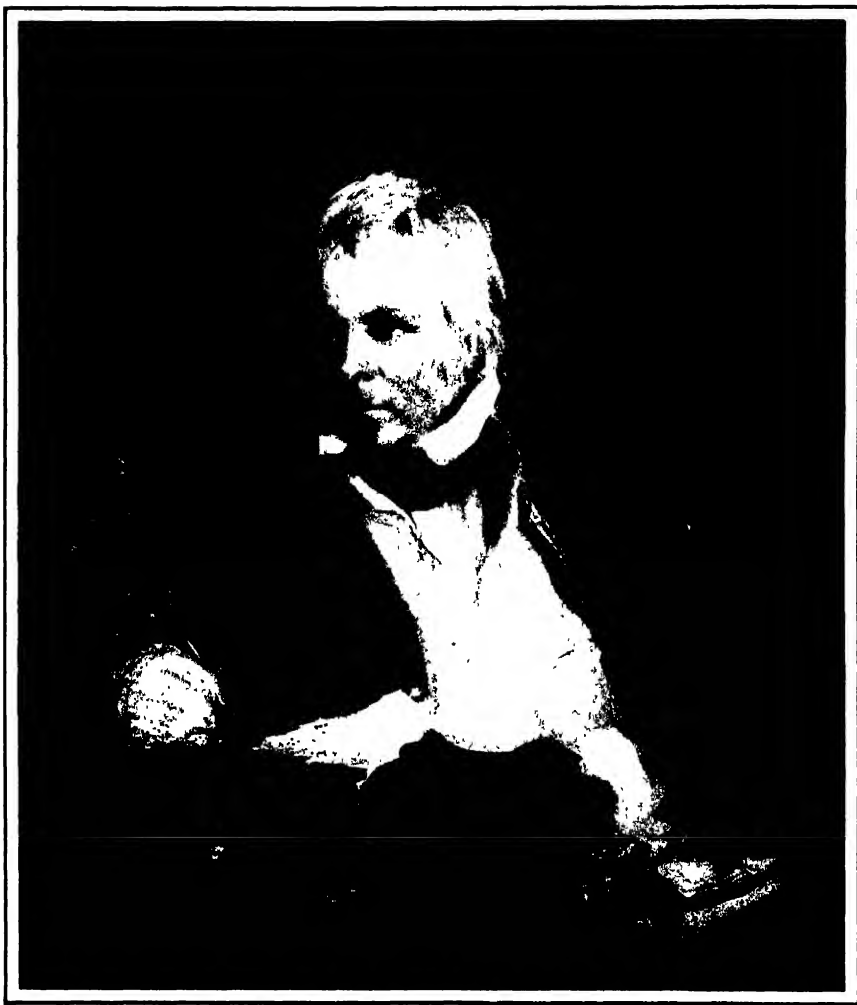
"I am infinitely obliged to you for Captain Maitland's plain, manly, and interesting narrative. It is very interesting and clears Bonaparte of much egotism imputed to him. I am making a copy which, however, I will make no use of except as ex-

tracts, and am very much indebted to Captain Maitland for the privilege.

"Constable proposed a thing to me which seems of so much delicacy that I scarce know how about it—and thought of reserving it till you and I met. It relates to that most interesting and affecting journal kept by my regretted and amiable friend, Mrs. Harvey, during poor De Lancy's illness. He thought, with great truth, that it would add very great interest as an addition to the letters which I wrote from Paris soon after Waterloo, and certainly I would consider it one of the most valuable and important documents which could be published as illustrative of the woes of war. But whether this could be done without injury to the



FACSIMILE OF A PART OF SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LETTER



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

feelings of survivors is a question not for me to decide, and indeed I feel unaffected pain in even submitting it to your friendly ear, who I know will put no harsh construction upon my motive, which can be no other than such as would do honour to the amiable and lamented authoress. I never read anything which affected my own feelings more strongly, or which, I am sure, would have a deeper interest on those of the public. Still the work is of a domestic nature, and its publication, however honourable to all to all [*sic*] concerned, might perhaps give pain where God knows I should be sorry any proposal of mine should awaken the distresses which time may have in some degree abated. You are the only person who can judge of this with any certainty, or at least who can

easily gain the means of ascertaining it; and as Constable seemed to think there was a possibility that after the lapse of so much time it might be regarded as matter of history and as a record of the amiable character of your accomplished sister, and seeme! to suppose there was some possibility of such a favour being granted, you will consider me as putting the question on his suggestion. It could be printed as the Journal of a lady during the last illness of a General Officer of distinction during her attendance upon his last illness—or something to that purpose. Perhaps it may be my own high admiration of the contents of this heartrending diary which makes me suppose a possibility that after such a lapse of years the publication may possibly (as that which could but do the

highest honour to the memory of the amiable authoress), may [*sic*] not be judged altogether inadmissible. You may and will, of course, act in this matter with your natural feelings of [*sic*] consider or ascertain whether that which cannot but do honour to the memory of those who are gone can be made public with the sacred regard due to the feelings of survivors.

"Lady Scott begs to add the pleasure she must have in seeing Mrs. Hall and you at Abbotsford; and in speedy expectation of that honour, I am always, Dear Sir,

"Most truly yours,

"Walter Scott.

"Abbotsford, 13 October, 1825."

[Postscript omitted.]

Dearest Miss Anne.

Tuesday evening, 16th March
1841:

My dear Hall — for I see it must be
junior priores, and that I must demolish
the ice at a blow.

I have not had courage until last
night to read Lady De Lancey's narrative,
and but for your letter, should not have
mustered it even then. One glance at it
idea (though your kindness first advised
but, unprepared for the foreboding of its
terrible truth, and I really have shrunk from
it, in pure lack of heart.

After working at Barnaby all day,
and wandering about the most wretched and
distressful streets for a couple of hours in
the evening — searching for some pictures to
send you — I went at it, at about ten
o'clock. To say that the finding that
not astonishing and heart-rending scenes had
constituted an epoch in my life — that I
never shall forget the highest word of it —
that I cannot throw the impression aside

FACSIMILE OF THE BEGINNING OF CHARLES DICKENS'S LETTER

DICKENS'S COMMENT

THE following is a transcript of Dickens's letter:

"Devonshire Terrace,

"Tuesday evening, 16th March, 1841.

"MY DEAR HALL — for I see it must be junior priores, and that I must demolish the ice at a blow.

"I have not had courage until last night to read Lady De Lancey's narrative, and,

but for your letter, I should not have mustered it even then. One glance at it, when, through your kindness, it first arrived, had impressed me with a foreboding of its terrible truth, and I really have shrunk from it in pure lack of heart.

"After working at Barnaby all day, and wandering about the most wretched and distressful streets for a couple of

hours in the evening—searching for some pictures I wanted to build upon—I went at it, at about ten o'clock. To say that the reading that most astonishing and tremendous account has constituted an epoch in my life—that I never shall forget the lightest word of it—that I cannot throw the impression aside, and never saw anything so real, so touching, and so

then, from this hour to the day of my death, with the most frightful reality. The slightest mention of a battle will bring the whole thing before me. I shall never think of the Duke any more but as he stood in his shirt with the officer in full-dress uniform, or as he dismounted from his horse when the gallant man was struck down.

6
 I am sure that that well knowing crowd of
 a few as was he said - "but the shock was
 naturally very great. With reference to the jollity
 of the shock, it appeared that a rather young
 at his hundred and fifty or thereabouts, he looked
 upon as an infant. This one aged lady, as
 I may say, have been long for a ^{very} long time to
 come, being only two or three years old.

I want to know more about the proposed
 "kicker" - when it is to be, what it is -
 and in short all about it. That I may make
 it the letter unknown. I don't know how
 it is, but I am celebrator rather for writing
 no letters at all, or for the proper business of
 epistolary correspondence. And here
 I am - no writing down the day the week!
 I won't make it a month any way, so with
 love to all your home circles, and from all
 mine, I am now and always

Yours truly, Edward

Charles Dickens

I am very glad you look
 like Barmy. I have great
 sympathy for you, but I am sorry
 to hear of your sorrow.

FACSIMILE OF THE END OF CHARLES DICKENS'S LETTER

actually present before my eyes, is nothing. I am husband and wife, dead man and living woman, Emma and General Dundas, doctor and bedstead—everything and everybody (but the Prussian officer—damn him) all in one. What I have always looked upon as masterpieces of powerful and affecting description seem as nothing in my eyes. If I live for fifty years, I shall dream of it every now and

"It is a striking proof of the power of that most extraordinary man, Defoe, that I seem to recognise in every line of the narrative something of him. Has this occurred to you? The going to Waterloo with that unconsciousness of everything in the road but the obstacles to getting on—the shutting herself up in her room and determining not to hear—the not going to the door when the knock-

ing came—the finding out by her wild spirits when she heard he was safe, how much she had feared when in doubt and anxiety—the desperate desire to move towards him—the whole description of the cottage, and its condition; and their daily shifts and contrivances, and the lying down beside him in the bed and both *falling asleep*; and his resolving not to serve any more, but to live quietly thenceforth; and her sorrow when she saw him eating with an appetite, so soon before his death; and his death itself—all these are matters of truth, which only that astonishing creature, as I think, could have told in fiction.

"Of all the beautiful and tender passages—the thinking every day how happy and blest she was—the decorating him for the dinner—the standing in the balcony at night, and seeing the troops melt away through the gate—and the rejoining him on his sick-bed—I say not a word. They are God's own, and should be sacred. But let me say again, with an earnestness which pen and ink can no more convey than toast and water, in thanking you heartily for the perusal of this paper, that its impression on me never can be told; and that the ground she travelled (which I know well) is holy ground to me from this day; and that, please Heaven, I will tread it every foot, this very next summer, to have the softened recollection of this sad story on the very earth where it was acted. You won't smile at this, I know. When my enthusiasms are awakened by such things, they don't wear out.

"Have you ever thought within yourself of that part where, having suffered so much by the news of his death, she *will not* believe he is alive? I should have supposed that unnatural if I had seen it in fiction.

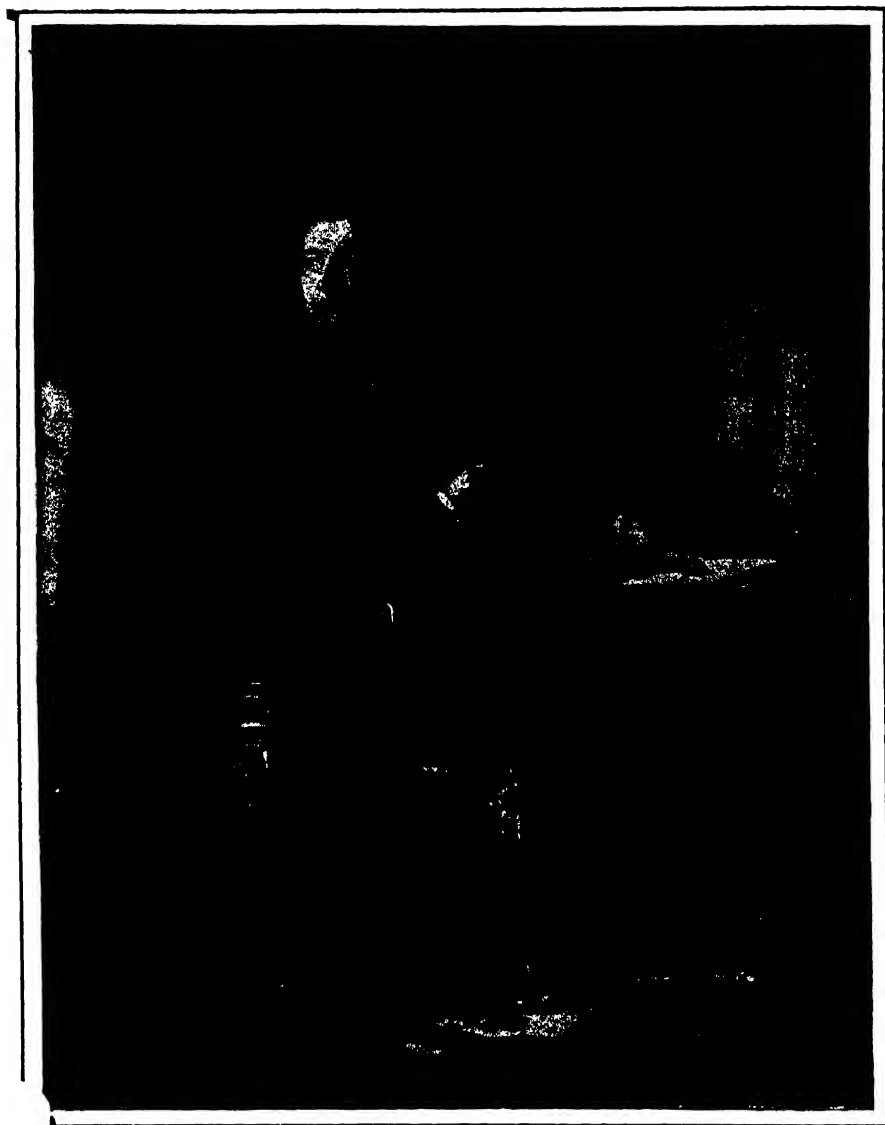
"I shall never dismiss the subject from my mind, but with these hasty and very imperfect words, I shall dismiss it from my paper with two additional remarks—firstly, that Kate has been grievously putting me out by sobbing over it while I have been writing this, and has just retired in an agony of grief, and, secondly, that *if* a time *should* ever come when you would not object to letting a friend copy it for himself, I hope you will bear me in your thoughts.

"It seems the poorest nonsense in the world to turn to anything else—that is,

seems to me, being fresher in respect of Lady De Lancey than you—but my raven's dead. He had been ailing for a few days, but not seriously, as we thought, and was apparently recovering, when symptoms of relapse occasioned me to send for an eminent medical gentleman (one Herring, a bird-fancier in the New Road), who promptly attended, and administered a powerful dose of castor-oil. This was on Tuesday last. On Wednesday morning he had another dose of castor-oil, and a teacup-full of warm gruel, which he took with great relish, and under the influence of which he so far recovered his spirits as to be enabled to bite the groom severely. At 12 o'clock at noon he took several turns up and down the stable with a grave, sedate air—and suddenly reeled. This made him thoughtful. He stopped directly, shook his head, moved on again, stopped once more, cried in a tone of remonstrance and considerable surprise, 'Halloa, old girl!'—and immediately died.

"He has left a rather large property (in cheese and halfpence) buried, for security's sake, in various parts of the garden. I am not without suspicions of poison. A butcher was heard to threaten him some weeks since—and he stole a clasp-knife belonging to a vindictive carpenter, which was never found. For these reasons I directed a post-mortem examination, preparatory to the body being stuffed; the result of it has not yet reached me. The medical gentleman broke out the fact of his decease to me with great delicacy, serving that 'the jolliest queer' taken place with that 'ere know of a bird as ever he see'd—', shock was naturally very great. With reference to the jollity of the start, it appears that a raven dying at two hundred and fifty or thereabouts is looked upon as an infant. This one would hardly, as I may say, have been born for a century or so to come, being only two or three years old.

"I want to know more about the promised 'tickler'—when it's to come, what it's to be, and, in short, all about it, that I may give it the better welcome. I don't know how it is, but I am celebrated either for writing too letters at all or for the briefest specimens of epistolary correspondence in existence. And here I am—in writing to you—on the sixth side. I



After the painting by David Machise, R. A., in the National Portrait Gallery, London
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

CHARLES DICKENS

"Don't make it a seventh, any way; so with love to all your home circle, and from all mine, I am now and always,

"Faithfully Yours,

"Charles Dickens.

"I am very glad you like Barnaby. I have great designs in store, but am sadly cramped at first for room."

LADY DE LANCEY'S NARRATIVE

I ARRIVED at Brussels on Thursday, 8th June, 1815, and was much surprised at the peaceful appearance of that town, and the whole country from Ostend. We were billeted in the house of the Count de Lannoy, in the Park, which is a square of very

beautiful houses with fine large trees in the centre. The Count de Lannoy was very attentive, and we had a suite of very excellent rooms, up four stories, which is the fashion in that country, I believe. It was amusing enough, sometimes, to see

from our windows the people parading in the Park. I saw very little of the town, and still less of the inhabitants; for notwithstanding Sir William's belief that we should remain quietly there for a month at least, I have the comfort of remembering that, as there was a chance we might separate in a few days, I wasted no time in visiting or going to balls, which I did not care for, and therefore I never went out, except for an hour or two every afternoon, to walk with Sir William.

The people in general dined between three and four, we dined at six; we walked while others were at dinner, so that literally I never saw anybody, except some gentlemen, two or three of whom dined with us every day—Sir William's friends, whom he brought to introduce to me.

I never passed such a delightful time, for there was enough of very pleasant society to keep us gay and merry, and the best of the day was spent in peaceful happiness.

Fortunately my husband had scarcely any business to do, and he only went to the office for about an hour every day. I then used to sit and think with astonishment of my being transported into such a scene of happiness, so perfect, so unalloyed!—feeling that I was entirely enjoying life—not a moment wasted. How active and how well I was! I scarcely knew what to do with all my health and spirits. Now and then a pang would cross my mind at the prospect of the approaching campaign, but I chased away the thought, resolved not to lose the present bliss by dwelling on the chance of future pain. Sir William promised to let me know as soon as he knew himself, everything concerning the movement of the army; and accordingly he gave me every paper to read, to keep my mind easy. After some consideration, he decided that upon the commencement of hostilities I should go to Antwerp, and there remain till the end of the campaign, which might last months. He wished me not to think of going along with him, because the rear of a great army was always dangerous, and an unfit situation for a woman; and he wished not to draw me into any scenes, or near any danger, more than if I had remained in England. He little thought I should be in the midst of horrors I would not pass again for any being *now* living;

and alas, the cautious anxiety he expressed that I should avoid being shocked, only made me feel more desolate and miserable when I found myself in the midst of most terrible scenes.

Several other officers, on hearing that he designed to send me to Antwerp, fixed that their wives should go there too. It is a very strongly fortified town, and likewise having the sea to escape by, if necessary, it was by far the safest place; and being only twenty-five miles from Brussels, it added so little to the time of hearing from him, if separated, that I acquiesced cheerfully. After this was arranged, we never thought more about it, and enjoyed each hour as it passed with no more anxiety than was sufficient to render time precious.

On Wednesday the 14th, I had a little alarm in the evening with some public papers, and Sir William went out with them, but returned in a short time; and it passed by so completely, that Thursday forenoon was the happiest day of my life; but I cannot recollect a day of my short married life that was not perfect. I shall never get on if I begin to talk of what my happiness was; but I dread to enter on the gloomy past, which I shudder to look back upon, and I often wonder I survived it. We little dreamt that Thursday was the last we were to pass together, and that the storm would burst so soon. Sir William had to dine at the Spanish Ambassador's, the first invitation he had accepted from the time I went; he was unwilling to go, and delayed and still delayed, till at last when near six, I fastened all his ~~als~~ ^{als} and crosses on his coat, helped him put it on, and he went. I watched the window till he was out of sight, and I continued musing on my happy fate, thought over all that had passed, and how grateful I felt! I had no wish but that this might continue; I saw my husband loved and respected by everyone, my life gliding on, like a gay dream, in his care.

When I had remained at the window nearly an hour, I saw an aide-de-camp ride under the gateway of our house. He sent to enquire where Sir William was dining. I wrote down the name; and soon after I saw him gallop off in that direction. I did not like this appearance, but I tried not to be afraid. A few minutes after, I saw Sir William on the same horse galloping past to the Duke's, which



Portrait owned by W. H. De Lancey. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson.

COLONEL SIR WILLIAM HOWE DE LANCEY

was a few doors beyond ours. He dismounted and ran into the house—left the horse in the middle of the street. I must confess my courage failed me now, and the succeeding two hours formed a contrast to the happy forenoon.

About nine, Sir William came in; seeing my wretched face, he bid me not be foolish, for it would soon be all over now; they expected a great battle on the morrow; he would send me to Antwerp, and desired me to be ready at six. He said that though he expected it would be a decisive battle, and a conclusion of the whole business, he thought it best I should keep the plan of going to Antwerp, to avoid the alarms that he knew would seize everyone the moment the troops were gone; and he said he would probably join me there, or send for me to return the same evening. He said he should be writing all night, perhaps: he desired me to prepare some strong green tea in case he came in, as the violent exertion requisite to setting the whole army in motion quite stupefied him sometimes. He used sometimes to tell me that whenever the operations began, if he thought for five minutes on any other subject, he was neglecting his duty. I therefore scrupulously avoided asking him any questions, or indeed speaking at all. I moved up and down like one stupefied myself.

He went to the office, and returned near twelve, much fatigued, but he did not attempt to sleep; he went twice to the Duke's; the first time he found him standing looking over a map with a Prussian general, who was in full-dress uniform—with orders and crosses, etc.—the Duke was in his chemise and slippers, preparing to dress for the Duchess of Richmond's ball; the two figures were quite admirable. The ball took place notwithstanding the reveille played through the streets the whole night. Many of the officers danced, and then marched in the morning.

About two, Sir William went again to the Duke, and he was sleeping sound! At three the troops were all assembled in the Park, and Sir William and I leant over the window, seeing them march off—so few to return. It was a clear refreshing morning, and the scene was very solemn and melancholy. The fifes played alone, and the regiments one after an-

other marched past, and I saw them melt away through the great gate at the end of the Square. Shall I ever forget the tunes played by the shrill fifes and the bugle-horns which disturbed that night!

At six in the morning, Friday the 16th, I went to Antwerp: Sir William gave me a letter to Captain Mitchell, in the Q.M.-General's department, requesting him to take charge of me. Accordingly, soon after we arrived I was settled in very comfortable apartments. I was at first for an hour in the inn, and I lay down in a small back room. In the evening I sent my maid from the lodgings to get some wine at the inn; when wandering in the passage to find some English person, she opened the door of the room I had been in, and saw the body of the Duke of Brunswick on the very bed.

I was fortunate enough to have a room to the back, so shut in with buildings that I could not hear any noise in the streets. Sir William had made me promise to believe no reports, and not upon any account to move without his written order for it. I thought it was best not to listen to any stories, so I told my maid Emma not to tell me any, and to do her best to get no alarms herself. Captain Mitchell I found of great service; he is a very sensible and seemingly good-natured man. There was a calmness in his manner which was of infinite use to me when I could not entirely get the better of fears but too well founded. Though he was afterwards oppressed with business, night and day, he never failed to come to me when he heard any accounts he could depend on. But I may say I never saw so much calmness, and softness indeed, as during this miserable time.

The general and individual distress that rapidly followed the battles then fought, seemed quite to unman them; and I grew accustomed to see men weep, without their attempting to conceal it. The same evening the Town Major, Machel, called. He knew Sir William, and he brought a Mrs. ——— to call. She very kindly asked me to go and visit her in the country about a mile. I was much obliged to her, but said I hoped to return to Brussels so soon that I should not have time. She apologised for Mr. ———; he would have called on me, but the report I had brought of the marching of the troops had given him a

great deal of business. The town was now very bustling, though when I arrived there was nothing but quiet. Captain Mitchell told me in the evening that the battle had taken place; that the English had gained a victory, but he believed there was to be more fighting. He promised to send to me any letter, or if he heard of Sir William. I sat up late, but none came.

On Saturday the 17th, Antwerp was truly a scene of confusion—by the servant's account, for I would not stir out of my room. Not one of the ladies who had intended to come to Antwerp at first, kept their resolution; and in consequence they got a great alarm, which was what my husband wished me to escape. There was a battle fought on Friday the 16th, near Brussels, and I was told the noise of the cannon was tremendous—the houses shook with it. It was distinctly heard at Antwerp; but I kept the windows shut, and tried not to hear. I only heard a rolling like the sea at a distance. Poor Emma, urged by curiosity, stood in the street listening to terrible stories, seeing wounded men brought in, carriages full of women and children flying from Brussels, till she was completely frightened. She came and told me that all the ladies were hastening to England by sea, for the French had taken Brussels. I saw I must take my time to alarm her, and I said, "Well, Emma, you know that if the French were firing at this house, I would not move till I was ordered; but you have no such duty, therefore go if you like. I dare say any of the families will let you join them."

Emma was shocked at my supposing I should be so base as to desert me, and declared that if she was sure she had to remain in a French prison for five years, she would not leave me. My reproof had all the effect I intended; for she brought me no more stories, and I am certain she never was frightened after, even when we were in far greater danger.

Though I had little reason to expect a letter from my husband, I sat up late in hopes. At midnight, what was my joy to get a little note from him, written at Genappe, after the battle of the 16th. He said he was safe, and in great spirits; they had given the French a tremendous beating. I wrote to him every day, and Captain Mitchell sent my letters, but they never reached him.

On Sunday, Captain Mitchell told me he had heard the last effort was to be made. I cannot attempt to describe the restless unhappy state I was in; for it had continued so much longer than I had expected already, that I began to find it difficult to keep up my spirits, though I was infatuated enough to think it quite impossible that he could be hurt. I believe mine was not an uncommon case, but so it was. I might be uneasy at the length of the separation, or anxious to hear from him; but the possibility of his being wounded never glanced into my mind, till I was told he was killed.

On Sunday the 18th June, there was to be a great battle. It began about eleven; near three, when Sir William was riding beside the Duke, a cannon ball struck him on the back, at the right shoulder, and knocked him off his horse to several yards distance. The Duke at first imagined he was killed; for he said afterwards, he had never in all the fighting he had been in seen a man rise again after such a wound. Seeing he was alive (for he bounded up again and then sank down), he ran to him, and stooping down, took him by the hand.

Sir William begged the Duke, as the last favour he could have it in his power to do him, to exert his authority to take away the crowd that gathered round him, and to let him have his last moments in peace to himself. The Duke bade him farewell, and endeavoured to draw away the Staff, who oppressed him; they wanted to take leave of him, and wondered at his calmness. He was left, as they imagined, to die; but his cousin, Delancey Barclay, who had seen him fall, went to him instantly, and tried to prevail upon him to be removed to the rear, as he was in imminent danger of being crushed by the artillery, which was fast approaching the spot; and also there was danger of his falling into the hands of the enemy. He entreated to be left on the ground, and said it was impossible he could live; that they might be of more use to others, and he only begged to remain on the field. But as he spoke with ease, and Colonel Barclay saw that the ball had not entered, he insisted on moving him, and took the opinion of a surgeon, who thought he might live, and got some soldiers to carry him in a blanket to a barn at the side of the road, a little to the rear. The wound

ferred being alone, and I was always much better alone. About half an hour after, Mrs. — contrived to get into the room. I was terrified, and called out, "Go away, go away, leave me to myself." She prayed and entreated me to hear her, and then said if I was ill would I send for her. I said, "Yes, yes; but the only thing anybody can do for me is to let me alone." She was alarmed at my violent agitation and went away. I locked the outer door, and shut the inner one, so that no one could again intrude. They sent Emma to entreat I would be bled; but I was not reasonable enough for that, and would not comply. I wandered about the room incessantly, beseeching for mercy, though I felt that now, even Heaven could not be merciful. One is apt to fix on a situation just a little less wretched than one's own, and to dwell upon the idea that one could bear that better. I repeated over and over that if I had seen him alive for five minutes, I would not repine. At night Emma brought her bed into my room, as she feared I should be ill. Towards morning I fancied I heard a sound as of someone trying to get into the room. I heard it a long while, but thinking it was somebody coming to visit me, I made no answer.

About two hours after, the attempt was repeated. I said to Emma, "There is a noise at the door. Don't let Mrs. — in, or Lady Hamilton."

She went away, and returned in a few minutes and said, "I am desired to tell you cautiously—"

I said, "O Emma! go away. Don't tell me anything, anyway."

"Nay, but I must tell you. I have good news for you."

"How can you be so inhuman! What is good for me now?"

"But—Sir William is not dead."

I started up, and asked what she was saying, for she would make me mad. She told me that General M'Kenzie was below, and had a message from Brussels, requesting him to inform me that Sir William was alive, and there were hopes of his recovery.

I ran down to General M'Kenzie, and began earnestly to try to persuade him it must be impossible. I had suffered so much the day before, I durst not hope anything now. His voice faltered, and his eyes filled with tears.

He said, "Can you believe any man would bring such intelligence unless it were well founded?" He then gave me a letter from Sir G. Scovell, which said that he had seen an officer of the Staff Corps who had seen Sir William alive that morning, who was anxious to see me. He was attended by a skilful surgeon, and had been twice bled. This was dated Monday, seven o'clock evening.

I immediately regretted the deal of time that had been lost, and said that yesterday morning was a long time ago; and was no argument for his being alive now; for it was often repeated in the letter not to raise my hopes. I then asked General M'Kenzie to assist me to get away. Unfortunately I did not say I had a carriage. He said he was going to Brussels, and would take me. I consented, and he went to get ready. I would not, if I could, describe the state I was in for two hours more; then I lost all self-command. I would not allow Emma to put up my clothes for fear of being detained. My agitation and anxiety increased. I had the dreadful idea haunting me that I should arrive perhaps half an hour too late. This got the better of me, and I paced backward and forward in the parlour very fast, and my breathing was like screaming. I went into the passage, and sent Emma to see if the carriage were coming; and then sat down on the stair, which was steep and dark. There General M'Kenzie found me. Whenever he learnt I had a carriage, he sent the horses he had; for his was not ready, and would not be for some time. When he saw what a state I was in, he roused me in most sensible manner.

He said, "Lady De Lancey, consider what you are doing. You are exhausting your strength and spirits to no purpose, for your friends are endeavouring to forward your departure as soon as possible."

I exclaimed, "Oh, I shall never be there. He may be dying at this moment."

He took my hand, and said calmly and firmly, "My dear madam, why fancy evil? You know what dreadful scenes you may have to go through when you reach Waterloo. You will probably require all your courage, and must command yourself for his sake."

I said no more, but quietly went to the parlour and remained waiting—such an

immediate effect had his steady good sense on my fevered mind. I overheard him say, "No, do not at present; she is not fit for it." I was alarmed, and ran out; but I saw a lady retreating, and I was grateful to him.

We left Antwerp between eight and nine, and had the same difficulties to encounter; but the road was not quite so much blocked up. General M'Kenzie said he would ride after us in an hour, in case we should be detained; he also sent a dragoon before, to order horses. When we were near Vilvorde, the driver attempted to pass a wagon, but the soldier who rode beside it would not move one inch to let us pass. The wagons kept possession of the *chaussée* the whole way, and we had to drive on the heavy road at the side. My servant got off the seat to endeavour to lead the horses past. This provoked the soldier, and a little dispute began. I was alarmed, and desired the servant to get up on the carriage again, which he did. A Prussian officer, enraged at our attempt to pass the wagon he had been guarding, drew his sword, and made several cuts at the servant's leg, but did not reach him. He was preparing to get down again, but I looked from the opposite window and commanded him to sit still, and not to answer a word; or else to quit the carriage altogether. The driver now made a dash past the wagon, and this brave officer came after us and attempted to wound the horses. This made me desperate, and I ventured on a most imprudent action. I drew up the blind, and held up my hands, and petitioned him to let us pass. I exclaimed that my husband, a British officer, was dying, and if he detained me I might not see him. It had the desired effect, for without seeming to have heard me, he slackened his pace and was soon far behind.

When within ten miles of Brussels, the smell of gunpowder was very perceptible. The heat was oppressive. As we came within a mile of Brussels, the multitude of wretched-looking people was great, as Emma told me, for I was both unwilling and unable to look out. I was so much worn with anxiety that I could scarcely sit up. As we entered Brussels the carriage stopped, and I saw Mr. Hay. I durst not speak, but he instantly said, "He is alive. I sent my servant to Water-

loo this morning; he is just returned, and Sir William is better than they expected. I have horses standing harnessed, and you will soon be there if the road is passable: it was not yesterday, for a horse."

We were soon out of Brussels again, and on the road to Waterloo. It is nine miles, and we took three hours and a half. Mr. Hay rode before with his sword drawn, and obliged them to let us pass. We often stood still for ten minutes. The horses screamed at the smell of corruption, which in many places was offensive. At last, when near the village, Mr. Hay said he would ride forward and find the house, and learn whether I should still proceed or not. I hope no one will ever be able to say they understood what my feelings must have been during the half-hour that passed till he returned. How fervently and sincerely I resolved that if I saw him alive for one hour I never would repine! I had almost lost my recollection, with the excess of anxiety and suspense, when Mr. Hay called out, "All's well; I have seen him. He expects you."

When we got to the village, Sir G. Scovell met the carriage, and opening the door, said, "Stop one moment."

I said, "Is he alive?"

He answered, "Alive—yes; and the surgeons are of opinion that he may recover. We are so grieved for what you have suffered."

"Oh! never mind what I have suffered. Let me go to him now."

He said I must wait one moment. I assured him I was composed indeed.

He said, "I see you are," with a smile, "but wish to warn you of one thing. You must be aware that his life hangs on a very slender hold; and therefore any agitation would be injurious. Now, we have not told him you had heard of his death; we thought it would afflict him; therefore do not appear to have heard it."

I promised, and he said, "Now come along." I sat down an instant in the outer room, and he went in; and when I heard my husband say, "Let her come in, then," I was overpaid for all the misery.

I was surprised at the strength of his voice, for I had expected to find him weak and dying. When I went into the room where he lay, he held out his hand and said, "Come, Magdalene, this is a sad business, is it not?" I could not speak,

[illegible]

LADY HAMILTON AS A BACCHANTE

FROM THE PAINTING BY ROMNEY

but sat down by him and took his hand. This was my occupation for six days.

Though I found him far better than I expected, I can scarcely say whether I hoped or feared most at first; because I was so much occupied with gathering comforts about him, and helping him, that I had not time to think about the future. It was a dreadful but sufficient preparation, being told of his death; and then finding him alive, I was ready to bear whatever might ensue without a murmur. I was so grateful for seeing him once more, that I valued each hour as it passed, and as I had too much reason to fear that I should very soon have nothing left of happiness but what my reflections would afford me, I endeavoured, by suppressing feelings that would have made him miserable, and myself unfit to serve him, to lay up no store of regret. He asked me if I was a good nurse. I told him that I had not been much tried. He said he was sure he should be a good patient, for he would do whatever I bade him till he was convalescent; and then he knew he should grow very cross. I watched in vain for a cross word. All his endeavour seemed to be to leave none but pleasing impressions on my mind; and as he grew worse and suffered more, his smile was more sweet, and his thanks more fervent, for everything that was done for him.

I endeavoured to find out the surgeon's opinion of the danger. He said that at present there were no bad symptoms, and after seeing him alive at all after such a wound they would not despair; and if the fever could be kept off, there was a great chance of his recovering. With this view they wished to bleed him constantly; wishing also thereby to make the recovery more complete. I knew they had no interest in me, and therefore would probably tell me the same as other people, so I continued to ask them after every visit what they thought; but when by watching the symptoms myself and also observing the surgeon's expression, I saw what I must soon prepare for, I did not tease them any more with questions, but tried not to give way, and endeavoured to keep up as long as it would be of consequence to him; for even after all hope was gone and the disorder increased rapidly, I felt that if by agitating him I could afterwards imagine I had shortened his life by

one hour, the reflection would have embittered my life. I have the satisfaction of knowing that I succeeded even better than I could have hoped; for toward the end of the week, when every symptom was bad, the surgeon (probably because I desisted from enquiring and did not appear agitated) doubted what I thought; yet, judging it right to tell me, asked Emma if she knew whether I was aware of the danger or not. She assured him I had entirely lost hopes for some time.

I found Emma of great service. Her good will carried her through excessive fatigue while at Waterloo; and afterwards her excellent heart and superior judgment were quite a blessing to me. She told me she was thankful she had been at Waterloo, for it would do her good to see a little of what other people endured. She never before knew half the value of her peaceful, comfortable home in London, where the absence of miserable objects might alone be considered as a benefit. I can hardly express what I felt on returning to England, to see people surrounded with every luxury unhappy at the want of the smallest comfort. I can fancy no better cure for all imaginary evils than a week's residence at Waterloo.

Noise did not disturb Sir William, fortunately, for the cottage was surrounded with roads. One in front led to Nivelles, and every wagon going to and from the army, all the wounded and prisoners, passed along that road. It was paved, and there was an unceasing noise for four days and nights. We were obliged to keep the windows open, and people used to pass close to that in his room, talking loud, and sometimes looking in and speaking; but he never took any notice. I never saw any person so patient. The people to whom the cottage belonged were, luckily, favourable to our cause, or they would have tormented us a good deal; instead of which, I never met with such good nature; and though they never rested one moment helping the soldiers to water, and were constantly worn out with giving them assistance, we had only to tell them what to do, and they ran about to work for us. Their *ménage*, I must allow, was in a sad state. There was a want of everything. I could not help thinking with envy of the troublesome abundance I had often seen in sick-rooms, where there was

far less need for it. However, in a short time we got everything that he required; and I have the greatest comfort in recollecting that there was not one thing which he expressed a wish for that we did not procure. I sent a servant constantly to Brussels with a list of things we wanted; and once I recollect something was brought which he had been very anxious for. Naturally enough, he was disappointed when he found it not so good as he expected; but I was quite struck with his endeavour to praise it, for fear I should be sorry. There was a languid melancholy about him at the same time that he was calm and resigned, which would have made the most uninterested person grieved to see him suffering, and with such sweetness. Emma once gave him some drink, and she told me that the tone of voice and his smile when he thanked her, was like to break her heart, for he was in severe pain at the time.

He said the wound gave him no pain at all, but a little irritating cough caused excessive pain in his chest and side. As far as I could learn, the blow had affected the lungs, which produced inflammation and afterwards water in the chest, which was eventually the cause of his death. I suspect the surgeons had never much hope, but they said there was a chance if the inflammation could have been stopped. By constantly watching him, and gradually day after day observing the progress and increase of suffering and the elevated tone of his mind, along with fatigue and weakness, I was prepared for his final release in a manner that nothing but his firmness and composure could have effected.

He had at first been laid in the outer room, which had two large windows to the road, and everyone saw in. This he did not like, and made the people move him to a small room, about seven feet wide, with a bed across the end of it. They placed him so low and so awkwardly in the bed, that when I first went in his legs were bent, for he could not straighten his knees. After a day or two, he got shoved up by degrees, and then could stretch his limbs. The bed was wretched, merely a wooden frame fastened to the wall, so that it could not be moved, which rendered it extremely difficult to bleed or to assist him in any way, as he

could neither turn nor raise his head an inch from the pillow, or rather sack of chaff, upon which he was laid. This was so full of dust that it made him cough. I soon removed it, and got a cushion out of the carriage instead. We had a clean blanket from Brussels, and at first we put clean sheets on every day. But latterly he grew so restless that he preferred having only the blanket. I had purposely sent for a French cotton one, as I thought the flannel would tease him. The bed was made tolerable at last, and though I could not be pleased with it, he was. He repeated more than once, "What a thing it was for you being in this country!" and I had the delight of hearing him say that he did not know what he would have done without me. He said he was sure he would not have lived so long, for he would not have been so obedient to anyone else.

I found he had been the worse of seeing some friends who had called the first day I was at Waterloo, so I told the servant afterwards never to let anybody come into his room. I remember one day an officer called, and before he was out of sight I had his card converted into a teaspoon. Sir William never ate anything, except once or twice a morsel of toast out of the water. He drank a great deal of tea and lemonade. At first he had no milk to his tea, and he complained that it was very bad; but there was none to be got. I sent my servant to search, and he met some Prussian cows, and milked one, and brought a fine jug of milk. The different contrivances sometimes amused him. One day he wished to have the room fumigated. How was this to be done, without fire-irons, or fire indeed? We put some vinegar into a tumbler, and Emma went with a large pair of scissors, and brought a piece of burning charcoal, and put it into the vinegar, and that made a great smoke. Every time we wanted anything warmed, or water boiled, Emma had to cross a court and make a fire, and then watch it, or someone would have run away with what she was cooking. Meantime I would call her ten different times, and this in wet or dry. I now regretted having brought so few clothes.

The day I went to Waterloo, Sir William told me the Duke had visited him in the morning. He said he never had seen him so warm in his feelings: he had taken

leave of him with little hope of seeing him again, I fancy. The Duke told him he never wished to see another battle; this had been so shocking. It had been too much to see such brave men, so equally matched, cutting each other to pieces as they did. Sir William said there never had been such fighting; that the Duke far surpassed anything he had ever done before. The general opinion seemed to be that it had been a peculiarly shocking battle. Sir William said he never would try it again; he was quite tired of the business. In speaking of his wound he said this might be the most fortunate event that could have happened for us both. I looked at him for explanation. He said, "Certainly, even if I recovered completely, I should never think of serving again. Nobody would ask such a thing, and we should settle down quietly at home for the rest of our lives." The evening after I went to Waterloo, Sir G. Scovell said he would take something to eat, and then after seeing me fairly established he had to go to Headquarters. He wrote a copy of a return for rations, for which we were to send to Brussels; and also other provisions must be got there, for the village produced nothing. He left two sentinels, for fear there should be any disturbances, and we might feel unprotected. One night there was a great noise of people quarrelling in front of the house; the windows had no fastening whatever, but they passed away without noticing us. I was a little more seriously alarmed another day. Some report had reached us that the French were coming back, and were within nine miles. I thought it unlikely, but about eight in the morning all the wagons that had passed for two hours came back as fast as possible, with horses trotting and men running. I was uneasy on Sir William's account: his situation was so helpless. I leant forward, to prevent people looking in and seeing him. I waited without saying anything, to learn the cause of this bustle. I found afterwards that it was merely the wagons had gone several miles on the wrong road, and were hurrying back to make it up.

From the time Sir G. Scovell left us, we scarcely saw anybody but the surgeons. It must add very much to the fatigue of their business, having to do everything for

the wounded whom they attend. Mr. Powell, who attended most constantly to Sir William, and with evidently great anxiety for his recovery, was sometimes quite knocked up with walking many miles on the heavy road to the field and the cottages. He had some difficulty to consider me as a useful person. At first he used to ask me to tell the servant to come; but he learnt to employ me very soon.

The night I went, Sir William desired me to take some rest, for I looked ill. A portmanteau bed had been brought for me from Brussels. I left him reluctantly, for I grudged wasting any of such precious time, but he would not hear of my sitting up. I had just lain down with my clothes on—for there was no blanket, and the floor was damp tiles. I heard him call to his servant, who slept at the end of his room on a mattress. I jumped up and went to him, and did not leave him again. He wanted some drink, which I gave him, and then sat down beside him. He slept and woke every half-hour. He was not restless, nor had he any pain, but he was constantly thirsty.

On Wednesday he wished to have leeches applied to his side; where the bruise appeared. Mr. Powell had no objection, and desired me to send for him when the leeches were brought from Brussels. I did so; but in the meantime, not knowing why he was sent for, I began as a matter of course to apply them. When he came, he apologised, and thanked me. I was not at first aware of how I was obliging him. He said he was very tired, and when he attempted to fix the leeches, he did not do it so well as I did. Next time they were to be applied, I asked if I should send for him. He said I was as good at it as any hospital nurse could be, and as he had scarcely had an hour's rest any night since the battle, he would be greatly obliged to me to take the trouble. Sir William alleged that I grew quite vain of my skill in tormenting my poor husband with these animals. The same day Dr. Hume¹ called in passing to Brussels, for ten minutes. I was a little provoked with the gaiety of his manner; the gravity he assumed at Brussels would have been suitable to the present scene. Though Sir William never complained, he was serious, and seemed inclined to be quiet,

¹ John Robert Hume, M.D., of the Army Medical Service, Surgeon to the Duke of Wellington.

and neither to speak much nor to listen. He generally lay thinking, often conversed with me, but seemed oppressed with general conversation, and would not listen when anyone told him of the progress of the army. His thoughts were in a very different train. Dr. Hume's rapid, lively visit annoyed me much.

I did not feel the effects of having sat up on Tuesday night till next night, but was resolved to fight against it. Sir William desired me to go to rest, as he had done the night before; but I only remained away till I had an excuse to return, and he always forgot a second time to bid me go. This was the only night I had real difficulty to keep awake; the noise of the carts assisted me a little. I counted the rushes of the chair, for want of occupation. Some people said, why did I not let my maid sit up; but that showed they did not understand; for if twenty people had sat up, it would have made no difference to me. I frequently rejoiced that I had no friend there who could exert authority to make me take care of myself, when my only wish was to keep up as long as he needed me.

On Thursday he was not quite so well. Before this he had been making a gradual progress, and he could move about with more ease. He spoke much better than he did at first. His countenance was animated; but I fear this was the beginning of the most dangerous symptoms, and I saw that the surgeon now became uneasy at the appearance of the blood; and Mr. Woodridge, a very eminent surgeon, now constantly attended. He had come over once or twice before. General Dundas called this forenoon. He stayed only a minute, as Sir William was not well, and he was busy. After he was away, I recollected having neglected to ask him to send a blanket and some wine. I never had time to eat, and I always forgot to get wine—as I could take a glass of that and a bit of bread in a moment—and my strength was failing. I looked out and saw him still at the door. I went out, and there were a number of people, Sir H. Hamilton, etc. I told General Dundas I had no blanket. "Bless me!" everyone exclaimed, "no blanket!" I said it was not of much consequence, as I never lay down, but the floor was so damp I was afraid my maid would be ill, and her help

was very essential. Then I asked for wine. Both of which General Dundas sent down next day.

That night I had no difficulty to keep awake. Sir William was restless and uncomfortable; his breathing was oppressed, and I had constantly to raise him on the pillow. The pain in his chest increased, and he was twice bled before morning. He was very much better on Friday forenoon. Mr. Woodridge told us that every day since the battle the people of Brussels sent down carriages to take the wounded to the hospitals; from twenty to thirty private carriages came every day.

On Friday evening Sir William was very feverish, and the appearance of the blood was very inflammatory. I had learnt now to judge for myself, as Mr. Powell, seeing how anxious I was, sometimes had the kindness to give me a little instruction. About ten at night Mr. Powell and Mr. Woodridge came. While I told them how Sir William had been since their last visit, and mentioned several circumstances that had occurred, I watched them and saw they looked at each other. I guessed their thoughts. I turned away to the window and wept.

They remained a little time, and I recovered myself enough to speak to them cheerfully as they went out. They lingered, and seemed to wish to speak to me; but I was too well aware of what they had to say. I felt unable to hear it then, and I shut the door instead of going out. It was that night Mr. Powell asked Emma if she knew what I thought. He desired to be sent for on the first appearance of change. At one in the morning he was in great pain, and as I raised him that he might breathe more freely, he looked so fixed that I was afraid he was just expiring. His arms were round my neck to raise himself by, and I thought we should both have been killed by the exertion. He asked if Mr. Powell had not talked of bleeding him again. I said I had sent for him. He bled him then for the last time. From that moment all the fever was gone. Mr. Powell said it was of consequence to keep him quiet, and if he would sleep calmly it would do him good. At four in the morning I was called out to see a surgeon sent from Mr. Powell, who was ill in bed. He came to know how Sir William was. He had slept a little till three;

but the oppression was returning. This surgeon told me he had been anxious to speak to me several times, to tell me that it was he who had first seen him on the field, and who had given it as his opinion that he might live. He was grieved indeed to think that it should fall to his lot to tell me that it was the opinion of the surgeons that if I had anything particular to say to Sir William, I should not delay long. I asked, "How long?" He said they could not exactly tell. I said, "Days or hours?" He answered that the present symptoms could certainly not prove fatal within twelve hours. I left him. I went softly into my husband's room, for he was sleeping. I sat down at the other end of the room, and continued looking at him, quite stupefied; I could scarcely see. My mouth was so parched that when I touched it, it felt as dry as the back of my hand. I thought I was to die first. I then thought, what would he do for want of me during the remaining few hours he had to live. This idea roused me, and I began to recollect our helpless situation whatever happened, and tried to think whom I could inform of the circumstances. I was not long in deciding on General Dundas, if he could be found, and have time to come and take care of us both. I immediately wrote a long letter to him, telling him how I was situated, and begging that he would come after twelve hours. I said I hoped I should be calm and fit to act for myself; but as I had never been near such a scene before, I knew not what effect it might have upon me. I therefore explained what I wished might be done after all was over, with respect to everything. I then sent the servant with the letter and orders to find General Dundas, if he were within ten miles of Brussels. A few hours after, I had one line from him to say he would be at Waterloo in the evening.

After I had sent the letter I sat down to consider what I was to do next. Though Sir William was aware of his danger, I thought it my duty to tell him how immediate the surgeons seemed to think it. I knew he was far above being the worse of such a communication, and I wished to know if he had anything to say. I sat thinking about it, when he awoke and held out his hand for me to take my usual station by his bedside. I went and

told him. We talked some time on the subject. He was not agitated, but his voice faltered a little, and he said it was sudden. This was the first day he felt well enough to begin to hope he should recover! He breathed freely, and was entirely free from pain; and he said he had been thinking if he could be removed to Brussels, he should get well soon.

I then asked if he had anything to desire me to do, or anything to say to anyone. He reminded me of what he had told me had engrossed his thoughts when he imagined himself dying on the field. He said he felt exactly the same now. He felt at peace with all the world; he knew he was going to a better one, etc., etc. He repeated most of what he had told me were his feelings before—that he had no sorrow but to part with his wife, and no regret but leaving her in misery.

He seemed fatigued; and shutting his eyes, desired me not to speak for a little. I then determined not to introduce the subject again, nor to speak about it unless he seemed to wish it, as I had done all that was necessary.

In an hour or two he ate some breakfast, tea and toasted bread, with so much relish that it almost overcame me. He observed that I must have caught cold by sitting in a draught of air. I said I had. He felt so much better that I was anxious the surgeon should see him. He came in the evening. He was pleased to see Sir William free from pain, but said there was scarcely a possibility of its continuing so. He said he might linger a day or two, but that every symptom was bad. He advised me to keep him as quiet and composed as possible. I assured him no person had been in the room but the surgeons whom he had brought to consult; and I had sat beside him the whole day, scarcely speaking. I said I had told Sir William his opinion of his case. He said it had evidently not agitated him, for his pulse was quite calm. Mr. Woodridge called in the afternoon; he was going to Brussels, and would do anything there we wished. We had nothing for him to do, and he was going when he repeated the question. Sir William looked at me earnestly, and said, "Magdalene, love, General Dundas." I answered, "I wrote to him this morning," and nothing more passed.

Late in the evening, when we were as

calm and composed as could be, and I was sitting and looking at him, and holding his hand as usual, Mr. Powell and Dr. Hume came. He was even more cheerful than before, paid a rapid, noisy visit, and away again. It disturbed our tranquillity not a little, but he is reckoned so skilful that we ought to have been glad to see him. He bade Sir William rouse up, felt his pulse, and said it would bear another bleeding yet, if necessary.

The poor dying man raised his languid eyes, and said, "Oh, no, I do not need it now; I am quite cool."

Dr. Hume said he had no wish to bleed him, but would like to have his limbs fomented. He shook his head. I asked him if he knew what it was. He said No, and would like to try. I asked Dr. Hume if it would be advisable. He said he thought it might refresh him. He went out, and I followed to hear what he would say. He said to Mr. Powell, "Why do you give up a man with such a pulse? with such a good constitution, too! You make them all sad and useless. It does no harm to be trying something."

He named several things. "Put a blister on his breast, and leeches after, if the pain is great down the side."

I looked at Mr. Powell, doubting, as I depended most on his opinion, as his constant attention to the progress of the illness gave it most weight. I thought he looked sorry that my hopes should be renewed, but of course he said nothing.

Dr. Hume said, "Oh, don't fear, we won't desert the case."

I was angry at such nonsense, and said, "Be assured I do not think that Mr. Powell will desert us, but he said this morning there was no hope."

"Nay," said he, "not quite so much as that: I said there was little hope."

I went away, and left them to discuss it themselves.

Sir William said he wished to try what Dr. Hume was speaking of, and I went to order some boiling water to be prepared. I made the people understand that he wanted a great quantity in a tub. While I was speaking, Mr. Powell returned. He had taken a turn with Dr. Hume, and I fancy he had explained his opinion. He said he would go home and prepare a blister, and he believed we had leeches. I said, was it not a great pity to torment

him. He said he would not pretend to say that he thought it could be of much consequence, but for this reason he advised me to do it: I was not aware, he said, how I should feel afterward; and I might perhaps regret, when it was too late, not having done everything which a physician of Dr. Hume's eminence deemed advisable. He said that Sir William would not be at ease at any rate, and it would scarcely plague him; the fomentation would be pleasant to him, and I might take the blister off in six hours if he wished it.

When I went to foment his limbs, I could not find a morsel of flannel. At last I thought of the servant's blanket, and tore it in two. Sir William said this was a most delightful thing, and refreshed him very much. He expressed a great wish to have a vest on his chest. I did not know what to do for flannel. I regretted now excessively not having brought a change of clothes; for I could have taken a flannel coat. This put me in mind of the one I had on, and I instantly tore a great piece out of it and put it into the tub. The cottagers held up their hands, exclaiming, "Ah, madame!" He said it did him good, and was delicious, unconscious where we had found the flannel; indeed he never was aware of the difficulty, for the tub was placed in the other room.

General Dundas came. Sir William heard me speaking to him, and asked who it was. I told him, and he asked if he was going to remain. I said he was. Sir William seemed gratified, but did not say anything. Surely no earthly feeling can be superior to such perfect sympathy.

Sir William fell asleep, and I went out to see if there was anything for General Dundas to eat. He told me he had got a very good room upstairs, and was willing to remain as long as I wished. His only request was that I would not mind him any more than if he was not there, but send for him when I wanted him. I opened the door of Sir William's room and sat close to it, so as to hear if he moved or spoke. I sat down to coffee for the first meal I had, and talked over several things necessary to be settled with General Dundas. I could not speak above a whisper, my voice was so faint. He entreated me, if possible, to try and take some rest that

night, for fear I should be ill before my husband could spare me. I promised. He then told me that Lady Hamilton had asked him to take me to her house when I returned to Brussels; and also the Count de Lannoy had prepared rooms, which he begged I would occupy as long as I pleased. I preferred going to the house we had been in before, and I thought I could be more entirely alone there than at any other person's house, which was what I wished, and knew would be best for me. I was struck, when I did return to Brussels, with two marks of attention. I had a message from the Commissary to say that orders had been given that I was to draw rations and forage for as long as I stayed; and the other circumstance was this. On the letters I had sent from Antwerp I had neglected to write "private," which is necessary when writing to a person in office. I gave them up for lost, and was uncomfortable. After I had been three days at Brussels, they were all returned unopened from Headquarters.

Sir William called me. I sat a short time beside him, and after I had prepared drink for the night I told him I was so very tired I would go and lie down for a short time, if he would allow my maid to bring the medicine which he took every four hours. He agreed, and asked if I did not always take plenty of sleep. I said, "Oh yes," and was going, when he said the pain in his chest was returning, and perhaps leeches would do some good. This was the only time I hesitated to oblige him, for I really could scarcely stand; but of course I proceeded to apply the leeches, and in a few minutes the excessive drowsiness went off; so much so, that when after an hour I went to lie down, I could not sleep. I started every moment, thinking he called me. I desired Emma to waken me if he spoke or seemed uneasy. She gave him the medicine. He looked at her, and asked where I was; she told him I was sleeping. He said, "That's right, quite right."

The pain in his chest grew intolerable, and depending upon my being asleep he yielded to complaint, and groaned very much. Emma roused me and told me she feared he was suffering very much. I had slept half an hour. I went and stood near him, and he then ceased to complain, and said, "Oh, it was only a little twitch." I

felt at that time as if I was an oppression to him, and I was going away, but he desired me to stay. I sat down and rubbed it, which healed the pain, and towards morning I put on the blister. Between five and six he ate some toasted bread and tea, about two inches of bread. Before he began he entreated me to take off the blister only for ten minutes, that he might eat in tolerable comfort. I said I would take it away entirely, and he was pleased. The doctor came about nine. He was breathing then with great difficulty, and there was a rough sound in his throat. Mr. Powell said the only thing to be done was to keep him quiet as usual, and to prevent him speaking. He asked Mr. Powell if he might rise, for he might breathe easier at the window, and he was so tired of lying in that bed. Mr. Powell urged him not to think of it; it would hurt him very much, etc.

About eleven o'clock he sent me away for ten minutes, and with the help of his servant he rose and got to the other end of the room. I was terrified when I heard he was up, and called General Dundas, who went in and found him almost fainting. They placed him in bed again, and when I returned he was much exhausted. I opened the windows wide and shut the door, and sat by him alone, in hopes that he might go to sleep and recover a little. He seemed oppressed with the length of the day for the first time. He asked repeatedly what o'clock it was; he often asked if it was three yet. When I told him it was near five, he seemed surprised. At night he said he wished he could fall upon some device to shorten the weary long night; he could not bear it so long. I could not think of any plan. He said if I could lie down beside him it would cut off five or six hours. I said it was impossible, for I was afraid to hurt him, there was so little room. His mind seemed quite bent upon it. Therefore I stood upon a chair and stepped over him, for he could not move an inch, and he lay at the outer edge. He was delighted; and it shortened the night indeed, for we both fell asleep.

At five in the morning I rose. He was very anxious to have his wound dressed; it had never been looked at. He said there was a little pain, merely a trifle, but it teased him. Mr. Powell objected; he

said it would fatigue him too much that day. He consented to delay. I then washed his face and hands, and brushed his hair, after which I gave him his breakfast. He again wished to rise, but I persuaded him not to do it; he said he would not do anything I was averse to, and he said, "See what control your poor husband is under." He smiled, and drew me so close to him that he could touch my face, and he continued stroking it with his hand for some time.

Towards eleven o'clock he grew more uneasy; he was restless and uncomfortable; his breathing was choking, and as I sat gazing at him I could distinctly hear the water rattling in his throat. I opened the door and window to make a draught. I desired the people to leave the outer room, that his might be as quiet as usual; and then I sat down to watch the melancholy progress of the water in his chest, which I saw would soon be fatal.

About three o'clock Dr. Hume and Mr. Powell came. I must do the former the justice to say he was grave enough now. Sir William repeated his request to have the wound dressed. Dr. Hume consented, and they went away to prepare something to wash it with; they remained away half an hour. I sat down by my husband and took his hand; he said he wished I would not look so unhappy. I wept; and he spoke to me with so much affection. He repeated every endearing expression. He bid me kiss him. He called me his dear wife. The surgeons returned. My husband turned on one side with great difficulty; it seemed to give much pain.

After I had brought everything the surgeons wanted, I went into another room. I could not bear to see him suffering. Mr. Powell saw a change in his countenance; he looked out, and desired Emma to call me to tell me instantly Sir William wanted me. I hastened to him, reproaching myself for having been absent a moment. I stood near my husband, and he looked up at me and said, "Magdalene, my love, the spirits." I stooped down close to him and held the bottle of lavender to him; I also sprinkled some near him. He looked pleased. He gave a little gulp, as if something was in his throat. The doctor said, "Ah, poor De Lancey! He is gone." I pressed my lips to his, and left the room.

I went upstairs, where I remained, unconscious of what was passing, till Emma came to me and said the carriage was ready; and General Dundas advised me to go that evening to Brussels, but I need not hurry myself. I asked her if the room below was empty. She answered me it was; and I went down and remained some time beside the body. There was such perfect and placid calm sweetness in his countenance, that I envied him not a little. He was released: I was left to suffer. I then thought I should not suffer long. As I bent over him I felt as if violent grief would disturb his tranquil rest.

These moments that I passed by his lifeless body were awful, and instructive. Their impression will influence my whole life.

I left Waterloo with feelings so different from those I had on going to it. Then all was anxious terror that I would not be there in time to see one look, or to hear one word. Now there was nothing imaginary—all was real misery. There now remained not even a chance of happiness, but what depended on the retrospect of better days and duties fulfilled.

As I drove rapidly along the same road, I could not but recall the wretched state I had been in when I had been there before; and the fervent and sincere resolutions I then made, that if I saw him alive, I never would repine.

Since that time I have suffered every shade of sorrow; but I can safely affirm that except the first few days, when the violence of grief is more like delirium than the sorrow of a Christian, I have never felt that my lot was unbearable. I do not forget the perfection of my happiness while it lasted; and I believe there are many who after a long life cannot say they have felt so much of it.

As I expressed some uneasiness to General Dundas at having left the body with none but servants, Colonel Grant at his request went to Waterloo the same evening, and remained till it was brought up next day to Brussels. General Dundas then kindly executed all my orders with respect to the funeral, etc., which took place on Wednesday the 28th, in the cemetery of the Reformed Church. It is about a mile from Brussels, on the road to Louvain. I had a stone placed, with simply his name and the circumstances of his death. I

visited his grave on Tuesday, the 4th of July. The burying-ground is in a sweet, quiet, retired spot. A narrow path leads to it from the road. It is quite out of sight among the fields, and no house but the grave-digger's cottage is near. Seeing my interest in that grave, he begged me to let him plant roses round it, and

promised I should see it nicely kept when I returned. I am pleased that I saw the grave and the stone; for there were nearly forty other new graves, and not another stone.

At eleven o'clock that same day, I set out for England. That day, three months before, I was married. *M. De L.*



A SCULPTOR OF THE LABORER

CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

JUST a year ago (April 4, 1905) there died in Brussels, where he was born and where he lived and labored nearly all his days, one of the world's greatest sculptors. In his reticence and simple, ruggedness and sincerity, Con-

stantin Meunier recalls the master-craftsmen of other, sturdier times. He passed away at seventy-four, in the fullness of effort, for he was one of those who mature but slowly. With the exception of a brief sojourn in Spain, he scarcely left



From the relief by Constantin Meunier
RETURNING FROM THE MINE

his native land. "I have never had any adventures," he once said; "I have only dreamed and worked." Though modern in feeling, his art is both Gothic and Greek, both restless and serene. It is, above everything, an art that typifies the

than Belgium. Within a few decades the meadows of Brabant, the leafy copses of Hainaut, and the valleys of the Meuse and the Sambre have been seamed and scarred by hundreds of collieries and iron-foundries. Everything, it would ap-



CONSTANTIN MEUNIER

spirit of the hour. All the fierce energy, the material progress, and inventive genius of to-day are reflected in Meunier's miners and foundrymen, his puddlers and glass-blowers. He was the first sculptor who saw plastic beauty in the workman, the first to give labor the precious baptism of art.

No country is more frankly industrial

than Belgium. Within a few decades the meadows of Brabant, the leafy copses of Hainaut, and the valleys of the Meuse and the Sambre have been seamed and scarred by hundreds of collieries and iron-foundries. Everything, it would ap-
pear, has conspired to annihilate art and the sense of beauty, yet both have survived and have even taken on new and deeper significance. The novels of Camille Lemonnier, the verse of Verhaeren, and the gentle mysticism of Maeterlinck have all flowered on this somber battle-field of industry. In painting Laermans and Frédéric reveal a penetrating



From the sculpture by Constantin Meunier

WATERING A COLLIERY HORSE

mastery, while the sculpture of George Minne embodies a dolorous and tender appeal.

It is not despite, but because of, existing conditions that such results have been achieved. The art of Belgium is uncompromisingly social. It has never been, and never can be, a mere matter of play or prettiness. Nowhere is the social function of art more clearly understood; nowhere is its expression more robust or more concrete. Around Charles de Groux, the apostle of the poor, the painter of the forlorn and famished, gathered a group of men whose creed was actuality, whose passion was not vapid, languid loveliness, but a truth that could enlist the deepest human emotions and aspirations. The supreme accent of this movement did not, however, manifest itself in painting or in letters. It was voiced in the vigorous yet resigned art of Constantin Meunier.

Born at Etterbeek, near Brussels, in 1831, the boy was early left in the care of his mother and his elder brother. He was a timid, pallid child with huge head and slender body. It is said that until he was nearly fifteen he used to weep every day toward sundown. His brother having previously taught him drawing, he was sent, at seventeen, to study modeling with the florid, academic Fraikin, where he acquired a loathing for the insipid elegance of the school then in vogue. Under the inspiration of de Groux, he soon renounced sculpture for painting, and, like that tragic, sedentary soul, was compelled to earn a meager livelihood by executing designs for stained glass. Insensibly his rigid, contemplative spirit was drawn toward the shadows of the cloister. He went to live, as Verhaeren afterward did, among the monks of La Trappe. In both cases the sojourn proved fruitful. The painter's "Burial of a Trappist" and "Stoning of St. Stephen" were curiously paralleled by the fervid exaltation of the poet's "Les Moines." Yet always Meunier must have vaguely felt that sacred art, however poignant and human, was not his final expression. It was inevitable that he should have sought to widen his sympathies, to enrich a somewhat sober, hectic palette. Just as Maeterlinck later turned from "Ruysbroeck l'Admirable" to "Le Trésor des Hum-

bles," so Meunier drifted gradually from the passivity of monastic existence into a broader fellowship and brotherhood. Those twisted images of Christ on the wayside crosses of Flanders seemed, after all, less beseeching than the poor laborer who hurried by making the sign.

On his return from Spain, where he had been sent by the government to copy Campana's "Descent from the Cross," Meunier definitely left the monastery for the mine, definitely gave up color for clay and bronze. His brother-in-law, Camille Lemonnier, induced him to visit the "Black Country" in order to make certain sketches for his book, "La Belgique." Once there, he realized that he had found his true field. At first he drew and painted as before; but one day in the Borinage, as he was passing the entrance of a mine he happened to catch sight of a group of workmen, toil-stained and stripped to the waist, emerging from the depths into the glow of evening. He felt instinctively that the rhythm of their movements and the heavy, yet supple elasticity of their bodies could be translated only by sculpture. So strong was his conviction, and so implicit was his faith in himself, that this man of fifty suddenly gave up his career as a painter and began his artist life afresh. He proceeded to study the laborer in all his aspects and attitudes. He lived for a time at Val-Saint-Lambert, among the glass-blowers, and later among the foundry-men and puddlers of Seraing. All along that black, stifling belt which stretches from Liège to Charleroi and from Charleroi to Mons he watched those dogged sons of Cain fulfilling their sinister destiny. At Frameries and Pâturages he found them stunted, deformed, and stamped with tragic depression, but for the most part they displayed a silent heroism and a primitive energy which turned pity into admiration. He did not spend all his time indoors or underground, among creatures more like antique troglodytes than human beings. He also went abroad, in the sun, with the mower or the happy harvester. It was work that he chose for his theme, work and the workman in their every phase.

All the man's passion for form and contour, which had so long lain dormant,



From the sculpture by Constantin Meunier

AN ANTWERP DOCK-HAND



From the relief by Constantin Meunier

THE HARVEST

surged forward with resistless impetus. His early attempts, though crude, were rich in vital intensity. Within a few short years he achieved the accent of assured mastery. The "Hammerman" and the "Puddler" made a profound impression in Brussels and in Paris during 1885 and 1886. Other successes followed, certain of which were purchased for the Luxembourg and various museums. Yet Meunier was the last to realize that his majestic, submissive giants of the forge or furnace possessed any title to consideration. He was even puzzled by the praise of press and public, exclaiming frankly, "Why, what can they see in my poor stuff?" He had married young, and life thus far had been a bitter struggle. In 1887, having accepted the professorship of painting at the Academy of Louvain, he left his humble quarters in Brussels for the gray and quiet town of Father Damien. It was here that Constantin Meunier revealed the fullness of his power as an artist, and it was here that he proved his deep understanding of the sad, ennobling beauty of toil. He worked unremittingly, pausing only to attend his classes. Statue followed statue, and group succeeded group,

until he had almost completed that valiant hymn to labor which constitutes the ultimate message of his art.

The majority of these passive, cyclopean creatures, including the "Miner" and the "Glass-blower" as well as numerous busts and reliefs, were either planned or executed at Louvain. Now and then he modeled with searching tenderness a female figure, such as the buoyant "Mine Girl" or the mother crushed beneath a weight of anguish and fatality in that tragic episode entitled, "Fire-damp." Like Zola in "Germinal," he also felt drawn toward those sodden brutes condemned to plod dumbly amid suffocating darkness. With the "Old Mine Horse" he gave us another "Bataille" in all his spent and helpless decrepitude. Meanwhile the artist's observant sympathy was by no means confined to the "Black Country." He widened his circle of activity by adding the "Mower" and the "Plowman," the "Reaper" glancing at the noonday sun, and the "Sower" scattering his seed with an impressive, primeval sweep of the arm. The "Fisherman," too, he transferred to this drama of human endeavor, nor did he neglect the "Brickmaker" or the



From the sculpture by Constantin Meunier

THE HAMMERMAN



From the sculpture by Constantin Meunier

THE PORTER

"Dock-hand." Bit by bit, he enlarged his panorama, omitting the accidental and bringing into closer accord that which was general and typical. And little by little the varied elements began to show a certain affinity, as though obeying a single unifying impulse.

The studio in which this earnest, apostolic man worked from dawn until nightfall was situated on the outskirts of the town. It was known as the "Amphitheater," having for a long time served as the dissecting-room of a near-by medical college. It was a grim, sepulchral building, tower-shaped and pierced by high, arched windows. The place was dim even at midday, for the walls were darkened by the moisture of ages. In the seclusion of this sleepy Gothic town, the silence broken only by the sound of distant bells, Meunier remained almost a decade. He rarely had an assistant, preferring to execute even the most rudimentary tasks with his own hands. Pale, long-bearded, and wearing a *béret* and a plain gray blouse, he wrought with the solemn pre-occupation of one performing an almost sacred office. He appeared to be in constant communion with the great spirits of the past. The impress of things gone and the shadow of things to come seemed always upon him. "I am never alone here," he would say, quite simply. And this was cruelly true, for the hour his younger son was lost at sea he had a tragic presentiment of the event. This blow, coupled with the death a few months later of his elder son, Karl, turned Meunier's eyes once more toward the pensive consolation of Christian art. "Ecce Homo," the "Prodigal Son," and a "Pietà" are the mute record of his suffering and resignation.

A wish to leave the scene of his bereavement, as well as the necessity for better facilities in order to finish the monumental groups already under way, caused him to return to Brussels. In the old days of obscure, unregarded endeavor he had lived first in the Rue des Secours and afterward in the Rue de la Consolation. On this occasion he settled in the Rue Albert-Delattour, also in the suburb of Schaerbeek. Later he moved to 59 Rue de l'Abbaye. Once established, he devoted himself afresh to his art, completing in succession "Watering a Col-

liery Horse" for the Square Ambiorix, and a "Trinity" for the Church du Sablon, besides several single figures and portrait-busts. The vast project that occupied his mature energies was, however, the "Monument to Labor," his crowning achievement and the synthesis of all that had gone before. Dominated by the colossal figure of the "Sower," flanked by the four reliefs entitled "Industry," "The Mine," "The Port," and "Harvest," with, about the base, groups depicting "Maternity" and the several "Trades," Constantin Meunier's canticle in praise of work ranks as one of the most impressive conceptions in the history of sculpture. It was this undertaking to which he consecrated the remaining years of his life; before the end came he had the supreme joy of knowing that it was purchased by the government and would eventually be placed in the rotunda of the new museum on the Mont des Arts.

As with every true craftsman, Meunier's task was left unfinished. The monument to Émile Zola for the Jardin des Tuileries is not in place. Other commissions were barely begun. Still, the message of his art remains full and complete. Those few enthusiasts who gathered about Constantin Meunier during the late eighties and early nineties, and those fortunate individuals who attended his first exhibitions in Brussels, Paris, and Dresden, to-day cherish unforgettable memories. They have seen gropings and hesitations end in a grand, though troubled triumph. They have watched a sustained and resolute beauty issue from that which was wild and rough. Above all, they have witnessed in the man and in his work the ascendancy of that which is spiritual over that which is material. For sincerity, intensity, and lyric fervor the bronzes of Meunier stand alone. Though explicit in subject, they share affinities with the eternally sculptural. Meunier's laborer is both local and immemorial. He taps at a vein or pauses before a pot of molten metal, yet he embodies universal dynamic laws. In the serene and buoyant days of Greece the wrestler and the athlete were the chief exponents of motion. Man was not a sullen, driven beast; he was acclaimed in the Stadium. Christian art taught him penance and renunciation, taught him not to immor-

talize, but to mortify the body. With Michelangelo he became a surly colossus full of grandiose inquietude, and with Clodion a white and wanton boy. In recent times sculpture has made him echo, somewhat sadly, a dim antiquity or chafe uneasily against a ruthless modernity.

The specific triumph of Constantin Meunier consists in having bridged over the past, in having adapted sovereign, immutable truths to actual conditions. Gods and gladiators have merely been put into harness. Infolding draperies, soft as sea foam from the Aegean, have been exchanged for a round cap and leather apron. Mercury has slipped his winged heels into sabots; the flexible Discobolus has learned to swing a sledge. It is not Venus, but Vulcan whom they now worship. There are numerous correspondences between this art, so definite and so concrete, and the generous symmetry of the ancient manner. That first drama of action, the Pergamum frieze, is the direct prototype of Meunier's reliefs. Each depicts struggle, the one simply epitomizing an earlier form of strife. Weeping Niobe has her counterpart in the grief-stricken mother of "Fire-damp"; the "Old Mine Horse" is but an abused and forlorn Pegasus. Coming down toward the Renaissance, the rider in "Watering a Colliery Horse" is none other than a Colleon of the people. Over all Meunier's groups, however tense and concentrated, lingers that static repose which is the priceless heritage of Hellas. Yet this art is not classic, nor Christian, nor modern: it is all three.

With the moral aspect of esthetics Meunier was never obviously concerned. Though his message remains profoundly human and social, he in no sense posed as a man with a mission. While every statue, every bit of bronze, bears in some degree the burden of toil and the burden of sorrow, this art in its essence is not a protest, but an acceptance. These miners are not suppliants; they are conquerors. They rejoice in labor well performed. As they themselves say, "Work and the Walloon are friends," and it was this note that Meunier strove to sound. A visionary as well as an observer, he made man broad and universal, rather

than narrow and individual. Still, while he modified life, he did not falsify life. He simply gave his heroes a touch more of heroism, a shade more of that somber, expressive splendor with which they are clothed. An august majesty accompanies each gesture. Work seems with them to have become a solemn, physical ritual. The "Sower" is biblical, the "Butcher" sacrificial, and that dark line of homeward-swinging figures in "Returning from the Mine" suggests a great recession of labor. It is not the mere performance of a given task which this art expresses, but the eternal continuity of endeavor. These men are not building for to-day alone: with each stroke they are strengthening the solidarity of the human race. There is a certain affinity between Meunier's miners and Millet's grave toilers in the fields about Barbizon. Though representing different conditions, they share, each of them, a similar community of inspiration. Each bears alike the stamp of that endless struggle of man against inevitable fatality. Millet's types are perhaps more pathetic and self-pitying; Meunier's, more heroic and self-reliant.

Although he labored until the very last, there was a gentle serenity about those few, lingering weeks. The studio was situated in a quiet suburb. All around was the green of springtime, the brightness of the sun. Pigeons cooed under the eaves, and from across the way floated snatches of song. As he strolled through the busy squares of Brussels or the dim streets of Louvain, there always seemed to be something evangelical about Constantin Meunier. He was tall, with massive head, deep-set gray eyes, and a brow furrowed with ceaseless thought and effort. His form was bent as by some heavy weight. His movements were brusque and swift; he might have been made only of nerves and bone. As a rule, he was silent and taciturn, speaking seldom, but invariably to the point. He revered the Italian Primitives, and had small love for the false sentiment of Raphael or the forced exuberance of Rubens. Meunier's art, like the man himself, is profound and reflective. It seems to palpitate with the benediction of a divine pity.

INDIVIDUALISM *VERSUS* SOCIALISM

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN



THE words "individualism" and "socialism" define tendencies rather than concrete systems; for, as extreme individualism is not to be found under any form of government, so there is no example of socialism in full operation. All government being more or less socialistic, the contention, so far as this subject is concerned, is between those who regard individualism as ideal, to be approached as nearly as circumstances will permit, and those who regard a socialistic state as ideal, to be established as far and as fast as public opinion will allow.

The individualist believes that competition is not only a helpful but a necessary force in society, to be guarded and protected; the socialist regards competition as a hurtful force, to be entirely exterminated. It is not necessary to consider those who consciously take either side for reasons purely selfish; it is sufficient to know that on both sides there are those who with great earnestness and sincerity present their theories, convinced of their correctness and sure of the necessity for their application to human society.

As socialism is the newer doctrine, the socialist is often greeted with epithet and denunciation rather than with argument; but, as usual, it does not deter him. Martyrdom never kills a cause, as all history, political as well as religious, demonstrates.

No one can read socialistic literature without recognizing the "moral passion" that pervades it. The Ruskin Club of Oakland, California, quotes with approval an editorial comment which asserts that the socialistic creed inspires a religious zeal and makes its followers enthusiasts in its propagation. It also quotes Professor [illegible] of the University of

Naples as asserting that "the morality that socialism teaches is by far superior to that of its adversaries"; and it quotes Thomas Kirkup as declaring, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," that "the ethics of socialism are identical with those of Christianity."

It will be seen, therefore, that the socialists not only claim superiority in ethics, but attempt to appropriate Christ's teachings as a foundation for their creed. As the maintenance of either position would insure them ultimate victory, it is clear that the first battle between the individualist and the socialist must be in the field of ethics. No one who has faith in the triumph of the right (and who can contend with vigor without such a faith?) can doubt that that which is ethically best will finally prevail in every department of human activity.

Assuming that the highest aim of society is the harmonious development of the human race, physically, mentally, and morally, the first question to decide is whether individualism or socialism furnishes the best means of securing that harmonious development. For the purpose of this discussion, individualism will be defined as the private ownership of the means of production and distribution where competition is possible, leaving to public ownership those means of production and distribution in which competition is practically impossible; and socialism will be defined as the collective ownership, through the state, of all the means of production and distribution.

One advocate of socialism defines it as "common ownership of natural resources and public utilities and the common operation of all industries for the public good." It will be seen that the definitions of socialism commonly in use

include some things which cannot fairly be described as socialistic, and some of the definitions (like the last one, for instance) beg the question by assuming that the public operation of all industries will necessarily be for the general good. As the socialists agree in hostility to competition as a controlling force, and as individualists agree that competition is necessary for the well-being of society, the fairest and most accurate line between the two schools can be drawn at the point where competition begins to be possible, both schools favoring public ownership where competition is impossible, but differing as to the wisdom of public ownership where competition can have free play.

Much of the strength developed by socialism is due to the fact that socialists advocate certain reforms which individualists also advocate. Take, for illustration, the public ownership of waterworks. It is safe to say that a large majority of the people living in cities of any considerable size favor their public ownership,—individualists because it is practically impossible to have more than one water system in a city, and socialists on the general ground that the government should own all the means of production and distribution. The sentiment in favor of municipal lighting-plants is not yet so strong, and the sentiment in favor of public telephones and public street-car lines is still less pronounced; but the same general principles apply to them, and individualists, without accepting the creed of socialism, can advocate the extension of municipal ownership to these utilities.

Then, too, some of the strength of socialism is due to its condemnation of abuses which, while existing under individualism, are not at all necessary to individualism—abuses which the individualists are as anxious as the socialists to remedy. It is not only consistent with individualism, but is a necessary implication of it, that the competing parties should be placed upon substantially equal footing; for competition is not worthy of that name if one party is able arbitrarily to fix the terms of the agreement, leaving the other with no choice but to submit to the terms prescribed. Individualists, for instance, can consistently advocate usury laws which fix the rate of interest to be

charged, these laws being justified on the ground that the borrower and the lender do not stand upon an equal footing. Where the money-lender is left free to take advantage of the necessities of the borrower, the so-called freedom of contract is really freedom to extort. Upon the same ground, society can justify legislation against child labor and legislation limiting the hours of adult labor. One can believe in competition and still favor such limitations and restrictions as will make the competition real and effective. To advocate individualism it is no more necessary to excuse the abuses to which competition may lead than it is to defend the burning of a city because fire is essential to human comfort, or to praise a tempest because air is necessary to human life.

In comparing individualism with socialism, it is only fair to consider individualism when made as good as human wisdom can make it and then to measure it with socialism at its best. It is a common fault of the advocate to present his system, idealized, in contrast with his opponent's system at its worst, and it must be confessed that neither individualist nor socialist has been entirely free from this fault. In dealing with any subject, we must consider man as he is, or as he may reasonably be expected to become under the operation of the system proposed, and it is much safer to consider him as he is than to expect a radical change in his nature. Taking man as we find him, he needs, as individualists believe, the spur of competition. Even the socialists admit the advantage of rivalry within certain limits, but they would substitute altruistic for selfish motives. Just here the individualist and the socialist find themselves in antagonism. The former believes that altruism is a spiritual quality which defies governmental definition, while the socialist believes that altruism will take the place of selfishness under an enforced collectivism.

Ruskin's statement that "government and coöperation are, in all things and eternally, the laws of life; anarchy and competition, eternally and in all things, the laws of death," is often quoted by socialists, but, as generalizations are apt to be, it is more comprehensive than clear. There is a marked distinction between

voluntary coöperation upon terms mutually satisfactory, and compulsory coöperation upon terms agreeable to a majority. Many of the attempts to establish voluntary coöperation have failed because of disagreement as to the distribution of the common property or income, and those which have succeeded best have usually rested upon a religious rather than upon an economic basis.

In any attempt to apply the teachings of Christ to an economic state, it must be remembered that his religion begins with a regeneration of the human heart and with an ideal of life which makes service the measure of greatness. Tolstoy, who repudiates socialism as a substantial reform, contends that the bringing of the individual into harmony with God is the all-important thing, and that, this accomplished, all injustice will disappear.

It is much easier to conceive of a voluntary association between persons desiring to work together according to the Christian ideal, than to conceive of the successful operation of a system, enforced by law, wherein altruism is the controlling principle. The attempt to unite church and state has never been helpful to either government or religion, and it is not at all certain that human nature can yet be trusted to use the instrumentalities of government to enforce religious ideas. The persecutions which have made civilization blush have been attempts to compel conformity to religious beliefs sincerely held and zealously promulgated.

The government, whether it leans toward individualism or toward socialism, must be administered by human beings, and its administration will reflect the weaknesses and imperfections of those who control it. Bancroft declares that the expression of the universal conscience in history is the nearest approach to the voice of God, and he is right in paying this tribute to the wisdom of the masses; and yet we cannot overlook the fact that this universal conscience must find governmental expression through frail human beings who yield to the temptation to serve their own interests at the expense of their fellows. Will socialism purge the individual of selfishness or bring a nearer approach to justice?

Justice requires that each individual

shall receive from society a reward proportionate to his contribution to society. Can the state, acting through officials, make this apportionment better than it can be made by competition? At present official favors are not distributed strictly according to merit either in republics or in monarchies; is it certain that socialism would insure a fairer division of rewards? If the government operates all the factories, all the farms, and all the stores, there must be superintendents as well as workmen; there must be different kinds of employment, some more pleasant, some less pleasant. Is it likely that any set of men can distribute the work or fix the compensation to the satisfaction of all, or even to the satisfaction of a majority of the people? When the government employs comparatively few of the people, it must make the terms and conditions inviting enough to draw the persons needed from private employment; and if those employed in the public service become dissatisfied, they can return to outside occupations. But what will be the result if there is no private employment? What outlet will there be for discontent if the government owns and operates all the means of production and distribution?

Under individualism a man's reward is determined in the open market, and where competition is free he can hope to sell his services for what they are worth. Will his chance for reward be as good when he must do the work prescribed for him on the terms fixed by those who are in control of the government?

As there is no example of such a socialistic state as is now advocated, all reasoning upon the subject must be confined to the theory, and theory needs to be corrected by experience. As in mathematics no one can calculate the direction of the resultant without a knowledge of all the forces that act upon the moving body, so in estimating the effect of a proposed system one must take into consideration all the influences that operate upon the human mind and heart; and who is wise enough to predict with certainty the result of any system before it has been thoroughly tried? Individualism has been tested by centuries of experience. Under it there have been progress and development. That it has not been free from evil is not a sufficient condemnation. The

same rain that furnishes the necessary moisture for the growing crop sometimes floods the land and destroys the harvest; the same sun that coaxes the tiny shoot from Mother Earth sometimes scorches the blade and blasts the maturing stalk. The good things given us by our heavenly Father often, if not always, have an admixture of evil, to the lessening of which the intelligence of man must be constantly directed. Just now there are signs of an ethical awakening which is likely to result in reforming some of the evils which have sprung from individualism, but which can be corrected without any impairment of the principle.

The individualist, while contending that the largest and broadest development of the individual, and hence of the entire population, is best secured by full and free competition, made fair by law, believes in a spiritual force which acts beyond the sphere of the state. After the government has secured to the individual, through competition, a reward proportionate to his effort, religion admonishes him of his stewardship and of his obligation to use his greater strength, his larger ability, and his richer reward in the spirit of brotherhood. Under individualism we have seen a constant increase in altruism. The fact that the individual can select the objects of his benevolence and devote his means to the causes that appeal to him has given an added stimulus to his endeavors. Would this stimulus be as great under socialism?

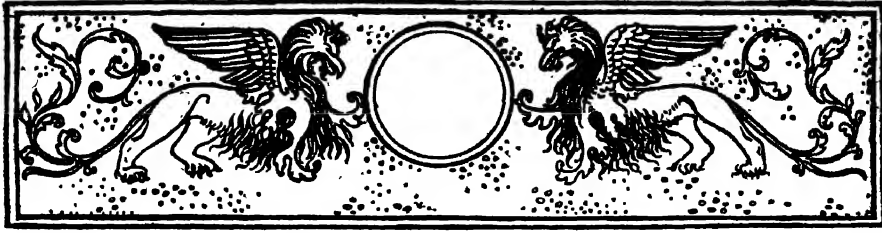
Probably the nearest approach that we have to the socialistic state to-day is to be found in the civil service. If the civil service develops more unselfishness and more altruistic devotion to the general welfare than private employment does, the fact is yet to be discovered. This is not offered as a criticism of civil service in so far as civil service may require examinations to ascertain fitness for office, but it is simply a reference to a well-known fact—viz., that a life position in the government service, which separates

one from the lot of the average producer of wealth, has given no extraordinary stimulus to higher development.

It is not necessary to excuse or to defend a competition carried to a point where it creates a submerged fifth, or even a submerged tenth, to recognize the beneficial effect of struggle and discipline upon the men and women who have earned the highest places in industry, society, and government.

There should be no unfriendliness between the honest individualist and the honest socialist; both seek that which they believe to be best for society. The socialist, by pointing out the abuses of individualism, will assist in their correction. At present private monopoly is putting upon individualism an undeserved odium, and it behooves the individualist to address himself energetically to this problem in order that the advantages of competition may be restored to industry. And the duty of immediate action is made more imperative by the fact that the socialist is inclined to support the monopoly, in the belief that it will be easier to induce the government to take over an industry after it has passed into the hands of a few men. The trust magnates and the socialists unite in declaring monopoly to be an economic development, the former hoping to retain the fruits of monopoly in private hands, the latter expecting the ultimate appropriation of the benefits of monopoly by the government. The individualist, on the contrary, contends that the consolidation of industries ceases to be an economic advantage when competition is eliminated; and he believes, further, that no economic advantage which could come from the monopolization of all the industries in the hands of the government could compensate for the stifling of individual initiative and independence. And the individualists who thus believe stand for a morality and for a system of ethics which they are willing to measure against the ethics and morality of socialism.





PUBLIC SQUARES IN CITY AND VILLAGE

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN

THE treatment of minor open spaces in village and city is one of the most interesting problems of civic art. The term applies to areas surrounded by a more or less compact population. They may range in extent from a few square rods to a few acres, perhaps even a few dozen acres, but are to be distinguished from what are technically known as parks, or parklike spaces, by the fact that the effects derived from scenery do not properly enter into consideration, except, perhaps, incidentally, instead of being the dominant motive. Such grounds come equally into the province of art, however, as involving questions of design, embellishment, and adaptation to local circumstance, whether a matter of what we call a "public square," a "breathing-spot," or a "playground."

These spaces offer room for a great diversity of treatment. The artistic designer can find few more attractive tasks than to shape an area of the kind. Too much pains cannot be taken to have the right thing in the right place; hence the necessity of studying carefully all the conditions of each particular locality. As in structural architecture, so in landscape design, one of the greatest dangers is that of making something that in itself seems beautiful, but which, being out of keeping with its environment, produces an unbeautiful, because unharmonious, impression.

If the traditions established in colonial

days had been perpetuated unbroken in the development of our American communities, there might perhaps to-day be little occasion to enlarge upon the desirability of suitable recreative open spaces. But when the latter half of the nineteenth century filled the land with populous cities and towns, the sentiment that developed the town commons and the quiet public squares of New England had been largely forgotten or ignored. Whatever municipal planning we have had has customarily been either after a stereotyped gridiron pattern, perhaps according to principles formulated in general State legislation, or has been entirely a matter of private real-estate development on the part of individuals or of speculative land companies. In either case the reservation of open spaces for recreative use has rarely been thought of, the great consideration being to realize upon every possible square foot of land. An abundance of urban open space, however, is a matter of hygienic necessity, as well as something esthetically desirable. Such spaces furnish episodes of rest and repose in a city's turmoil; here the excessive movement of life finds momentary relief from its tension; the conditions are more tranquil in these eddies of the urban stream; people may breathe purer air, may gather in friendly intercourse, may stroll and rest and enjoy the sunshine.

Then there is the absolute need of play-

ground space, essential to the normal development of the growing human being, mentally and morally, as well as physically. Hence certain of our great cities are making no better investment than in creating playgrounds in the midst of dense populations, always well worth the cost, even though it may mount to the million for a few precious acres.

With foresight this vast expense might have been avoided. The need of foresight now cannot be too strongly impressed upon growing villages and towns probably destined to become important centers of trade and industry, and even to expand into great cities.

The problem of creating and improving such open spaces must vary widely according to local circumstance. Granting their existence, the question is one of suitable treatment. While their main function may not be that of civic beauty, such open spaces invariably offer one of the best opportunities for embellishment. How to do this intelligently, how to secure the most satisfactory results with the greatest economy of effort and expense, is the question. No invariable rules can be laid down, but certain broad principles may be indicated, and certain desirable ends stated.

Good design is the first requisite, and it pays to consult some landscape-architect of established reputation. However much we may love the beautiful, if we attempt to make a beautiful thing without experience or training, the result is fairly certain to be unsatisfactory. There is a certain large city with numerous open spaces where the authorities in charge paid no attention to the need of design, but went ahead and did the work themselves. They simply wasted a deal of money in achieving much conspicuous ugliness. A sightly hillside, for example, was planted at random with trees and shrubs, producing a mottled and spotty effect. On a charming wooded lakeside the banks were cleared of the beautiful wild shrubbery to keep out fires, while the sloping ground was cut at the water's edge to give place for a retaining-wall, with the idea of preventing the washing of the banks. A very ugly, amputated effect was the result. The ends aimed at might have been gained very easily if professional advice had been sought; a landscape mutilation worse than almost any harm from fire or flood would have been

avoided, and heightened beauty might have been secured.

There is wide room for choice in the treatment of city or village open spaces, from the simple style of the old New England common, with only trees and turf, to the most elaborate phases of formal design. Trees and turf are always safe; for many purposes there can be nothing better. But age is necessary for the desired results: nearly a half-century, at least, must go by; meanwhile the effect is likely to be thin, tame, and monotonous until with years the stateliness of lofty trees overshadowing quiet grassy reaches is gained. The community may have a long time to wait.

Other methods, therefore, may be more appropriate. Either a picturesque or a purely formal development may be desirable, according to existing conditions. A picturesque style may be better adapted to a limited space, perhaps of irregular contour, where a certain largeness or breadth of effect is sought. On the other hand, a regularity or formality of environment may call for a corresponding regularity and formality in design. In formal design, while beautiful, simple results may be reached merely with turf and trees, at the other extreme may lie the most elaborate effects of carpet bedding, richly intricate in pattern and superb in diversified coloring. Bedding effects, however, almost invariably make a discordant intrusion upon picturesque or naturalistic gardening; under any circumstances, the greatest caution should attend their use. Unfortunately, however, they are apt to be the first recourse of both the unskilled amateur and the gardener who, though highly skilled, is untrained in the principles of design. In the hands of either they are responsible for the greater part of what is bad in the gardener's art, both in this country and in Europe.

Suppose a village improvement association is looking about for something useful to do. It may have attended to the streets and put them in satisfactory condition, while nothing has yet been done in the way of public grounds. If there is a neglected common or public square, it will well reward taking in hand; at all events, there is apt to be some little open space where streets intersect. Such street intersections, either in village or city, offer some of the finest opportunities for civic

embellishment. In Washington, for instance, they have given opportunity for the creation of beautiful circles and other decorative open spaces, offering particularly fine sites for monumental sculpture. These minor open spaces, properly embellished, form most agreeable accents in a scheme of civic adornment, emphasizing the beauty of a street scene at just the right place. The problem may be handled as simply or as elaborately as opportunity suggests or resources permit. In a rural community such sites present admirable locations for commemorative tablets, for fountains,—either for drinking purposes or for purely decorative effect,—or for some other monumental purpose. Particular pains should be taken to give even the simplest construction in such a place a genuinely artistic form. But let not the spirit of improvement, in zeal for adornment, make the mistake of striving to "beautify" a site of the kind in haphazard fashion, dotting in shrubs without discrimination, or breaking the turf with a scant flower-bed or two, suggesting nothing but a meager, scrumpy effort at decorative effect. If any public ground is kept quiet and simple, its aspect cannot go far wrong; the great fault lies in attempting to use in a small, cheap way materials that are adapted only for rich and elaborate effects. The results are invariably the same as when a person of scanty means attempts to follow the fashion by employing cheap dress materials in a style that demands the most costly fabrics.

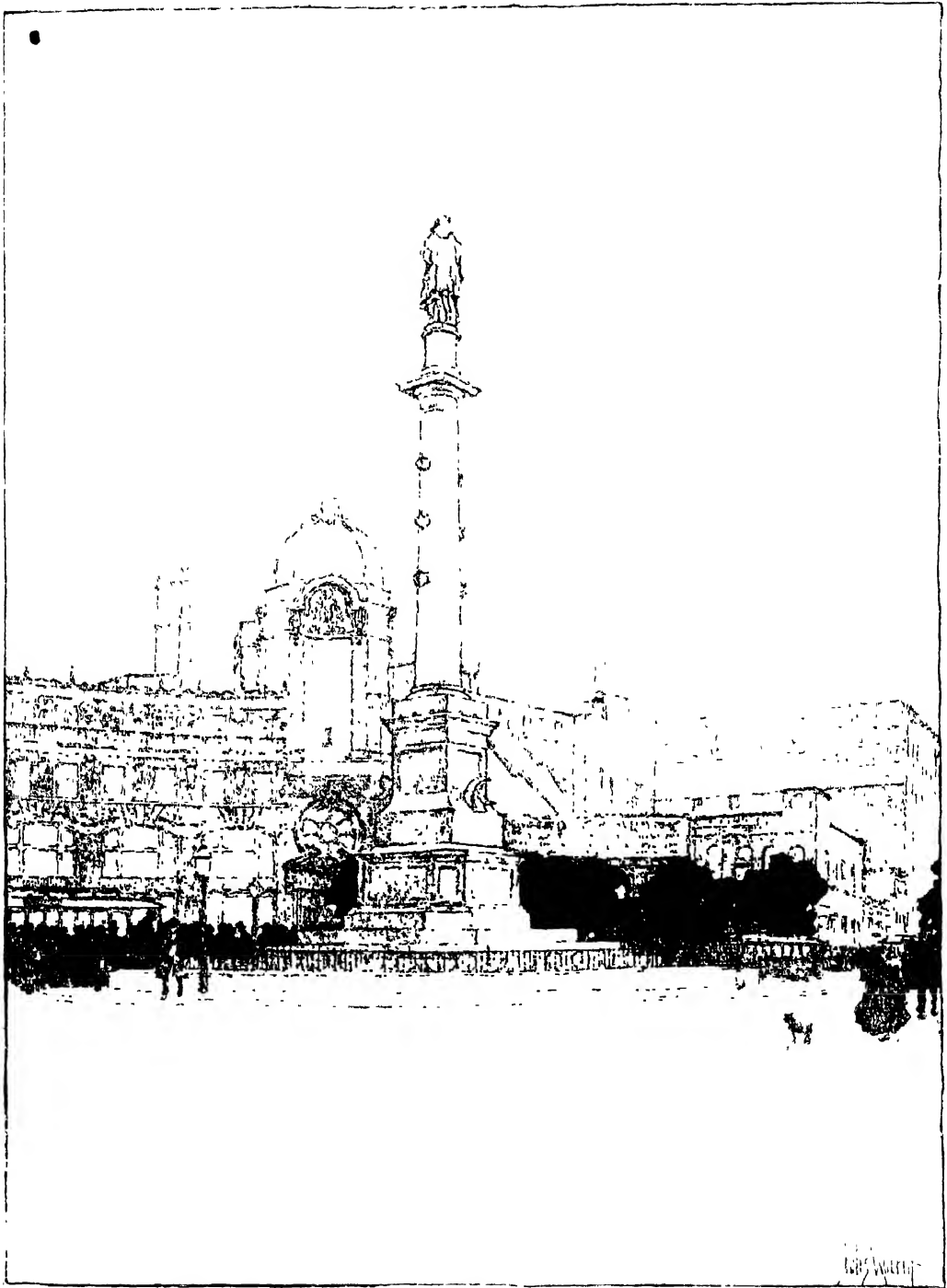
In a suburb of a certain great city a wide avenue passes a large public garden. Here a long irregular space in the thoroughfare has been turfed over and the tracks for the electric cars run through the grass—a pleasant episode in a great highway. But in an attempt at decorative effect a few rustic flower-baskets have been placed at wide intervals along each side of the tracks. The impression made is that of a ludicrous effort to do something handsome. The baskets are too few to count for anything decoratively. Such adornments, if they have any beauty at all, make their appeal rather by inviting the passer to stop and examine the flowers individually, or by their collective decorative effect. But in that position the flowers cannot be enjoyed in detail; standing several rods apart on a bare lawn space, the baskets merely

produce an impoverished impression. Such adornments belong only to formal gardening, as on a terrace or an esplanade. Since the area in question has an irregular contour, it could not easily be given a formal, geometrical design; neither would this accord with its main purpose as a feature in a street-car route. Probably the best treatment of the problem would be a picturesque massing of flowering shrubbery inclosing the tracks on each side. The effect would be always interesting; the changes in foliage and bloom would vary continually through the year, and charm the eyes of passers, either from the street-cars or from the road.

So very much has been found admirable in the outdoor art of a certain great American city that it is only fair to call attention to one thing in which the same municipality falls far short of the ideal. It may seem strange that while Boston has the noblest system of public parks possessed by any great city in the world, in its numerous minor open spaces, as a rule, it exhibits the most conspicuously bad art which, in that respect, is to be found on this continent. Perhaps one reason for this is that since the minor public grounds antedate the park system, their administration has rested in a separate department, and the old inartistic traditions have been preserved.

The Boston Public Garden has exerted a most demoralizing influence upon gardening art in the United States. Its lavish employment of rich and expensive material in a fashion unguided by any true principles of design is responsible for a wide perversion of taste.

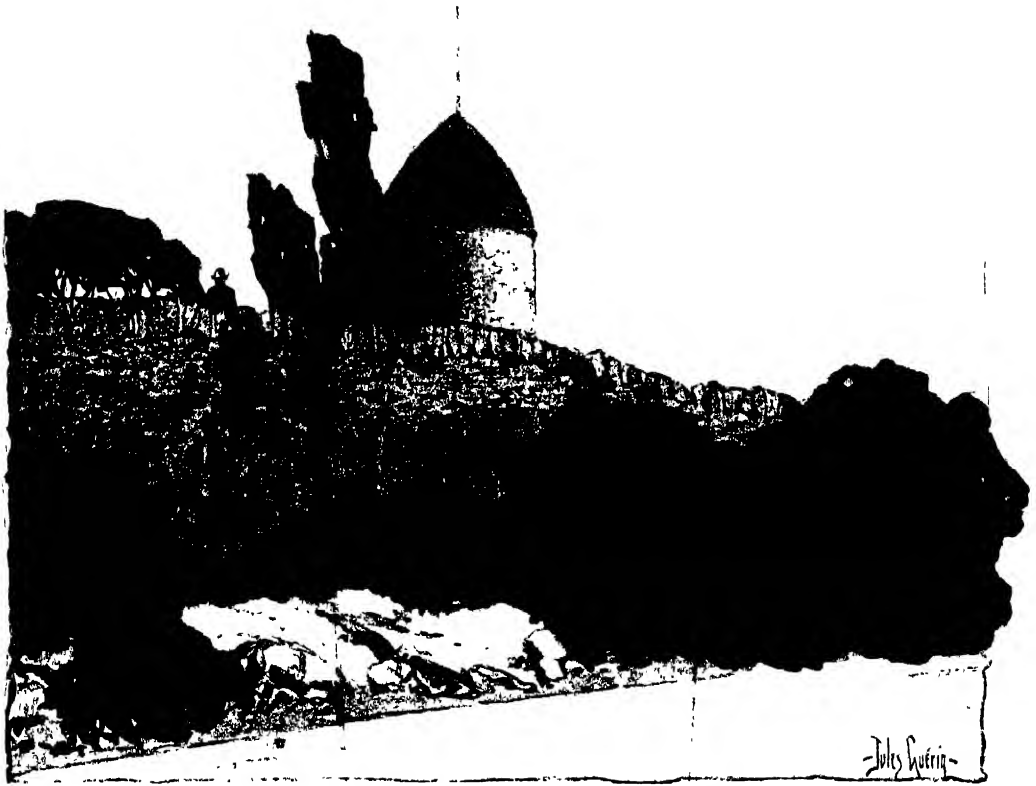
The garden suffers primarily from a fundamentally bad design. In its plan, instead of the geometrical formality most suitable to a public ground of its intent, there is a meaningless irregularity. The paths are mostly crooked, rambling in vacillating fashion. There is a pond with affectedly irregular shores, and any naturalistic suggestion that irregularity might convey is barred by the granite curbing of the margins. Upon the lawns trees and shrubbery have been planted apparently wherever chance indicated a convenient place to dig a hole. Many of the trees have developed into beautiful individual specimens that consequently form so many obstacles in the way of bringing order out



Drawn by Jules Guerin Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

GRAND CIRCLE, WITH THE COLUMBUS MONUMENT, AT FIFTY-NINTH STREET AND EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

The space about the Columbus Monument at the entrance to Central Park from Eighth Avenue illustrates the effectiveness of a formal decorative treatment of an open space at the conjunction of important streets



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Hill-tonc plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

ANCIENT POWDER-HOUSE IN NATHAN TUFFS PARK AT SOMERVILLE, BOSTON

In this instance an historic landmark has been treated as the chief feature in a public ground. The pre-Revolutionary powder house was given to the city, together with the site, by a citizen whose name was given to the park. The picturesque treatment with a terrace commanding a wide prospect, the terrace which is a "spur" from the Mystic valley parkway that occu-

pies the course of the road, is a natural feature in a public ground. The pre-Revolutionary powder house was given to the city, together with the site, by a citizen whose name was given to the park. The picturesque treatment with a terrace commanding a wide prospect, the terrace which is a "spur" from the Mystic valley parkway that occu-

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visable to make a tropical display a highly conspicuous feature of the great central garden of a Northern metropolis. Such a garden should not be a sort of floricultural curiosity-shop for the exhibition of all sorts of pretty and novel things, but a truly decorative feature of the city.

A word here as to the comparative value of bedding plants and shrubbery in the adornment of civic open spaces. Bedding effects have their proper place in producing broad, full masses of rich color, and in furnishing splendid concentrations in decorative patterns at focal points. Such effects belong to elaborate formal gardening, and not to picturesque or naturalistic treatment. The most common offense consists in intruding them into work of the latter character. When not lavishly employed, bedding plants have a meager and parsimonious look.

For the decoration of public grounds

shrubbery, as a rule, is the most appropriate and economical material. A rich succession of bloom throughout the season is easily possible, and shrubbery has the merit of combining the charm of foliage with the beauty of flowers and often of brilliant fruitage. Its indefinite, feathery outlines blend harmoniously with its surroundings, whereas plants used in bedding present in their masses sharp, hard margins that easily do violence to a scene. Bedding effects therefore belong only to strictly formal gardening, but under certain conditions annuals and herbaceous perennials can be picturesquely employed with judicious blending, as in the "old-fashioned garden." The great secret of beauty in work of the latter kind lies in the commingling of forms and colors in a rich, varied, indefinite mass. Bedding methods, on the other hand, demand sharply defined outlines, and the set effects are obtained

from elements of pure color, strong and brilliant as a rule, and without the harmonizing and unifying aid of quiet foliage masses. Extreme care has to be taken in design—outlines graceful and symmetrical, well-shaped figures (as in embroidery patterns), and artistically studied relations of color in masses and in details. It is no discredit to a gardener, highly skilled in making things grow, that he lacks the training in design necessary to these results, and of himself he should not be expected to achieve them.

Next to the Boston Public Garden as a

bad example stands Copley Square in that city. This open space is notable for its unique development, its fine possibilities, and its actual condition of marringly awkward and ill-balanced design. Very curiously, the square has been an accidental growth. Originally it was merely a point where one of the great radial avenues of the city branched diagonally from another great thoroughfare. With the gradual development of the region, two important churches and a fine-arts museum were erected here, and between them intervened a large and a small triangular piece of



by Ju Half tone plate Ed by H. C. Mc

TERRACE AT COPPS A. BURYING-GROUND, BOSTON (OLMSTED, OLMSTED & ELIOT, LANDSCAPE-ARCHITECTS)

The ancient burying-ground is used as a breathing-spot for a congested tenement neighborhood. The small additional space for a new waterside pleasure ground, secured by the removal of structures from the hillside and the taking of wharf property on the other side of the street below, was treated by the construction of architectural terraces with numerous steps overlooking the new playground, the North End Beach, with its recreation-piers and bath-houses.

ground. The need of an open square thus became evident; and it was formed by the taking of the two triangles -- the minor one secured only with much difficulty, after it was seen that the threatened erection of a building upon it would hopelessly mar the spot. The most prominent side of the square became the site of one of the most beautiful buildings in America, the Boston Public Library. This made Copley Square one of the great focal points in the city, and one of the most notable urban open spaces in the country. Its importance, its peculiar evolution, and the exceptional character of its surroundings, have made it a subject for various striking expressions of civic spirit, beginning with the movement to complete the rectangular shape of the place by including the smaller triangle.

Following the erection of the Public Library, the Boston Society of Architects made the problem of a suitable plan for the square the subject for a remarkable competition, which resulted in several excellent designs and was the occasion of a beautiful public exhibition of plans and photographs of the notable public squares and formal gardens in many cities throughout the world. Again, when the erection of a huge "sky-scraper" at one corner of the square was projected, the popular protest against the threatened overshadowing and dwarfing of the public buildings in the vicinity was so strong that a law was enacted limiting the height of structures about and near the square. The validity of this law was affirmed in an important decision of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, making esthetic motives sufficient justification for such legislation, and establishing the right to protect the beauty of a public open space by going beyond its limits and imposing due restrictions upon the character and use of neighboring property.

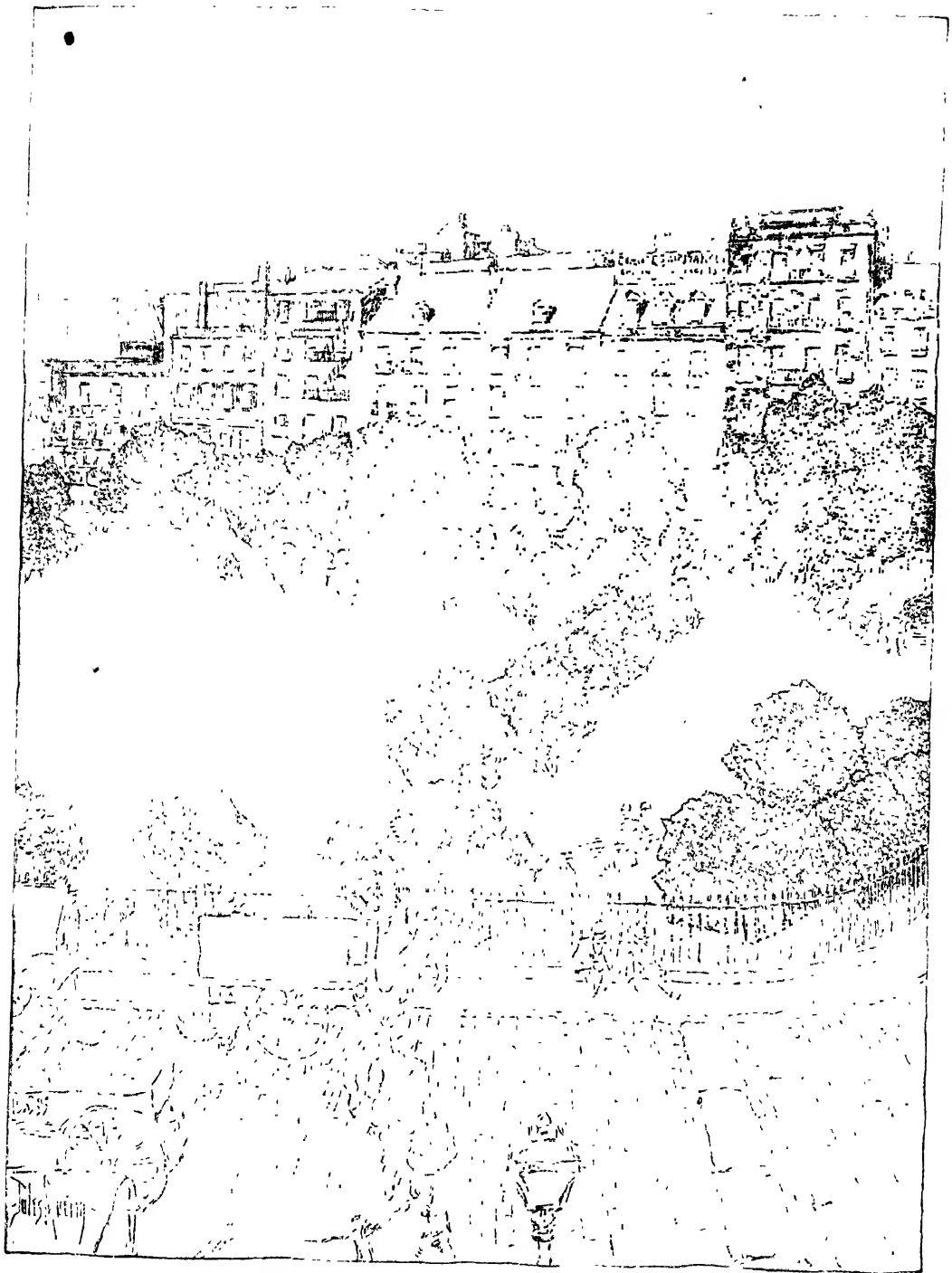
Notwithstanding all this consideration for the aspect of Copley Square, nothing has yet been done to carry out any new design for it, essential as a good plan is to a worthy embellishment of the place. The Public Library, in particular, is marred by the twist askew given to its foreground by the large rectangular triangle in front of it and by the curiously frisky sort of gardening therein practised. The problem is made difficult by the existing conditions of the locality. The architectural surround-

ings have an extraordinary diversity. The tranquil façade of the library is flanked on one corner by the graceful campanile of a church, and on the other by a lumpy, though crudely picturesque, mercantile building. Opposite stands the Romanesque pile of Trinity Church, a famous work of the great Richardson, but presenting a sadly unsuccessful façade. The other two sides of the square have yet no permanent character: the Museum of Fine Arts is to move to another locality, and the miscellaneous construction opposite to it awaits a better architectural development.

A proper design for the place must enhance the effect of the library as the square's culmination; must reconcile, as far as possible, conflicting architectural elements; and must frankly recognize the necessity of maintaining the line of Huntington Avenue diagonally across the quadrangle. The chief obstacle to the execution of the design originally agreed upon -- a charming sunken garden -- lay in its interruption of this continuity. Hence a degree of irregularity in plan is essential, and at the same time an effect of balance, if not of symmetry, must be achieved, in agreement with the most conspicuous architectural feature. A rich formal treatment, with fountains and sculpture, is indicated by the monumental vicinage. As a harmonizing element for the architectural environment, probably nothing would be better than suitably disposed masses of foliage at certain carefully selected points.

In the Greater Boston municipality of Chelsea is an excellent example of a formal design in the central open space, Winnisimmet Square. The plan of the city has a diagonal and rectangular system in combination, and the space is formed by the conjunction of the two systems. The features of the design are two long triangles of turf and shrubbery, raised somewhat above the street level and retained within a high curbing of hewn stone surmounted by a decorative rail of iron. In these grounds are several Venetian masts, and between the two triangles, in the center of the square, is a stone fountain of gracefully simple form, the gift of a public-spirited citizen.

A notable development of a minor open space as a setting for a feature of historical significance occurs in the environment



Drawn by Jules Guerin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Allen II.

COENTIES SLIP, NEW YORK CITY

A small park formed by filling in an old dock on the East River front. Its treatment secures a restful effect of roominess in a limited area.

which the city of Somerville, another Greater Boston municipality, has given to its ancient powder-house, a celebrated relic of pre-Revolutionary times. The structure is a tower built of rough stone, and stands near the verge of a rocky cliff. A broad main thoroughfare passes near. The old-time edifice, the site, its history, and the irregular shape and topography of the ground, invite a picturesque treatment. The rugged face of the cliff has been softened with herbaceous plants in pockets of earth, and there are well-disposed groups of trees and shrubbery about the grounds, all combining to produce a natural and pleasing impression in a simply composed piece of romantic landscape. This spot has very appropriately been made the objective point of a pleasure-drive that branches from the contemplated great metropolitan parkway in the Mystic valley near by and terminates at the powder-house in a road that winds up the hillside and makes a loop about the historic landmark.

In the Massachusetts city of Beverly a handsome new public square, laid out in front of the principal railway-station, gives an agreeable impression of the place at the moment of entrance, and also to passers in the trains. With its well-disposed masses of shrubbery, this square offers an effective illustration of the possibilities of such simple decoration. In Haverhill, Massachusetts, an attractive square of three acres has been developed from an ancient public landing on the river. It is in the business center and extends between the city's main thoroughfare and the water, overlooking the beautiful Merrimac from a terrace with a parapet. A part of the square was given to the national government as a site for a post-office. Unfortunately, the building was erected in one corner. The architectural effect would have been vastly better with the edifice placed centrally in the front.

A suggestion made by Mr. C. K. Bush-Brown, the sculptor, for the decorative treatment of the end of a street at a high river-bank, with terraces and handsome steps of stone, having reference to a situation at Newburgh on the Hudson, illustrates the possibilities of many similar localities. One of the best actual examples of such work near the waterside is Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted's treatment of the Cops Hill

Terraces in Boston, an improvement that unhappily has been injured by the construction of an elevated railway at its base.

The public squares of New York City, or rather of Manhattan Borough, though altogether too few in number, are, as a rule, tastefully designed in a style of quiet informality. One of the best is that of Coenties Square, the small open space on the East River, a comparatively recent creation formed by filling in an old dock. With its marginal banks of shrubbery about an unbroken piece of turf in the center, an effect of the largest possible expanse is given to an exceedingly limited space. In certain localities—as, for instance, at Bryant Park in connection with the new Public Library—most appropriate would be a type of elaborate formal gardening, with sculpture, fountains, stone balustrades, and other decorative features.

In the treatment of urban public squares the local conditions should be thoughtfully studied. A plain neighborhood, for instance, suggests an informal simplicity, contributing an element of quiet beauty to the locality. Where the surroundings are more elaborate, and perhaps architecturally stately, a formal type of gardening might be appropriate. A quiet, formal charm may be economically obtained by the introduction of well-clipped hedges along the walks, and as margins or background for turf spaces, and perhaps with Italian cypresses where climate permits, or the employment of junipers or of Lombardy poplars. Where resources warrant it, the public taste for brilliant and elaborate color should be gratified by the concentration, at some important and central place where the surroundings do not conflict, of the richest possible arrangement of well-designed bedding effects.

Passing to the other extreme, the most necessary features of a city's open spaces, the public playgrounds, it may be said that an element of beauty should find due place in their designing. Therefore, besides shade-trees, the verdure of strips of turf and masses of shrubbery at the margins, where they would occupy no space needed for sports, are desirable. The slight care necessary to prevent defacement of these simple embellishments will teach a constant lesson of due respect for the integrity of public property—a respect in which, as a rule, our multitudes are sadly deficient.



Sonnet XCIII

From you have I been absent in the Spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Has put a Spirit of Youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the Days of Birds nor the sweet Smell
Of different Flowers in Odour and in Hue,
Could make me am Summer's Story tell,
Or from their proud Lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I consider at the Lilies' White,
Nor praise the deep Vermilion in the Rose;
When were but sweet, but Figures of Delight,
Drawn after you, you Pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it Winter still, and you away,
As with your Shadow I with these did play.

When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
First shows his unpeep'd buds for a sign of the coming Spring.



"WHEN PROUD-PIED APRIL DRESS'D IN ALL HIS TRIM"

A DIPLOMATIC ADVENTURE

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL

Author of "Hugh Wynne," "Constance Trescot," etc.

PART III



ON the following morning I was at breakfast, when Alphonse said to me: "I made last night, sir, pretense of following monsieur, and discovered that another man was doing the same thing. Circumstances permitted me to observe that he was stupid, but monsieur will perceive that either I am mistrusted by the police, or that the affair of madame is growing more difficult and has so far baffled the detectives. The count must have mentioned your name to them." There he paused and busied himself with the coffee-urn, and, for my part, I sat still, wondering whether I had not better be more entirely frank with this unusual valet. He knew enough to be very dangerous, and now stood at ease, evidently expecting some comment on my part. I had asked Merton to breakfast, and a half-hour later he came in, apologizing and laughing.

"Well," he said, "I am late. I had Lieutenant West to see me, and, to my grief, Aramis is out of it and has explained, and so on; but Porthos is inexorable. I said at last I was so tired of them all that I should accept rapiers if the big man would give me time. The fact is, we must first dispose of this other business. A wound, or what not, might cripple me. I am not a bad hand with the sword, and I take lessons twice a day. But now about the other affair. This duel is a trifle to it."

Alphonse had meanwhile gone, at a word from me, and I was free to open my mind to Merton. He did not hesitate a moment. "Call him back," he said, "and let me talk to him."

Alphonse reappeared.

"I gave you three hundred francs," said Merton.

"Yes, monsieur."

"Where is it?"

"My mother has it."

"Very good. Are you for the emperor?"

The man's face changed. "M. le Capitaine knows that a man must live. I was of the police, but my father was shot in the coup d'état. I am a republican."

"If so," said Merton, "for what amount would you sell your republican body and soul?"

"As to my body, monsieur, that is for sale cheap."

"And souls are not dear in France," said Merton.

"Yes, monsieur; but the price varies."

"What would you say to—well, a thousand francs down and a thousand in three months?"

"If monsieur would explain."

I did not dislike his caution, but I still had a residue of doubt as to the man who was serving two masters. Merton had none. He went on:

"We mean to be plain with you. We are caught in the net of a big and dangerous business."

"I had thought as much," said Alphonse. "Would M. le Capitaine explain? No doubt there are circumstances—"

"Precisely. A woman has done what makes it necessary for us to recover a certain document despite the police and the government. Understand that if we succeed you get two thousand francs and run meanwhile risks of a very serious nature."

"And my master?"

"Oh, he may lose his position. You and I and madame may be worse off."

"As to my position," I said, "leave me out of the question. We shall all take risks."

"Then I accept," said Alphonse. "Monsieur has been most kind to my mother, and circumstances have always attracted me—monsieur will understand. What am I to do?"

"You are to examine the outside of Madame Bellegarde's villa by day and at night—to-night—and report to us tomorrow morning. I have a scheme for entering it and securing the document we want, but of that we will speak when we hear your report. I have already ridden around the place. I am trusting you entirely."

"No, monsieur, not quite entirely," said Alphonse, smiling.

Merton understood this queer fellow as I did not, for, as I sat wondering what he meant, my friend said quietly: "No, we have not told you where the papers are concealed nor what they are. And you want to know?"

A sudden panic seemed to fall on the valet. He winked rapidly, looked to right and left, and then cried in a decisive way, with open hands upraised as if to push away something: "No, monsieur, no. Circumstances make it not to be desired."

From that moment I trusted the man. "Is that all, monsieur?" he said.

"No. I do not want you to act without knowing that we, all of us, are about to undertake what is against the law and may bring death or, to you at least, the galleys."

"I accept." He said it very quietly. "What other directions has monsieur, or am I merely to report about the house and the guards? It is easy."

"Yes, that is all at present. The danger comes later. Let us hear at nine tomorrow morning."

His report at that time was clear and not very reassuring. There were guards at or near the gateway. At night a patrol moved at times around the outside. He saw a man enter the garden and remain within. He could not say whether there was another one in the house. It was likely. Madame Bellegarde had driven to the villa. She had been allowed to enter, and came out with a basket of flow-

ers. As no one went in with her, it was pretty sure that they trusted some one within to watch her.

Merton said: "And now, Alphonse, have you any plan, any means by which we can enter that house at night and get away safe without violent methods?"

"If there was no one within."

"But we do not know, and that we must risk."

"It would be necessary," said Alphonse, "to get the police away from the gate for a time, and, if I am not mistaken, their orders will be capture, dead or alive. They believe your papers are still hidden in that house and that an effort may be made to secure them. You observe, monsieur, that all this care would never be taken in an ordinary case. If monsieur proposes to enter the house and take away certain papers, the guard may resist, and in that case—"

"In that case," laughed Merton, "circumstances—"

"Monsieur does not desire me to enter the house."

I said promptly that we did not. Alphonse seemed relieved, and Merton went on to state with care his own plan. Alphonse listened with the joy of an expert, adding suggestions and twice making very good comments on our arrangements. It would be necessary, he thought, to wait for a stormy night, but already it was overclouded.

Alphonse went away to see his mother and to make his own preparations for the share assigned to him in an adventure to which I looked forward with keen interest and with small satisfaction.

Not so Merton. When the valet left us, the captain said: "We are utterly in the hands of that man."

"Yes," I returned thoughtfully.

"If he knew," said Merton, "he might—"

"No. That he did not want to know what these papers are was an expression of his own doubt concerning the extent to which he might trust himself. I think we must trust him."

"Yes," returned the captain. "Whether or not we have been wise to use him, I rather doubted, but now I do not. The limitations of the moral code of a man like Alphonse are strange enough. It is hard to guess beforehand what he will do

and what he will not. However, we are in for it. You have a revolver?"

"No."

"I will lend you mine."

I said I should be glad to borrow it, but I may say that I took care, before we set out, to see that the barrels were not loaded. I might use it to threaten, but was resolute not to fire on any one, even if not to do so involved failure of our purpose. I, too, had my moral limitations.

We lost a day, but on the following night there was such a storm as satisfied us to the full.

About eight o'clock we drove to a little restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne, dined quietly, and about nine set out on foot to walk to the villa. There was a brief lull in the storm, but very soon the rain fell again heavily, and as, of course, we took no umbrellas, we were soon wet to the skin.

Making sure that we were not followed, we approached the garden cautiously through the wood, the rain falling in torrents. At the edge of the forest, near a well-known fountain, beyond the house, we met by appointment my man, Alphonse. He was dressed as an old woman and had an empty basket on his arm. Together we moved through the wood and shrubbery until we were opposite the side of the garden and about a hundred feet from where the wall turned at a right angle.

Here, facing an avenue, the wall was broken midway by the arch of the entrance gateway. The wind blew toward us, and we could hear now and then the sound of voices.

Alphonse said: "Two; there are two at the gate."

"Hush," said I, as a man came around the angle and along the narrow way between us and the garden wall.

"Wait, monsieur; he will come again." In some ten minutes he reappeared, as before.

"Now," said Merton, and in a pour of wildly driven rain Alphonse disappeared. He found his way through the wood and into the main avenue, which in front of the gate turned to the left and passed around the farther side of the grounds. Then he walked up to the gate. Before long we heard words of complaint. Would the guards tell her— This was all glee-

fully related afterward. She had lost her way. Yes, a little glass of absinthe—only one. She was not used to it. And she had the money for her market sales, and alas! so she was all wrong and must go back. The guards laughed. No doubt it was the absinthe. The old woman was reeling now and then. Would n't one of them show her the way? No. And was it down the avenue? Yes. With this she set off unsteadily along the road to the left. They called out that it was the wrong way, and then, laughing, dismissed her.

When once around the remote angle of the wall, Alphonse slipped aside into the forest, got rid of gown and basket, and moving through the wood, took up his station on the side of the main avenue of approach to the villa, and out of sight of the guards. Here he waited until a few minutes later he was joined by the captain.

Meanwhile I stood in the wood with Merton. I think he enjoyed it. I did not. A first attempt at burglary is not in all its aspects heroic, and I was wet, chilled, and anxious.

"First actor on," murmured Merton. "Should like to have seen that interview. Can't be actor and audience both."

I hazily reflected that for myself I was both, and that the actor had just then a sharp fit of stage-scare. I let him run on unanswered, while the rain poured down my back.

At last he said: "I think Alphonse has had time enough."

"Hardly," said I. I did not want to talk. I was longing to do something—to begin. The punctual guard went by twenty feet away, the smoke of his pipe blown toward us.

"I never liked pipe-smoking on the picket-line," said Merton. "You can smell it of a damp night at any distance. Remind me to tell you a story about it. Heavens!" he cried, as a flash of lightning for an instant set everything in noon-day clearness, "I hope we shall not have much of that. Keep down, Greville. Ever steal apples? Strike that repeater." I did so. "It's a good deal like waiting for the word to charge. I remember that once we labeled ourselves for recognition in case we did not come out alive. Just after that I fell ill."

"Hush!" I said. "There he is again."

"All right; give him a moment," said Merton, "and now you have a full half-hour. Come."

We crossed the narrow road and stood below the garden wall. He gave me the aid of his bent knee and then his shoulder, and I was at once lying flat on the garden wall. My repeater rang 10:15, and then, as I lay, I heard voices. This time there were two men. They paused on the road just below me to light cigarettes. One of them consigned the weather to a place where it might have proved more agreeable. The other said Jean had a pleasant station in the house. This was not very reassuring news, but I was in for it and wildly eager to be through with a perilous adventure.

As they disappeared, I dropped from the wall into the garden and fell with an alarming crash, rolling over on a pile of flower-pots. There was such a clatter as on any quiet night must have been surely heard. For a moment I lay still, and then, hearing no signals of alarm, I rose and groped along the wall to the door of the conservatory. It was not locked. Pausing on the step outside for a moment, I took off my shoes and secured them by tying them to a belt I wore for this purpose. Then I went in. I found the door of the house ajar, and entering, knew that I was in the drawing-room. I moved with care, in the gloom, through the furniture, and, aided by a flash of lightning, found my way into the hall. Before me, to left, across the hall, was a small room. The door was open. I smelled very vile pipe-smoke and heard footfalls overhead, but no sound of voices. I became at once hopeful that I should have to deal with but one man. I opened cautiously a window in the little room and sat down to listen and wait. I had been given a half-hour. My repeater at last struck 10:45. Meanwhile the clouds broke in places, and there were now gleams of unwelcome moonlight and now gusts of wind-driven rain.

I rose and shut to a crack the door of the room and waited. Beyond the wall, to my right, I heard of a sudden a wild shriek of "Murder! murder! Help! help!" shrill, feminine, convincing. Then came a pistol-shot, then another, and in a moment a third more remote, and, far away, the cries of men.

My time had come. That the gate guards would make for the direction of the sound we had felt sure, but what would happen in regard to the house guard was left to chance. At all events, he would be isolated for a time. To my relief, the ruse answered. I shut the window noiselessly as I heard my host running down the stairway.

He opened the hall door in haste and was dimly seen from my window hurrying toward the gate. I rushed into the hall, bolted the hall door, and ran upstairs. The old nurse had been prepared for my coming and met me on the first landing.

"Quick," I said. "You expected me. The boudoir." She had her good Yankee wits about her, and in a minute I was kneeling, wildly anxious, and groping in the ashes. Thrusting the package of paper within my shirt-bosom, I ran downstairs, and as she came after, I cried that I had locked the hall door, and to unlock it when I was gone. "Be quick," I added, "and lock the conservatory door behind me. No one has been seen by you. Go to your own room." Pausing to put on my shoes, I fled across the garden, neither hearing nor seeing the guard who must have joined his fellows outside.

I had an awful five minutes in my efforts to climb the wall. We had forgotten that. For a minute I was in despair, and then I fell over a garden chair. I dragged it to the wall and somehow scrambled up, and, panting, lay still for a moment, listening. I suppose that, becoming suspicious, they had returned, for two of the men passed by below me, talking fast, and if they had been less busy over the pistol-shots and had merely looked up from a few feet away, I should have been caught. I waited, breathing hard. A few minutes passed. They seemed to be hours. The noises ceased. I saw dimly through the torrents of rain my house guard returning to his post. He went in, and at once I turned over, dropped, and in a moment was deep in the wood. I was drenched and as tired of a sudden as if I had walked all day. I suppose it was due to the intense anxiety and excitement of my adventure. I went on for a half-mile, keeping my hand on the package. It was now after eleven, and I sat down in the wood and rested for a

while. I knew Paris well. I had been there two years. I walked on for nearly an hour, and then within one of the barriers, remote from the Bois, I caught a cab and drove to the Rue Rivoli, where I left the man and walked to our legation in the Rue de Presbourg.* We kept there a night-watchman, and both he and the concierge must have been amazed at my appearance. I went up to my own room, had a roaring fire kindled, locked the door, found a smoking-jacket, and then, with a glass of good rye and a cigar, sat down, feeling a delightful sense of joy and security. Next I turned to examine the value of my prize. The ashes fell about as I laid the packet on the table.

I was by degrees becoming warm, and although wet, for I had had no complete change of garments, I was so elated that I hardly gave a thought to my condition. As I sat, the unopened papers before me, I began to consider, as others have done, the ethical aspects of the matter. A woman had stolen the documents now on the table. To have returned them would have convicted her. We were on the verge of war with two great nations. One of them had us in a net of spies. War, which changes all moral obligations, was almost on us. I would leave it to my chief. No more scrupulous gentleman was ever known to me. I undid the knotted ribbon with which Madame Bellegarde had hastily tied the papers together and turned to consider them.

My own doubts did, I fear, weaken as, turning over the documents, I saw revealed the secrets of my country's enemies. In the crisis we were facing they were of inestimable value. Some of the papers were original letters; others were copies of letters from the French embassy in London. Among them was a draft of a letter of Drouyn de Lhuys, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and on this and on others were sharp comments in the emperor's well-known hand, giving reason's for acknowledging the Confederacy without delay. There were even hints at intervention by the European powers as desirable. I sat amazed as at last I tied up the papers, and placing them again within my waistcoat, lay down on a lounge before the fire to rest, for sleep was not for me. I lay quiet, thinking of what had become of Merton and Alphonse, and wondering

at the amazing good fortune of my first attempt at burglary.

At seven in the morning I sent a guarded note to our chief, and at eight he appeared. I need not dwell upon his surprise as he listened to the full relation of my encounter with Le Moyne, about which and our subsequent difficulty he already knew something. When I quietly told him the rest of the story and, untying the ribbon, laid the dusty package on the table, he became grave. He very evidently did not approve of our method of securing the papers, but whatever he may have felt as to the right or wrong of what we had done was lost in astonishment as he saw before him the terribly plain revelation of all we had been so long dreading. Here was the hatching of an international conspiracy. As he sat, his kindly face grew stern while I translated to him the emperor's comments.

"It is evident," he said, "that a résumé of certain of these papers should go to Berlin and Russia in cipher; but this may wait. The originals must as soon as possible reach our minister in London."

While Mr. Dayton considered the several questions involved, the first secretary, who had been sent for, arrived. The minister at once set before him the startling character of the papers on the table, and my story was briefly retold. Upon this there was a long consultation concerning the imminence of the crisis they suggested, and in regard to the necessity of the originals being placed as soon as possible in the hands of Mr. Adams, our able representative at the court of St. James. No one for a moment seemed to consider the documents as other than a lawful prize. We could not burn them. To admit of our having them was to convict Madame Bellegarde; and not to use them was almost treason to our country. So much I gathered from the rapid interchange of opinions. When the method of sending them to Mr. Adams came before us, the first secretary said shrewdly enough:

"If they were sure these papers were in the villa,—and they were, I fancy,—I wonder they did not accidentally burn the house."

"That would have been simple and complete," said the chief, smiling, "but there are original letters here which it was very desirable to keep, and I pre-

sume them to have felt sure soon or late of recovering them."

"Yes," said the first secretary, "that is no doubt true. Now the whole affair is changed. I am certain that the house will have again been searched and the scattered ashes seen. They will then feel sure that we have the papers."

I had to confess that, in my haste, I had taken no pains about restoring the ashes. My footprints in the garden soil and my want of care would help to make plain that the papers had been removed, and any clever detective would then infer what had been the purpose of the pistol-shots. I had been stupid and had to agree with the secretary that they would now know they had been tricked and see that the game so far had been lost. The legation and all of us would be still more closely watched, and I, for one, was also sure that the messenger to England would never see London with the papers still in his possession.

Meanwhile, as the secretary and our chief discussed the question, my mind was on Merton. About ten, to my relief, he sent in his card. He entered smiling.

"Good morning, Mr. Dayton. All right, Greville?"

I said: "Yes, the papers are here. These gentlemen all know: Had you any trouble?"

"A little. When I fired shot after shot in the air and our man was screaming murder, they all ran toward us like ducks to a decoy. I ran, too, and Alphonse. As I crossed a road, I came upon a big gendarme. I am afraid I hurt him. Oh, not much. After that I had no difficulty. And now perhaps I am in the way." He rose as he spoke.

The minister said: "No. Sit down, captain."

He resumed his seat, and sat a quiet listener to our statement of difficulties. At last he said: "Will you pardon me if I make a suggestion?"

"By all means," said the chief. "It is almost as much your concern as ours."

"I suppose," said Merton, "the despatches to Berlin and St. Petersburg may go in cipher by trusty messengers or any chance tourist, and that there is no need for haste."

"Yes, that is true."

There was a moment's pause in this in-

teresting consultation, the captain evidently waiting to be again invited to state his opinion. At last our chief said: "You have never seen these papers?"

"No, sir."

"Then I had better make clear to you, in strict confidence, that they reveal to us urgent pressure on the part of the emperor to induce England to intervene with France in our sad war. The English cabinet, most fortunately, is not unanimously hostile, and Lord John Russell is hesitating. Our friends are the queen and the great-middle class of dissenters, and, strange to say, the Lancashire operatives. The aristocracy, the church, finance, and literature are all our enemies, and at home, you know, things are not altogether as one could wish. Just now no general, no, not the President, is of such moment to us as our minister in London. He has looked to us for information. We could only send back mere echoes of his own fears. And now"—he struck the pile of papers with his hand—"here is the whole story. Mr. Adams must have these without delay. I should like to see his interview with Lord John. You seemed to me to have in mind something further to say. I interrupted only to let you feel the momentous character of this revelation."

"As I understand it," replied Merton, "you assume that the Foreign Office here will be sure these papers are in your hands."

"We may take that for granted. They are not stupid, and the matter as it stands is for them, to say the least, awkward."

"Yes, sir, and they will know what a man of sense should do with these papers and do at once. I may assume, then, that the whole resources of the imperial police will be used, and without scruple, to prevent them from leaving Paris or reaching London."

"Yes," said the chief, "of that we may be certain."

"And if now," said Merton, "some one of note, or two persons, go with them to London, there is a fair probability of the man or the papers being—we may say mislaid, on the way."

"It is possible," said the minister, "quite possible."

"I think, sir," said I, "that it is probable, oh, quite certain, and we cannot ac-

cept the least risk of their being lost. No copies will answer."

"No. As you all are aware—as we all know, Captain Merton, affairs are at a crisis. The evidence must be complete, past doubt or dispute, such as to enable Mr. Adams to speak decisively—and he will."

"May I, sir," said Merton, "venture to further suggest that some one, say the first secretary, take a dummy envelop marked 'Important and confidential,' addressed to Mr. Adams, and be not too careful of it while he crosses the Channel?"

"Well," said the minister, smiling, "what next?"

"He will be robbed on the way, or something will happen. It will never get there."

"No. They will stop at nothing," said I.

"I ought to tell you," said the minister, "that now Madame Bellegarde is sure to be arrested" (as in fact did occur). "She will be subject to one of those cruel cross-examinations which are so certain to break down a witness. If this should happen before we can act, they will be so secure of what we shall do that—"

Merton interrupted him. "Excuse me. She will never speak. They will get nothing from her. That is an exceptional woman." The minister cast a half-smiling glance at him. He was deeply distressed, as I saw, and added: "You will, I trust, sir, stand by her. They can prove nothing, and she will hold her tongue and resolutely."

"I will do all in my power; rest assured of that. But what next? The papers! Mr. Adams!" He was anxious.

"Might I again venture?"

"Pray do."

"I have or can have an errand in Belgium. Give me the papers. They will reach their destination if I am alive, and, so far, I at least must be entirely unsuspected. My obvious reason for going will leak out and be such as to safeguard my real reason."

"May I ask why you go to Belgium?"

"Yes, I want it known. I have arranged to satisfy a gentleman named Porthos, who thinks himself injured."

"Porthos!" exclaimed the minister.

"Why, that is a character in one of Dumas's novels."

"Yes, I beg pardon; we call him Porthos. Mr. Greville will explain later. He is the Baron la Garde. An absurd affair."

"I deeply regret it," said the minister. "I hoped it was settled. But you may be hurt, and, pardon me, killed."

"In that case my second, Lieutenant West of our navy, will have the papers and carry them to London. Count le Moyne is one of the baron's seconds. He will hardly dream that he is an escort of the papers he lost. But, sir, one word more. Madame Bellegarde is an American. You will not desert her?"

"Not I. Rest easy as to that. We owe her too much."

"Then I am at your service."

"I regret, deeply regret, this duel," said our chief, "but it does seem to me, if it must take place, a sure means of effecting our purpose." As he spoke, the secretary gathered up the various papers.

"I think, sir," said Merton, "it will be well if one, or, better, two responsible people remain here overnight." This seemed to us a proper precaution.

As we had talked I saw Merton playing with the dusty blue ribbon which, when he entered, lay beside the papers. As we rose I missed it, and knew that he had put it in his pocket. After we had arranged for our passports I left with Merton. As we walked away he said:

"I propose that you say at once to the baron's friends that we will leave for Belgium to-morrow. It is not unusual, and I have a right to choose. You must insist. Porthos is wild for a fight, and—confound it, don't look so anxious. This affair has hurried things a little; I wanted more practice. I should be a fool to say I am a match for Porthos, but he is very big. If I can tire him, or get a scratch such as stops these affairs—somehow it will come to an end, and, at all events, how better could I risk my life for my country? It must be lightly talked about in the clubs to-night." West and I took care that it was.

The next day early we were at the legation. The first secretary was preparing the dummy. "Pity," said Merton, "to leave the inclosure a blank." The secretary laughed and wrote on the inside cover:

Trust you will find this interesting.

Yours,

Uncle Sam.

We went out, Merton and I looking at our passports and talking loudly. At ten that morning the first secretary and an attaché started for London. To anticipate, he was jostled by two men on the Dover pier that afternoon, and until a few minutes later did not detect his loss of the papers. It was cleverly done. Of course he made a complaint and the police proved useless.

The duel had been duly discussed at the clubs, and it is probable that no one suspected Merton of any other purpose. The baron was eager and Belgium a common resort for duels. On the same day after the secretary's departure for London, Merton took the train for Brussels with Lieutenant West, the baron and his friends, Count le Moyne and the colonel. The captain had the papers fastened under his shirt, and, as I learned later, was well armed. Not the least suspicion was entertained in regard to our double errand, and, as I had talked freely of being one of the seconds, I was able to follow them, as far as I could see, unwatched, except by Alphonse, who promptly reported me to his other employers as having gone to Belgium as one of Merton's friends.

In the evening we met Le Moyne and the little colonel at the small town of Meule, just over the border, and settled the usual preliminaries. The next day at 7 A.M. we met on an open grassy space within a wood. The lieutenant had the precious papers. We stepped aside. The word was given and the blades met. Merton surprised me. It is needless to enter into details. He was clearly no match for Porthos, but his wonderful agility and watchful blue eyes served him well. Then, of a sudden, there was a quicker contest. The baron's sword entered Merton's right arm above the elbow. The seconds ran in to stop the fight, but as the baron was trying to recover his blade, instead of recoiling, Merton threw himself forward, keeping the baron's weapon caught in his arm, and thrust madly, driving his own sword downward through the baron's right lung. Then both men staggered back and Porthos fell.

I hurried Merton away to an inn,

where the wound his own act had made serious was dressed. Although in much pain, he insisted on our leaving him at once. Lieutenant West and I crossed the Channel that night. At noon next day Mr. Adams had the papers and this queer tale which, as I said, is unaccountably left out of his biography. I have often wondered where, to-day, are those papers.

The count remained with Porthos at a farm-house near by. He made a slow recovery, the colonel complaining bitterly that M. Merton's methods lacked the refinement of the French duel.

The papers contained, among other documents, a rough draft of a letter dated October 15, 1862, from M. Drouyn de Lhuys, proposing intervention to the courts of England and Russia. It appeared in the French journals about November 14, when the crisis had passed. Mr. Adams had acted on the manly instructions of Mr. Seward, and Mr. Gladstone lived to change his opinions on this matter, as in time he changed almost all his opinions. Madame Bellegarde, unknown to history, had saved the situation. The English minister declined the French proposals.

Soon after I returned, Madame Bellegarde reappeared, and, as soon as he was well enough, Merton went to see her. She had been released, as we supposed she would be, with a promise to say nothing of her examination, and she kept her word. I thought it as well not to call upon her, but when Merton told me of his visit I was malicious enough to ask whether he had returned to her the ribbon. To this he replied that I had a talent for observation and that I had better ask her. She had been ordered to leave France for six months. I am under the impression that he wrote to her and she to him. The thrust in his arm, which would otherwise have been of small moment, his own decisive act had converted into a rather bad open wound, and, as it healed very slowly, under advice he resigned from the army and for a time remained in Paris, where we were much together. In December he left for Italy. I was not surprised to receive in the spring an invitation to the marriage of the two actors in this notable affair. I ought to add that Le Moyne lost his place in the Foreign Office, but, being of an in-

fluent family, was later employed in the diplomatic service.

Circumstances, as Alphonse remarked, made it desirable for him to disappear. Merton was additionally generous, and my valet married and became the prosperous master of a well-known restaurant in New York.

Late in 1863 Merton rejoined the army, and I did not see him again until in 1869, when I was American minister at The Hague. In June of that year Colonel and Mrs. Merton became my guests. When I told Mrs. Merton that Count le Moyne was the French ambassador in Holland, she said to her husband:

"I told you we should meet, and really I should like to tell him how sorry I was for him."

"I fancy," said I, "that the count will hardly think a return to that little corner of history desirable."

"Even," said Merton, laughing, "with the belated consolation of the penitence of successful crime."

"But I am not, I never was penitent. I was only sorry."

"Well," said I, "you will never have the chance to confess your regret."

I was wrong. A week later the countess left cards for my guests, and an invitation to dine followed. If Merton hesitated, Mrs. Merton did not, and expecting to find a large official dinner, we agreed among us that the count had been really generous and that we must all accept. In fact, if Mrs. Merton might be embarrassed by meeting in his own house the man she had so seriously injured, Merton and I were at ease, seeing that we were entirely unknown to the count as having been receivers of the property which so mysteriously disappeared.

We were met by the count and Madame le Moyne with the utmost cordiality. To my surprise, there were no other guests. All of those thus brought together may have felt just enough the awkwardness of the occasion to make them quick to aid one another in dispersing the slight feeling of aloofness natural to a situation unmatched in my social experience.

The two women were delightful, the menu admirable, the wines past praise. It was an artful and agreeable *lever du rideau*, and I knew it for that when, at

a word from the count, the servants left us at the close of the meal. Then, smiling, he turned to Mrs. Merton and said:

"Perhaps, madame, you may have understood that in asking you all here and alone I had more than the ordinary pleasant reasons. If in the least degree you object to my saying more, we will consider that I have said nothing, and," he added gaily, "we shall then chat of Rachel and the June exhibition of tulips."

It was neatly done, and Mrs. Merton at once replied: "I wish to say for myself that I have for years desired to talk freely with you of what is no doubt in your mind just now."

"Thank you," he returned; "and if no one else objects,"—and no one did,—"I may say that, apart from my own eager desire to ask you certain questions, my wife has had, for years, what I may call chronic curiosity."

"Oh, at times acute!" cried the countess.

"Her curiosity is, as you must know, in regard to certain matters connected with that mysterious diplomatic affair in the autumn of 1862. It cost me pretty dear."

"And me," said the countess, "many tears."

Mrs. Merton's face became serious. She was about to speak, when the count added: "Pardon me. I am most sincere in my own wish not to embarrass you, our guests, and if, on reflection, you feel that our very natural curiosity ought to die a natural death, we will dismiss the matter. Tell me, would you prefer to drop it?"

"Oh, no. I, too, am curious." And, turning to her husband, "Arthur, I am sure you will be as well pleased as I."

Merton said: "I am entirely at your service, count. How is it, Greville?"

"But," said the count, interposing, "what has M. Greville to do with it, except as we know that his legation profited by madame's—may I say—interference?"

"I like that," laughed Mrs. Merton, "interference. There is nothing so amiable as the charity of time."

"Ah," said I, laughing, "I, too, had a trifling share in the business. Let us all agree to be frank and to consider as confidential for some years to come what we hear. I am as curious as the countess."

"And no wonder," said the count. "Of course enough got out to make every *chancellerie* in Europe wonder how Mr. Adams was able to report the opinions and even the words of the emperor and his foreign secretary to Lord John."

"Well," said Mrs. Merton, "I am still faintly penitent, but this is a delightful inquisition. Pray go on. I shall be frank."

"To begin with, I may presume that you took those papers."

"Stole them," said Mrs. Merton.

"Oh, madame! Why did you not take them at once to Mr. Dayton?"

"I was too scared. I was alarmed when I saw the emperor's handwriting. Was he cross?"

"Oh, I had later an evil quarter of an hour."

"I am sorry. And now you are quite free to tell me next—that I—well, fibbed to you. I did. But lying is not forbidden in the decalogue."

"What about false witness?" cried the countess, amused.

"That hardly covers the ground, but," said Mrs. Merton, "I do not defend myself."

The count laughed. "You did it admirably, and for a half-day I was in doubt. In fact, to confess, I was in such distress that I did not know what to do. The résumé I was to make for the emperor ought to have been made at the Foreign Office. I was rash enough to take the papers home."

"But why did you not arrest me at once?"

"Will madame look in the glass for an answer? You were—well, a lady, your people loyal, and I was frantic for a day. I hesitated until I saw you driving toward the Bois de Boulogne in a storm. What followed you know."

"Yes."

"You concealed the papers, and the police for a while thought you had burned them. You were clever."

"Not very," said Mrs. Merton. "I tried to burn all the big double envelops, but the men hurried me."

"I see," returned the count. "Your ruse, if it was that, deceived them, delayed things, and then the papers somehow were removed. And here my curiosity reaches a climax. It puzzled me for

years, and, as I know, has puzzled the police."

"But why?" asked I.

"The pistol-shots were, of course, believed to have been a means of decoying away the guard. The old caretaker was found in her room and the room locked. She was greatly alarmed at the cries and the shots, and for a while would not open the door."

Mrs. Merton laughed. "Ah, my good old nurse."

"But the man in charge of the house never left it, or so he said, and the doors, all of them, were locked."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "That dear old nurse."

"The police found no trace of what might have been present if a man had entered—I mean muddy footmarks in the house."

"No," I said; "that was pure accident. I took off my shoes when I went in, but with no thought of anything except the noise they might make."

"And," remarked Le Moynes, "of course any footprints there were outside had been partly worn away by the rain. None of any use were found, and besides for days the police had tramped over every foot of the garden."

"Not to leave you puzzled," said Merton, "and really it must have been rather bewildering, I beg that Greville tell you the whole story."

"With pleasure," I said. "Colonel Merton and I were the burglars"; and thereupon I related our adventure.

"No one suspected you," said the count; "but what astonishes me the most is the concealment under a blazing fire of things as easily burned as papers. I see now, but even after the ashes were thrown about by you, the police refused to believe they could have been used to safeguard papers. I should like to tell your story to our old chief of police. He is now retired."

"I see no objection," said I.

"Better not," said Merton. "My wife's share should not, even now, be told."

"You are right," said the countess, "quite right. But how did it occur to you, Madame Merton, to use the ashes as you did?"

"Let me answer," said the colonel. "Any American would know how com-

pletely ashes are non-conductors of heat. I knew of their use on one occasion in our Civil War to hide and preserve the safe-conduct of a spy."

"And," said I, "their protective power explains some of the so-called miracles when, as in Japan, men walk over what seems to be a bed of glowing red-hot coals."

"How stupid the losing side appears," said the count, "when one hears all of both sides!"

"But," asked the countess, "how did you get the papers to London? It seems a simple thing, but my husband will tell you that never have there been such extreme measures taken as in this case. The emperor was furious, and yet to the end every one was in the dark."

"You must have played your game well," said Le Moyne.

"Luck is a very good player," I said, "and we had our share."

"Ah, there was more than luck when no amount of cross-questioning could get a word out of Madame Merton."

"My husband insists that I have never been able to make up for that long silence."

We laughed as the count said: "One can jest over it now, but at the time the only amusement I got out of the whole affair was when your dummy envelop came back from London with a savage criticism of the police by our not overpleased embassy in England. I did want to laugh, but M. de Lhuys did not."

"And the original papers?" insisted the countess. "Paris was almost in a state of siege."

"Yes," said her husband, "tell us."

"Well," said I, laughing, "you escorted them to Belgium, when we had that affair with Porthos."

"I!" exclaimed the count.

"Yes; Colonel Merton insisted on fighting in Belgium merely to enable us to get the papers out of France."

"Indeed! One man did suspect you, but it was too late."

"But Porthos?" cried the countess. "Delightful! Is that the baron?"

"Yes," laughed the count. "My cousin is to this day known as Porthos. But who took the papers? Not you!"

"No, D'Artagnan—I mean, Merton took them as far as Belgium, and then Lieutenant West and I carried them to London. D'Artagnan's share was a bad rapier-wound."

"D'Artagnan?" cried the countess. "That makes it complete."

Merton merely smiled, and the blue eyes narrowed a little as the countess said:

"And so you are D'Artagnan. How delightful! The man of three duels. And pray, who was my husband?"

"That high-minded gentleman, Athos," said Merton, lifting his glass and bowing to the count.

"Gracious!" cried the countess. "What delightfully ingenious people! I shall always call him Athos."

"It was well, colonel," said the count, "that no one suspected you. The absence of secrecy in the duel put the police at fault. Had you been supposed to be carrying those papers, you would never have reached the field."

"Perhaps. One never can tell," said D'Artagnan, simply.

"Ah, well," said our host, rising, "I have long since forgiven you, Madame Merton, and no one is now more glad than I that you helped to prevent the recognition of the Confederacy."

"You must permit me to thank you all," said the countess; "my curiosity may now sleep in peace. You were vastly clever folk to have defeated our sharp police."

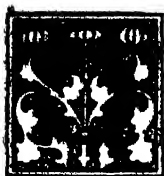
"Come," said the count, "you Americans will want a cigar. *On peut être fin, mais pas plus fin que tout le monde.*"



MUSA AND THE WILD OLIVE

BY MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE



QUIET of a Sunday morning inwrapped Morris street and the little low balcony, with wooden pillars Nilotic-tinted, that projected from the first story of a decrepit colonial house over the sidewalk. A young girl came out on the balcony, after seeing that no one was visible, and began to water the flowers in pots on the wide balustrade. She made mouths at the lotus-bird perched on her forefinger. Again she crooned softly to the images, tiny doll-like idols, that were strung on slanting elastics between the strange-shaped flower-pots. Serenely happy, she busied herself with these things, and did not notice the approach of a stranger until he stood almost beneath.

Then in panic she turned to fly. Her olive necklace clanked, and her robe of serpent green rustled. But what motions, what gestures!—all in rectangular lines, comporting with the severe grace of her tall figure visible beneath the close-fitting robe: a statue of Rameses's time, but with red lips and speaking eyes.

"Why do you run? Are we not neighbors? This is spring-smelling day, when it is permissible for man and maid to speak."

She glanced over her shoulder at the young Egyptian in American dress who challenged her thus pleasantly. He had abstracted eyes and finely cut, honest features.

"I am Musa, nephew of Siamon the bird-trainer," added the young man, smiling.

"He gave me this," she ventured timidly, indicating the lotus-bird on her finger.

"Oh, I am glad you know my uncle. He just left me at the corner and told me to walk alone—"

At this moment a bow-legged little old man chanced to peer around the street corner. He chuckled to himself and disappeared without being observed.

"How did your uncle's legs get twisted?" she asked negligently.

"Trying to walk before he could creep. But I have seen you at church when I looked around at the women sitting together in the back."

"Yes; and Amina the lace-maker, who is my mother, was very angry because you looked." She spoke melodious Arabic, with the soft nasal twang like the drone of bees.

"I remember," he exclaimed. "You are Utuma, the Wild Olive."

"And you," she replied coyly, leaning on the balustrade, "are the dreamer who refuses to trade. Some day you will be architect for a big house ten stories high."

"Not that—never." He spoke with fervid indignation, and at the same time wondered whether the principal charm lay in her oval chin or the smoothly parted, inky hair following the angles of her low brow.

"Perhaps twenty-twenty stories—to the moon," she suggested, naively apologetic.

"Belki—perhaps. When my uncle put me in the architect's office six years ago, I thought it would be the greatest thing on earth to realize my childhood-work—building real pyramids and temples out of stone. But I soon found that in this land everything is made with steel skeleton and brick shell. Yes; so for a while I was tempted by the thought of getting rich by putting up tall office-buildings that people twist their necks to gaze at." He added smilingly, "As I have to gaze at you."

"I understand," she murmured, dropping her long-lashed brown eyes with the reddish glints in them. "There is more



Halt tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

'A YOUNG GIRL CAME OUT ON THE BALCONY'

money in pleasing people. We almost starved when we put the home gods in the laces. Now we put in the Goddess of Liberty and Marth' Washington,—red, white, blue,—and it sells quick."

"I have become educated since that time," said Musa, reverting to himself as zealots do, and slightly offended by the comparison of lace-making to architecture.

"I am educated also," she replied gleefully, with an upward side glance of girl-

ish coquetry. "Now when we go up-town to sell laces, I wear high-heeled boots and the steel jacket that cuts off the breath."

"A steel jacket! The greatest builders that ever lived were my ancestors," he said, disregarding her statement of progress. "This I know from thought and study. Instead of making office-buildings, they built works beautiful, massive, lasting for centuries, that have a soul in them."

"*Eywa na'am*—yes, to be sure," com-

mented Utuma. "The ground around the pyramids is enchanted."

"All that one cares to look at here are the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, or the bridges over the Harlem, sometimes an armory or an arch, which are the

"Will it, then, be simple and easy to revive the works of our ancestors?"

"Why not? Because, if, as my mother says, the jinns help the Americans put up office-buildings quickly, they will help you to make the Egyptian works."



Half tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

'YOU HAVE TRAINED THEM TO DO IT,' OBJECTED THE YOUNG MAN"

only monumental works. I spend all my time looking at them. And when I go up to the Park and see the Obelisk, walking many times around it, I know my dream is not false. Even the commercial people give a place of honor to Cleopatra's Needle."

"I thought you were a dreamer, but now I know it is not so," said Utuma, warmly. She took note of his aquiline nose, dark curly hair, and cream-hued complexion.

"Money and toil are the American jinns," he replied a little satirically.

"However," she mused, "the clothes of the women are built beautifully here, especially the hats—"

Just then a gipsy-faced old woman burst out on the balcony, shook Utuma by the shoulders, and reviled her for staying away from church on pretense of a headache, having arranged a meeting with a worthless young *mchendez*. She hurled bitter reproaches at Musa. Again turn-

ing to the girl, she asked her if she forgot that she was trothed to El Gezzar, the Butcher of Turks, the family benefactor, without whose aid they would still have been beggars in Cairo.

"The blame is all mine," he stammered, as the old lady paused for breath.

"Indeed, sir, you were very forward to speak to me," cried the Wild Olive, with a frown accentuated by the black kohl-streaks at the tails of her eyes, and twitched into the house with her mother.

Amazed, the young man wondered what frightful breach of etiquette he had committed. He rubbed his forehead in sheer perplexity. Then he was aware of a strange pang at learning of her connection with El Gezzar, that brawny and loud-mouthed Syrian of shady repute. Why had she played the coquette—at least listened to him with sympathetic interest? One moment smiles, and the next—He felt indignant.

As he started to walk away he heard the twitter of the lotus-bird and smelled a whiff of perfume. A lotus-flower floated down from the balcony to his cheek. He glanced up and saw her witching face looking down upon him with the pensive melancholy of the figures he loved so well to draw.

Uncle Siamon at home meanwhile was attending his birds, feeding and talking to them. They were mostly in rush cages on shelves, but the turtle-doves and pigeons dwelt in clay towers, and the *babaga* nodded his wise head, cerise-gray, from a free perch. The Egyptian lark, the wag-tail, and the scarlet-green flycatcher hobnobbed together in an oasis of tissue-paper. The fortune-telling parrakeets and the love-birds flew about the room, sometimes lighting on their master's shoulder and chirping in response to his affectionate murmurs. A stuffed flamingo, one leg tucked under pink wing, stared down glassily at a sacred beetle in a tunnel dwelling and at little boxes containing leaf-insects, color-changing, which fair maidens of the colony prize as birthday gifts.

"Well, my children, my children," said the old man, hobbling about on his bow-legs, "think you I have made a match for my beloved nephew? K-r-r-e-e! Kure-e! Ula! Now I could not marry, being so ugly that my smile is like a frown; but

the gods were good enough to grant me the sister's orphan. Karala! Who is more than a son. Eh, babaga! And I pack the boy down the street on spring-smelling day, when Utuma comes out alone on the balcony. Kutchee! chee! What do you think of it?"

As he waved his arms, the birds chattered their opinions in a frenzy of glee, darting in and out of the tissue-paper foliage of the oasis.

When Musa came in, his uncle pretended to be very busy, though he watched him slyly. The young man lighted a cigarette, sat at a table in an adjoining room, and began to work at some architectural plans with compass, ruler, and colored inks. He toiled diligently for five minutes. Either because the birds twittered too much, or for some other reason, he could not get interested in the calculation of hallways and elevator space. He flung down the implements, ran a muscular hand through his black curly hair, and paced the rooms with an abstracted air. Then he went to a cupboard and took down a basket of stone cubes and slabs and drums. Squatting on the floor with these stones, as he had done many a time when a boy, he proceeded to construct the temples and tombs of the fatherland.

He built a pyramid with secret chambers in the interior and rightly laid out for stellar observation; a palace with lotus columns and Nilometer on the steps, and baths of porphyry, for some queenly Utuma of past ages; and then a massive temple devoted to the worship of the heavenly bodies. More than a poetic play of childhood, as it used to be, the young architect's mind brooded on the vast problems of these works, gloried in their eon-long endurance and majestic beauty, and dreamed of what might be accomplished of the same order in the New World.

But the little birds perched on the buildings as if they were the towering realities, and so they seemed to the old man's simple, mystic fancy uncomplicated with scientific knowledge.

"Where didst thou go when we parted at the street corner?" at length asked Siamon.

"Not so far. Scarcely any one was abroad."

"Yet it is the day for free-speaking."

"I met Amina the lace-maker," said



Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

'DOST THOU UNDERSTAND?' HE MURMURED, SUFFOCATING WITH EMOTION'

Musa, with an air of candor. "She had been to church."

"And her ugly, ill-tempered daughter, the Wild Olive?"

"Ugly!" cried Musa, leaping to his feet, and knocking over the palace and temple. "She is the most beautiful—"

However, looking at his uncle, he saw his mistake, and they laughed together in the repressed manner of their people. Siamon affectionately patted the reddening cheek and bade Musa observe the birds pick out his destiny, as they had done five times before. Arranging on a board a number of Arabic letters in seeds, he whistled to the little fortune-tellers, and they hopped down in turn and accurately swallowed the letters meaning, "He will love."

"You have trained them to do it," objected the young man, nevertheless thrilled by the prophecy.

"*Ma'alesh*—no matter. It is permitted to assist a miracle. Moreover, boy, I sent thee to meet the Wild Olive on the balcony, and it is not less wonderful that you should find her good to behold."

"I do not like it," grumbled Musa, in sulky anger at this revelation. "It is a match-making trick. My work is before me. It is my desire to raise a family of great buildings, not crying babes."

"Do not be angry," pleaded the old man, sadly set back. "I did but assist kismet a little. It grieved me to see you no longer caring for anything, neither working to be promoted in the American office nor interested in the life of compatriots, but wandering around to gaze at the bridges and the Obelisk. I thought it was the sickness of early manhood, that might be cured by the shining of eyes like Utuma's."

"You have been a father to me," said Musa in a softened tone. "Forgive me if I have neglected you, thinking too much of my great plans. Here is some money made extra. Take it for the rent and also to buy a new suit, so that when you show the birds on Fifth Avenue—"

"Do you not mean we should buy a silver cage for the lotus-bird already given to the Wild Olive?"

The young man frowned, locking hands above his head, and suddenly burst out:

"Her mother says she is engaged to El Gezzar. Is he not a desperate man?"

"Bah! a Syrian!" quoth Siamon, as he slapped his hands vertically together in token of contempt. "A shopkeeping bully who has killed more Turks in his dreams than on the field of battle. Listen! It is a matter of money with him. He helped the widow and her daughter to come to this country; once recompensed, he will have nothing more to say."

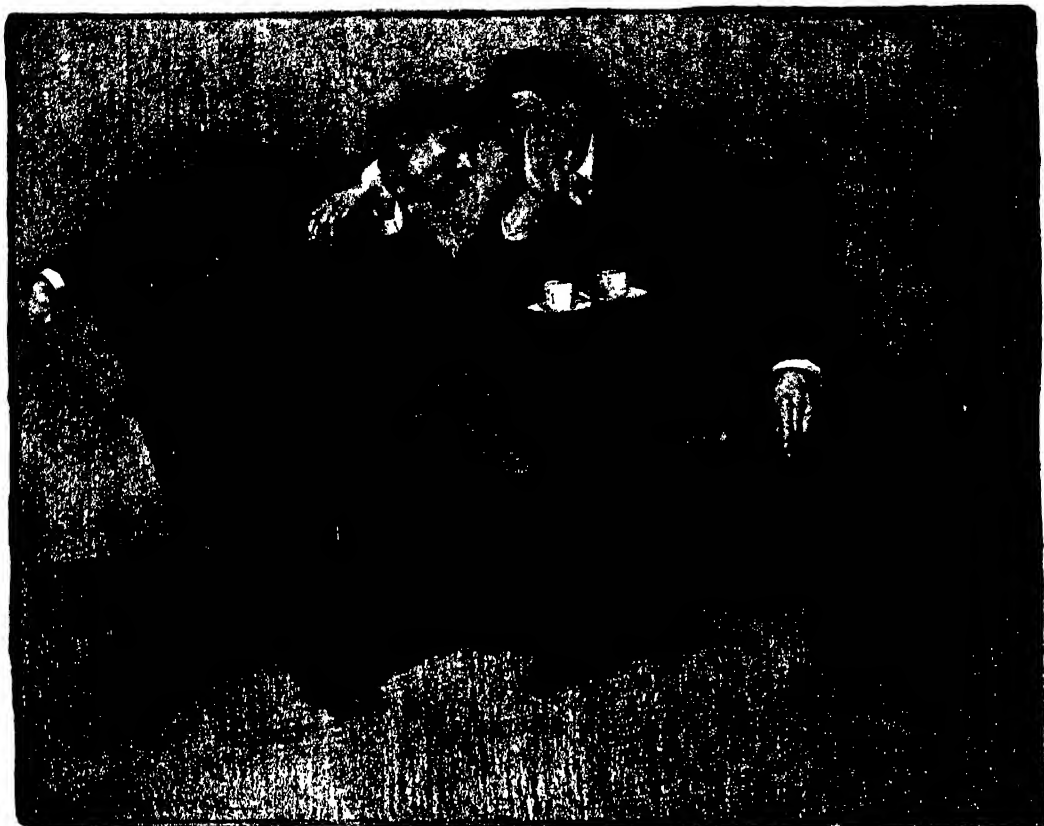
"The Wild Olive may—that is, she might prefer him."

For answer Siamon slapped his hands together in a brisk way, and seeing the lotus-flower nesting in the pocket of Musa's coat, he winked and laughed softly.

During the next three weeks Musa lived as many years, being exalted to dizzy heights of rapture and plunged into gulfs of woe. He drew olive-trees into office plans; he sketched the face of Utuma as the Sphinx; walking around the Obelisk, he read hieroglyphic poems to her beauty. He prowled at midnight through Morris street, reverently touching the balcony with his hand, or laying upon it secret offerings of flowers and almond-rose paste, which, indeed, seemed paltry gifts. Occasionally a shadow flitted to the edge of the balcony and hung the silver bird-cage among the leaves, and there was a delirious fragrance, and eye-beams seemed to penetrate the darkness. At return of busy day the young architect would fight against these feelings, remembering his large purposes and also minding his employer's reproofs for negligence. At night again he found himself eagerly asking Siamon for news—whether the lace-maker were more friendly, how the lotus-bird was getting on, and if Utuma had really brought a basketful of crumbs collected in the neighborhood by her own hands for feeding the aviary.

One night after this, during the street vigil, he deposited a scarab between the wires of the bird-cage on the balcony. The next morning he met her at his uncle's rooms, and she wore the scarab on her shapely wrist. It was merely an embalmed insect set in gold, but it tokened that she was a part of him and they were both a part of God.

"Dost thou understand?" he murmured, suffocating with emotion, and gazed into her eyes. She was silent, but her bosom rose and fell like the tides at the end of the pier.



Halftone plate engraved by C. W. Chidwick

TOLD THE STORY OF HIS PATRIOTIC STRUGGLES"

And then Amina rushed into the room like an angry wildcat, cursed everybody, tore the scarab from Utuma's wrist and ground it underfoot, threw the silver cage across the room, knocked over several dove towers, and, amid screechings of the aviary and expostulations of Uncle Siamon, departed with her daughter.

Musa, however, did not mind this, knowing it was in the day's courtship to be abused by a short-tempered old woman; and the girl had flung a poignant glance under her downcast eyelids as, before leaving, she deftly stooped and regained possession of the trampled scarab.

El Gezzar, the putative suitor, was another matter. Siamon reported that the man blandly refused to discuss the question of settling the debt of the lace-maker. Although a Syrian, the hint of pelf angered him; but he would be charmed to meet the nephew. Others also told Musa that El Gezzar would be pleased to see him, and it was told in a sinister way.

Therefore, one evening at the café he felt decidedly nervous and scorched his throat with hot coffee as there stalked toward him a pudgy man, shouldered like a horse, big-headed, seamed of brow, with up-tilted black mustaches, swagger gait, and a loud, loose voice. He was called "the Butcher" on his record of sixteen Turks slain in Syria. These sixteen were supposed to be full-grown soldiers made to bite the dust in open warfare; as for private feuds and minor ambushes, his reputation was cloudily vast. It was whispered that he had mysterious connections and activities. He always had plenty of money, although he spent most of his time lounging through the colony.

When this redoubtable character approached, Musa knew first a chill akin to fear, and the next moment the blood of courageous hatred caused him to leap to his feet with clenched fists. Slight and slender in comparison with the Syrian, he yet felt himself equal to any duel, whether

of wits or weapons. How he hated those cunning steel-blue eyes and Semitic features, indicative of the coast trading-ports rather than the honest localities of the desert! All the chattering folk in the café fell silent, the narghiles ceased to gurgle, and the dice-thrower paused with his box of cubes in midair.

"Welcome, Musa, welcome!" said El Gezzar, most cordially, and smiled with expansive frankness. "I hear you are doing great things in the architect's office, bringing honor to your family and to all

in the colony. I am glad to see you, my boy. I knew your father, who fought and fell at Tel-el-Kebir. Ah, he was a great man—"

"I do not care to know you," replied Musa, striving hard to maintain his feeling of hatred.

"Come, come!" laughed the other; "are you stuck up because of prosperity? Will you turn your back on your father's friends and compatriots?"

"It is said you are an enemy, El Gezzar."



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"SITTING BEHIND THE BALCONY DRAPERIES WITH IMMOVABLE EYES"

"Bah! idle gossip! Are we not all strangers here together? Our enemies are in Stamboul, London, and Paris. It is foolish for us to quarrel."

The people in the café resumed their diversions with a sense of disappointment as they saw El Gezzar and Musa hobnobbing over coffee and cigarettes. It really was impossible for the young man to resist the elder's large friendliness, and soon he began to be ashamed of his hostile attitude. El Gezzar, dropping his voice to a confidential whisper, told the story of his patriotic struggles against the Turks, and of how many Egyptians he had befriended besides Amina, the lace-maker. His magnanimity had cost him family and fortune; to-day he was devoted only to the cause of patriotism, which occupied so much of his time that he had none left to court the Wild Olive, who had been affianced to him. He had aided her family, it is true; but he was too much the gentleman to insist upon a bargain in the old-fashioned Oriental way. If she had another fancy—

"I am a little unwell," said Musa, dazedly, and left the café.

In fact, he was struck to the heart by the appeal to honor and the necessity of renouncing Utumâ, rightfully another's. He did not sleep for three days. Less bitter would have been his fate if he could have indulged jealous hatred, combated a rival, however unsuccessfully. But he could not help liking El Gezzar for his stalwart frame and venturesome history and open-hearted manner. Was he not, as he

said himself, an honest patriot maligned by envious tongues?

They met several times at the café, and El Gezzar displayed the most delicate sympathy, saying they were bound to become bosom friends. One day they vis-

ited the Obelisk and discussed Egyptian art and architecture.

"My friend," El Gezzar would remark occasionally, sighing, "you are more suitable to wed the lace-maker's daughter—"

"No, no! Do not speak of it," Musa would reply in smiling anguish, emulating magnanimity.

If he deprived him of love, the Syrian offered a substitute in the passion of patriotism. He gave him revolutionary pamphlets and newspapers, talked about the oppressed conditions of the Levantine countries, read letters of misery from correspondents, and exhorted Musa to study the history of Egypt and of other countries cursed by foreign rule. Musa flung himself with ardor into these studies, quenching his regret for the Wild Olive and almost forgetting his architectural dreams. Sometimes he fancied a rebirth of art among

a freed people and love's abnegation rising in majestic columns. Finally, one day El Gezzar took him into entire confidence, and he learned of the secret revolutionary society that existed in the colony for the purpose of achieving freedom in the Levant. His heart swelled at the thought of following in the footsteps of his father's militant patriotism.

Siamon was puzzled and much per-



Stone plate engraved by R. C. Collin
HURRAH FOR EL GIRGIS
WAS HEENGTON!"

turbed by his nephew's new information. Innocent of revolutionary intrigues and looking on his adopted country as next door to paradise, he could not fathom the strange friendship with the ill-reputed Syrian. His gentle hints and inquiries being regularly rebuffed, the old man sought consolation with his birds, especially the two in the Nile dove-tower which he had named "Musa" and "Wild Olive." They picked seeds out of each other's beaks so lovingly that the sight caused him to shed tears.

Utuma had taken to living on *dourra*, the bread of sadness and poverty. She forgot her ideas of progress, and put aside the high-heeled shoes and the steel jacket that cut off the breath. Sitting behind the balcony draperies with immovable eyes staring, her cheek-bones grew sharp and her skin became thirsty and parched; her shoulders sagged forward like a consumptive's. Thus speechlessly she expressed woe in the stoical manner of her race. The lotus-bird was taught to hang its head in a plain wooden cage. Her mother jeered, saying she looked like a mummy.

During these weeks the young architect lived as he had never lived before. He rose before dawn to study revolutionary documents, a soldiers' manual of arms, and the political history of his country told in library books. After working in the office all the morning, he performed mysterious errands to different parts of the city in the luncheon hour; and in the evening, sometimes till after midnight, he was in conference with El Gezzar. He met strange men, he learned startling things. He dwelt in a new, palpitating atmosphere of spacious intrigue. In his feverish sleep he babbled phrases that astonished the simple-minded old Siamon leaning over his bedside. What had an architect to do with "freedom," "expeditions," "guns"?

One night there was a meeting of the society in the warehouse loft, presided over by El Gezzar.

Threescore swarthy Levantines, white of teeth and black of eye, gesticulated and spoke swiftly in the dim, candle-lit room. Their faces were made sinister and grotesque by the shadows that assimilated the traits of diverse races. The close air reeked with scented cigarettes and the spicy effluvium of Oriental merchandise.

El Gezzar, rapping with a camel-whip on a barrel of olives, tried to call the meeting to order.

"Brothers!" he shouted in stentorian tones, "the patriot Musa will speak to us—"

"I speak will!" cried a Swedish Jew in dialect indescribable. "I pay money to Yerusalem take. Why is she not something done?"

"I am an Armenian," shrilly wailed a lean, cadaverous man, throwing his arms upward. "I spilled all my blood at Van for the White Christ. Let me speak! Let me be chairman!"

"Woe! woe!" groaned a Cretan and a Damascan, sympathetically dropping their heads in their hands.

"Great is Allah, and Muhammad is his prophet!" exclaimed a Bedouin from Aden, affronted by reference to the White Christ.

Musa at length was able to deliver the fiery oration that he had prepared. He summed up the past glory of Egypt in terse imagery; he pictured her modern woes in a fashion to call forth groans and sobs and wild exclamations of rage.

"Our country is rich and beautiful and fruitful," he concluded. "God has not beggared it. He has not withdrawn his sun nor caused the Nile to dry up. Why do the fellaheen starve? Why do we lack power and liberty? The nations prey upon us! Turkey, France, and England have stolen our country, loaded us with debt, taxed our every palm-tree and kine, disgraced us and enslaved us! But we are freemen. We can fight for liberty as other great people. General Arabi—it is well you shout at his name!—showed the world in 1882 that we are not a dead, craven race. My father fell at his side. That revolution failed, but the next time—"

"Wonderful words!" declared El Gezzar above the tumult.

"What is Egypt to us?" exclaimed a Greek from Crete.

"Brothers!" roared El Gezzar, "all the states of the Levant are the branches of one tree. We must unite in a common cause against the Turk, the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the Russian. Soon there will come to us a leader who will mold the colonies into one republic. To-day it is our duty to strike at the Turk in Syria and prepare for the greater liber-

ation. I have a message from General Arabi, who is in exile in Ceylon—"

Amid the ensuing confusion a bow-legged old man climbed on a bale of matting and commanded the attention of the assembly.

"I am Siamon the bird-trainer," he announced, "and I came here by an accident. I have heard foolish words. What have we Egyptians to do with a Syrian conspiracy? At home the English are our friends, and here in the United States there is freedom for every man. Let our dissatisfied compatriots come here and be happy. That 's what I think." He paused and added in English, "Huraha for El Girgis Washeengton!"

"There are traitors present," shouted somebody. "I see a Turkish spy!"

"*Asi! asi!*" Like the hissing of snakes, a dozen men pronounced the word for spy.

"Feuer! Politsch!" cried the Swedish Jew, throwing open a window.

Every one jumped to his feet. A loud noise was heard on the stairs. Knives flashed as the candles were puffed out. The more timorous fled to crouching positions of safety behind barrels and bales. There was a lively scuffle, mingled with echoing thuds on the door.

As the light vanished, Musa saw a knife-armed hand aimed toward his heart, and instinctively whirling his fist about, he knocked the knife from the hand and struck its owner between the eyes. Then he found himself led by the hand of Siamon through the maze of merchandise to an exit in the rear, just as three Irish policemen broke in the door under the impression that they were raiding "another of them hasheesh joints."

Events rushed on rapidly after this. Musa, resenting his uncle's interference, would not have anything to do with the old man, and spent all his time in the café. He noticed that the Syrian had a lump on the forehead between the eyes, such as tight knuckles might have caused, but refused to accept the inference so damaging to a great patriot and fellow-revolutionist. It was better to think that some one had mistaken him for the spy, and that El Gezzar's bruise was due to an accident.

A month later a fruit-ship, manifested for the return voyage to a Syrian port, lay at a West-side dock with steam up. Her cargo of oil and machinery had been care-

fully packed in the hold. With special care were packed many long cases listed as pitchforks and lawn-mowers—peculiar tools, inasmuch as they were to be operated by means of smokeless powder. Among the passengers were a large number of dark people returning to their home, each equipped with at least two passports.

Musa, having engaged passage on this ship, could not deny himself a farewell stroll through the street of the balcony. The September moon shone over the elevated road and the office-buildings eastward; a damp, salty smell came from the river. There reigned the deep silence of the lower city at night, widely separated from the noise of day, only broken by an echoing footfall, the tinkle of a horse-car bell, or the distant whistle of river craft. The young man stood in the shadow of the balcony, and his heart was dull with unfathomed pain. He would stand here awhile and catch a whiff of perfume. Afterward, forgetfulness—The shutters above seemed to creak, and there was a sleepy twitter as of the lotus-bird. His eyes glowed; he groaned.

"Why dost thou linger at the tomb?"

These words, like a wail of the breeze, burned his ears. Was it delirious fancy? She came forth, white-robed, and the moon shone on the battered scarab at her wrist.

"Ah, Utuma!" he gasped, "if indeed it is thyself and not an effigy, let me say what is in my heart—since we shall never meet again."

"For me, I have loved thee from the first day," she replied, hollow-voiced, terribly impersonal, as one petrified by ancient grief.

"It was patriotism—and I thought thou didst belong to him. If thou didst not belong to him—"

"My mother kept me shut. I have ever hated El Gezzar. I will never marry him. He is evil. But I thought thou didst leave me because I am ignorant—and yet I meant to learn—"

"No, no, Utuma; thy knowledge is of the heart, the greatest. Oh, that I had known! But why say the Syrian is evil?"

"I have heard him talk with my mother. Musa, if thou must go on the expedition, wear this either around the neck or sewn into the flesh of the arm."

"Is it a charm—a keepsake?"

"The *yekh* symbol—the soul that lives



Drawn by Jay Hambro, c. 1880. Photo engraved by C. W. Oelver.

AS THEY STOOD HAND IN HAND AMONG THE BIRDS

after death and flies to the bosom of the beloved. It protects from knives and bullets."

"Rather give me what will invite those weapons!"

"Wear it for my sake. Perhaps it has less virtue than people say, but then it will be a reminder. I tremble lest some treachery harm thee."

"Do not slander the patriot who loves thee, O Wild Olive!"

"He is nothing to me." She made an angular gesture, hand to bosom, and resumed in a voice less drearily mournful: "See, here is a letter he sent to my mother this night. I cannot read pen-marks. Do thou read it, and perchance arm thyself against crafty deeds."

"It is not well to mistrust a patriot," demurred Musa, "and violate confidence."

"Between the kid and the crocodile honor is unequal," she replied with sudden vehemence.

"*Eywa, na'am*—yes, to be sure. Yet it would shame us both in case—"

Finally he took the letter and read it at a near-by street lamp. It ran:

I stay aboard ship to watch the rifles. Do not fear that I will neglect this pestiferous young architect. A simple fool! As I told you, I nearly administered kismet to him at the big meeting.

Something will happen on the voyage. When I return in the spring with the profits of the expedition, there will be a great wedding, and neither you nor your daughter will ever work at lace-making again.

"What mean the pen-marks?" cried Utuma, alarmed at his wild face.

He kept silent, having many quick thoughts. Anger shook him; he was shamefully humiliated. Patriotism was insulted, life itself seemed outraged. For a moment the very skies of faith and aspiration seemed to tumble down in ruin. Should one depose the traitor and take charge of the expedition? For the sake of the "profits"? Seek revenge! Wait until on the battle-field!

"Utuma!" he burst out in a half sob, "dost thou believe in the cause of our country--and the resurrection of her temples? Is it a dream?"

"Thy beliefs, Musa, are mine. Thy knowledge is my knowledge."

"God does not grant us great thoughts," he exclaimed, with joyous conviction, "to

pass away like the breeze. It is not a dream. We are awake, but the sordid are snoring. We shall keep these things in mind and work for them more wisely hereafter—thou and I. This country has been good to us both. Some day we shall, perhaps—"

"It is time for the ship to go!" wailed the Wild Olive, seeing the grayness of dawn in the western sky.

"*La, ya Rohee*—no, my Soul, but time thou didst come down," he replied, putting his shoulder under the balcony.

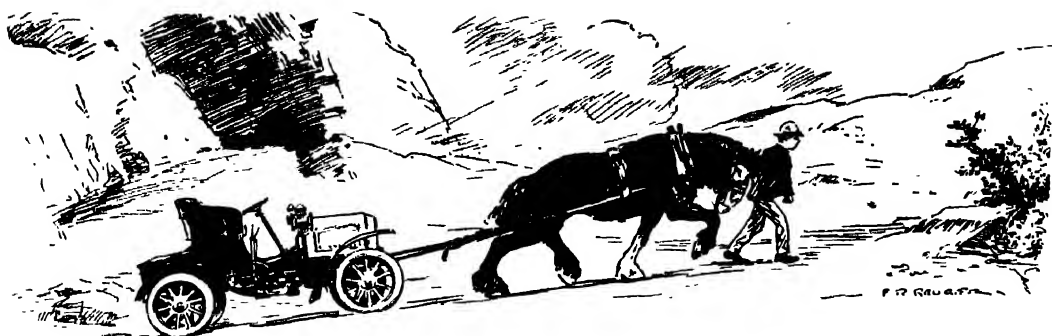
Marveling, she obeyed and stepped on his shoulder with her little sandaled feet and stood beside him. He lifted her in his arms and carried her swiftly along the street. Her lips were sealed, being close to his neck; and, moreover, his grip was as tight as the breath-cutting steel jacket. So she was relieved from all responsibility, which seemed good. She had a vague idea of being carried to a high place, whence, perchance, they would plunge together to a realm of eternal bliss. It made no difference, only to be united. She felt the beating of his heart against hers.

The journey was only too short. Soon they arrived at Uncle Siamon's rooms, and as they stood hand in hand among the birds, the bow-legged old man, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, thought that a miracle had occurred. He tried to drape a green quilt around his rebellious legs, which made him look like one of the twelve disciples in a Coptic lithograph. He blinked and stammered inept inquiries. Then he embraced the young couple by turn, and shouted in ecstasy of joy the betrothal cry:

"Zibi! Farrah, farrah!"

And the birds, excited by the call, and seeing the dawn glow in the windows, began to chirp and twitter and sing their congratulations. The lark danced in the oasis of tissue-paper, and the little fortune-tellers hopped from their perch to devour all the conjugations of the verb "to love."

Musa was no longer in the mood to carry out the grim revenge which he had contemplated against El Gezzar. Instead, he sent to him by messenger the letter and passports. The Syrian did not tarry for a personal interview, but sailed away on the fruit-ship. A few months afterward it was reported that the sixteen Turks had been avenged.



THE OFF DAY OF AN AUTOMOBILE

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

Author of "Bruvver Jim's Baby"

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER



WHEN pug-nosed Linky Rodgers, erstwhile printer's devil in the office of the Alderville "Gazette," appeared one beautiful Sunday morning in his native town with the first real automobile that had ever been seen in all that rough-shod country, he created something mighty like a stir.

Linky it was in very fact—the freckled, bragging Linky who, on beginning to "feel his oats," had boasted he meant to go forth into the world and become an auto "shover" if it cost him his life and all his fifteen dollars of capital. Linky indeed! And why should he tell that, with a trusty horse, he had towed the brick-red auto here from thirty miles away because of his fervent wish to assure its safe arrival on the scene?

Why should he tell his townsmen anything about it? He *was* in fact the real owner's roustabout, or "shover"—with seven exciting days' experience behind him; he *had* taken genuine rides in the thing, observing its *modus operandi* shrewdly, if not comprehensively; he *had* agreed to guard the car while its owner went off for a two days' climb on a burro to the mines; and he *did* intend to show it very harmlessly in Alderville and then tow it back, with his horse, as he had come, under cover of the night. But also

he meant to excite, meanwhile, an innocent sensation.

Therefore it was that, with his chief's leather cap, his goggles, and his gloves all duly donned and adjusted, he hung about the dusty car—when the horse had been spirited away—till the town's expected awakening, under the impetus of his much-tooted horn, had duly come to pass.

And now the group of citizens about the machine was increasing in size momentarily. Half a score of red-faced cow-punchers, some of them mounted and some afoot, together with three sturdy miners, come to town for provisions, a teamster, the blacksmith, the sheriff, and four others, non-committal as to occupation, stood gazing at the strange affair, over which freckled Linky was tinkering with vast importance and much assumed unconcern.

"By garn!" said the blacksmith, rolling up his sleeves by force of habit, "shoe me with iron if it ain't an auterbiler big as life! Linky, on the square, did you run her here all alone?"

"Did you think I fetched her over in my pocket?" Linky answered, examining the steering-wheel with microscopic particularity. "You ack like you never seen a first-class car before."

"Yep, Bill; you do, fer a fact," agreed

the sheriff; and lying with ready intent to identify himself with the newest wonder, he added: "I heard her puffin' and tootin' when Linky steered her into camp. Might have saw her comin' if I had n't been too lazy to go to the winder."

"I 've saw six or seven and studied 'em close, in picture books, myself," claimed the traveled teamster. "They 're gittin' real common."

"Take the place of hosses pretty soon," remarked a man who hated all the equine family, having recently been kicked in the stomach by a mule. "Heap sight quieter than hosses, anyhow."

"Wall, take off her blinders and turn her loose," suggested one of the cow-boys. "Broke pretty gentle, ain't she, Linky?"

"She would n't let no bronco-buster ride her sassy and keerless," Linky made unpudent reply. "Ten-horse-power engine 's what she 's got."

"Yep," agreed the sheriff; "I 've read

all about 'em. Jest like ridin' ten wild, buckin' broncos all to once when she starts."

"Nearer like fifteen of these poor little cattle-ponies," corrected Linky, polishing at the already glistening brass and feeling the tires with professional curiosity. "Ten-horse engines don't mean ten little skinny cayuses."

"I 'd like to see one first time she was rid, 'fore she was broke in gentle," insisted the cow-boy, thirsting for excitement. "This one looks to me like her spirit is busted. Link, you ain't got the sand to show her off."

To Linky, never heretofore so honored as to be addressed otherwise than as "Kid," and never before accepted in a style that made him an equal, the situation added elements of charm with every new accession to his audience. And beholding now the broad, stocky form of his one-time employer, Post B. Nicholls, editor



F.R. GRANGER.

"OH—JUST C-H-U-F-F-E-R"

and owner of the Alderville "Gazette," who was almost come upon the scene, he felt the gorge of boastfulness and temerity rise in his breast.

"Well, showin' this off reminds me of runnin' a little old Gordon press, a-printin' cards," he said—"it's so different."

This was a joke, and the men all laughed—all, that is, save Nicholls.

"Oh—hullo, Post," said the shover, carelessly. "Did n't notice it was you."

"Hullo, Kid. Poisoned your face?" responded the editor. "Sorry to see they've got you for a stable-boy so soon."

"It's a ten-horse autermorebiler," the sheriff informed him, gravely. "No stable-boy can curry one of them, much less make her go."

"Link never makes the second-hand blunderbuss go," answered Nicholls, in calm contempt of the shover's vaunted prowess. "Link would have to read his printed directions three times over before he could fall off a log."

Linky suddenly burned with a dangerous pique and resolution. He glanced about, and, as fate preferred complications, he discerned the buxom figure of Ellen Brown in a doorway up the street. And Ellen was Post B. Nicholls's one admiration.

"Batts," said the shover to the sheriff, "just see that none of the women is drivin' around in the streets with scary horses, after breakfast, 'cause I'm goin' to try the engine on a little twenty-mile spin or so around the town." He shot a glance of malice and defiance at his former chief, and added unconcernedly, "Perhaps I'll take a friend of mine along."

The friend he had in mind was Ellen Brown. That honored young lady was tremendously excited when he asked her, after breakfast, if she cared to take a spin. He had eaten the meal in his goggles and he looked exceedingly impressive.

"Oh, Linky!" she said, "to think you're really and truly an automobile shover! How do you spell it, in case I should write to cousin Jane?"

Linky swallowed air and told her, "Oh—just c-h-u-f-f-e-r."

"And where'll we go?" she demanded ecstatically. "I don't really care, though, do you? They can see us longer if we just keep gliding round in town. When do we do it? You don't think the boys

might start it off? They're all around it yet, to see how it's made."

Linky glanced from the window at the men, as thick as flies on a cooky, glued by wonder and awe to the spot where the auto was standing.

"Naw," said he. "You've got to know a whole bookful of tricks before you can git her to budge. They could n't start up nothin' but a scared greased pig."

His hand was shaking with nervousness as he rolled a cigarette and gave a wretched imitation of a man calmly lighting up to smoke.

"No partic'lar hurry," he added to Ellen, who was as eager as a child to be tasting the fun. "We've got all day, if we want to keep it goin'."

"Well, don't you suppose the early morning's best?" inquired Ellen. "Mr. Nicholls—sort of wanted me to go for a buggy-ride with him; and there he is."

Linky looked with alacrity where the editor was once more coming down the street.

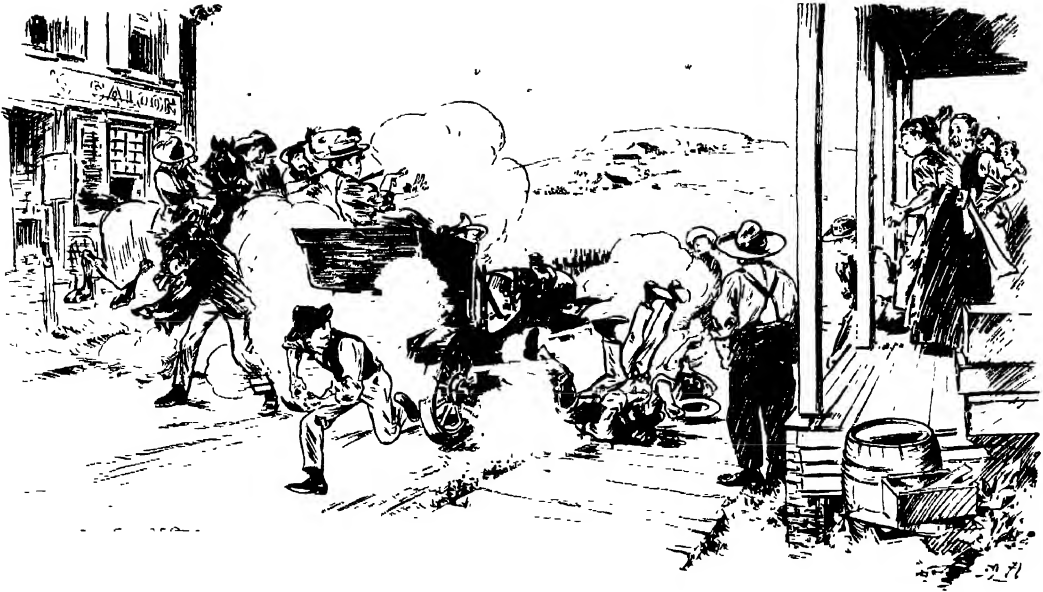
"Oh, I'd just as lief go now as ever," he said, intent on having his sharp ex-chief consume himself with jealous rage. "You won't need nothin' but your hat. Come on."

They strolled toward the waiting automobile together, he with all his attention studiously concentrated on his cigarette, Ellen pale and red by turns, and ready to collapse with excess of joy about the heart.

The audience, consisting—in addition to the men—of half a dozen women, some with children, gathered in a group on the porch of the general store, gasped with admiring awe to see Miss Ellen actually coming with the shover. The news that she and Linky were going for a spin had spread throughout the town like a brand-new gale of wind.

"I did n't think she'd do it—not with Linky wearin' them engine headlights," panted Mrs. Batts, holding tighter to a little Batts, who diligently snarled her hair. "I would n't trust myself in that—Now, what's that blacksmith up to next?"

The blacksmith, who had newly described himself as a "sort of all-round machenic and inventor," was directing his own and the teamster's attention to the parts of the auto to be seen by getting down in the dust and looking up under the body. He was joined by four or five



'A SHARP EXPLOSION CRACKED LIKE A SMALL CANNON'

cow-boys, whose horses were held near by with those of a number of friends. The rough-riders, having concluded they belonged in the class with all and any ten-horse-power devices of deviltry, had prepared their broncos for business.

Two men who were trying the seats of the motionless machine, together with those who were "feeling its legs" and "guessing its age" and "looking at its teeth," made way for the shover and Ellen with a courtesy and deference unusual.

"I 'll help you in, Miss Ellen," volunteered the sheriff, while his wife was heard to make some biting remarks; "and, boys, git away and give us air and elbow-room, if you please."

"Do I get in now?" inquired Ellen of Linky, her knees all a-tremble beneath her.

"Might as well," answered Linky, in a desperate guess at a thousand details to be observed with women and the mechanism at the beginning of a ride. "I 've got to start her up from the front."

"Ain't you going to be in when it starts?" demanded Ellen, half-way up in the seat. "You have n't got any reins or anything I can hold while you 're climbing inside."

"I don't throw in the clutch till I 'm sittin' and ready," answered Linky, his pride rising swiftly to par once again. "She won't go off without me, don't you fear."

The sheriff nodded to the group with a sober I-told-you-so expression of countenance. Post B. Nicholls, meantime, had gone to the porch, with the women, and taken a seat on its edge.

All the women and some of the men, including Linky, now forgot, temporarily, to breathe. Linky was adjusting gloves and goggles with all the airs of a veteran auto tourist. At length, when there was nothing further to do to himself, except to strive for a good big breath, he pumped the teaser of the gasoline, and grasping the starting-crank in front, gave the engine a violent wrench.

"Oh!" gasped Ellen.

But nothing happened—nothing of importance.

"Not 'nough juice," observed the shover.

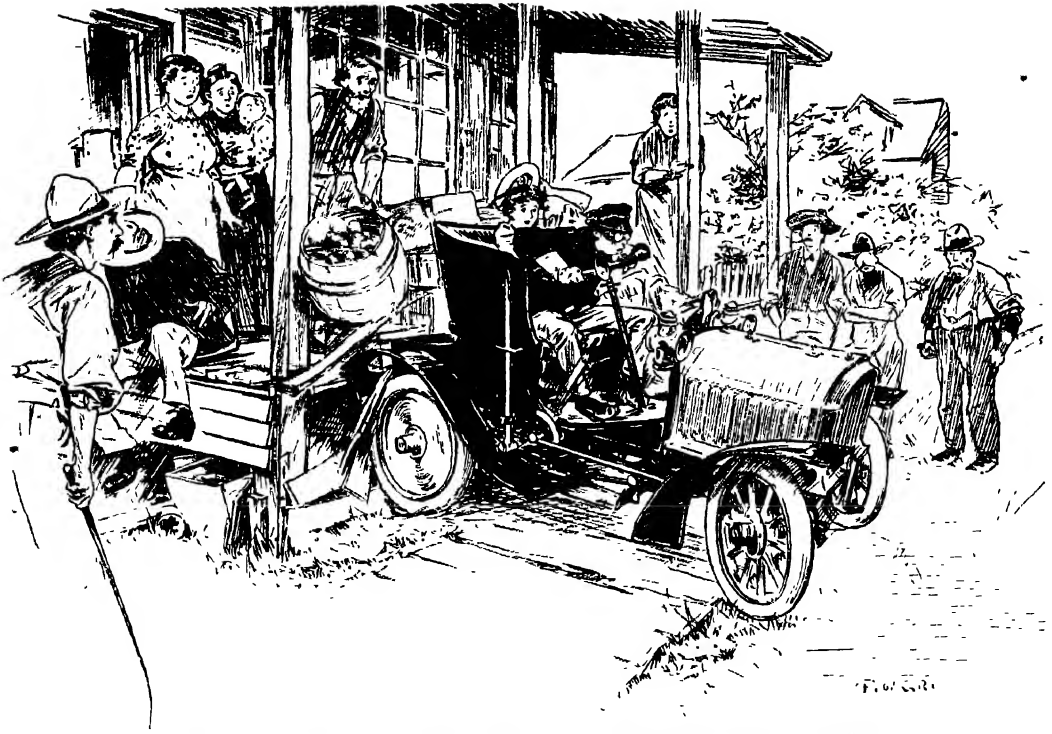
He pumped at the teaser with greater energy, then ground at the crank like a demon, till it kicked back and nearly broke his wrist, the engine meantime as unresponsive as the dead.

"Gee!" said Link, "I guess she ain't got no compression; or maybe her spark-plug 's sprung a leak."

He raised the hood and looked inside at the engine. So did all the men.

"Don't he know the business, though?" inquired Sheriff Batts, admiringly. "Hear him operate the autermorebiler languages."

"Now she 's fixed O. K.," declared the shover, having twisted at a thumb-screw



THE CAR HIT THE PORCH WITH A PLANK-SPLITTING THUMP"

of no significance whatsoever. "Put her down." He lowered the hood and ground again at the crank, to no avail.

"Leave me give her a rattle myself," requested the blacksmith. He thereupon turned the crank till he was redder than the auto.

Linky was sweating. The smith was equally warm. Man after man had a turn at the crank. A smell of gasoline, pumped through the engine and out at the muffler, began to assert itself.

"I don't pretend to know it all," remarked the teamster, "but I reckon there's something out of whack with this thing under the wheels. You can hear her gruntin' back in here."

"This thing" was the muffler. Half a score of men bent down to look, while the teamster, with his lighted cigarette, indicated just what he meant by thrusting his hand against the port of exhaust.

Instantly a sharp explosion cracked like a small cannon, the teamster throwing a back somersault. Miss Ellen jumped no less than three feet high. The squatting men all fell violently backward to the dust in a wriggling and fiercely scrambling heap. The women screamed and the broncos reared, snorted, and attempted

a private stampede. All who could, ran swiftly away, expecting the thing to burst at once.

Linky was frightened half to death, while the sheriff leaped three ways at once, to see who was doing the shooting.

"I want to get out! I want to get out!" cried Ellen, with a great deal of strength.

"Mercy! stay where you are—anyways for a minute; it's safer!" cried Mrs. Batts, whose baby was bawling in terror.

"Sounds like running a small Gordon press, printing cards," called Nicholls from the porch.

That nettled Linky, who still had sense sufficient to know that a small explosion in the muffler was one of the auto's prerogatives and not fatal, after all.

"That 's nothin'." She does that once in a while before she gits ready to start," said he. "Don't amount to nothin'."

Then abruptly a brilliant idea occurred to his mind. A spark had ignited the gas—and a spark, in fact, was necessary to the customary functions of the engine. He switched on his batteries, heretofore neglected, and pumping the teaser once again, gave the crank a mighty lesson in revolutions.

With a snort and a spat the engine took a start at last, and ran with a hum and a puffing and force that shook the red car like a husker. Every one, save Linky, started aback in dread. This was, almost more terrible than the simple explosion.

"What 's happened now?" cried Ellen, from her seat. "I wish I was out! I don't—I don't like it a bit!"

"Ten-horse engine 's got to work, running like bread and molasses," replied the shover, grinning reassuringly. "All we got to do is ride, and throw dust in people's faces, and look all round at the scenery."

"Did n't I say I knowed he 'd do it pretty soon?" said the blacksmith, who had just predicted to the contrary. "Smart young feller, Linky is, fer I learned him a few little tricks 'bout horse-shoein' and other machin'ry myself."

The roaring monster, which the automobile had now become, had ten feet of space on every side and a clear, broad path to the fore. Snorting and plunging, the cow-boys' ponies were swiftly mounted for the race that all conceived was a cow-puncher's due. They were closely bunched at the rear of the car.

Linky got up to his place—and stared at the levers in a dizzying doubt that caved in the walls of his stomach. Which was the one to handle first?

He hesitated. The man who hesitates is the rag-doll of fate. In desperation, then, he laid his hand on a lever. Oh, if there were no one here to see—no Ellen, no Nicholls, no any one at all! If only he had tried it by himself the night before! But the game he had started he must play to the end.

He pulled back a lever. Nothing happened. The engine continued to race and to shake the car atrociously. Then Linky grasped the clutch and nervously thrust it home.

The car, as if suddenly assaulted on the nose by a bolt of lightning, paused and leaped to the rearward with a growl of meshing gears that was terrible to hear. It darted backward toward a dozen men and horses who were toppling and falling away in confused retreat and scrambling in every direction. It gathered speed and made for the porch, backing like a badly deranged juggernaut with a horrible excess of enthusiasm.

The men all yelled and the women shrieked, and Ellen stood up for a jump. Post Nicholls leaped from his seat and fled for his life.

In fear, poor Linky thought of a thousand wrong things to do and promptly enacted the last. Instead of releasing his clutch, he jammed the first of his levers far ahead, just as the car hit the porch with a plank-splitting thump—and Ellen sat down. Then forward the mad thing shot and off it rocketed, straight for Boyd's saloon.

In panic and horror, the shover grasped the wheel. He threw all his strength into an effort to steer—and the car plunged madly on a brand-new tack and raced full tilt at a watering-trough, of solid and portentous dimensions.

With a lusty yell the cow-boys joined in the fun, chasing behind the uncontrolled machine as if it had been a herd of crazy cattle gone amuck.

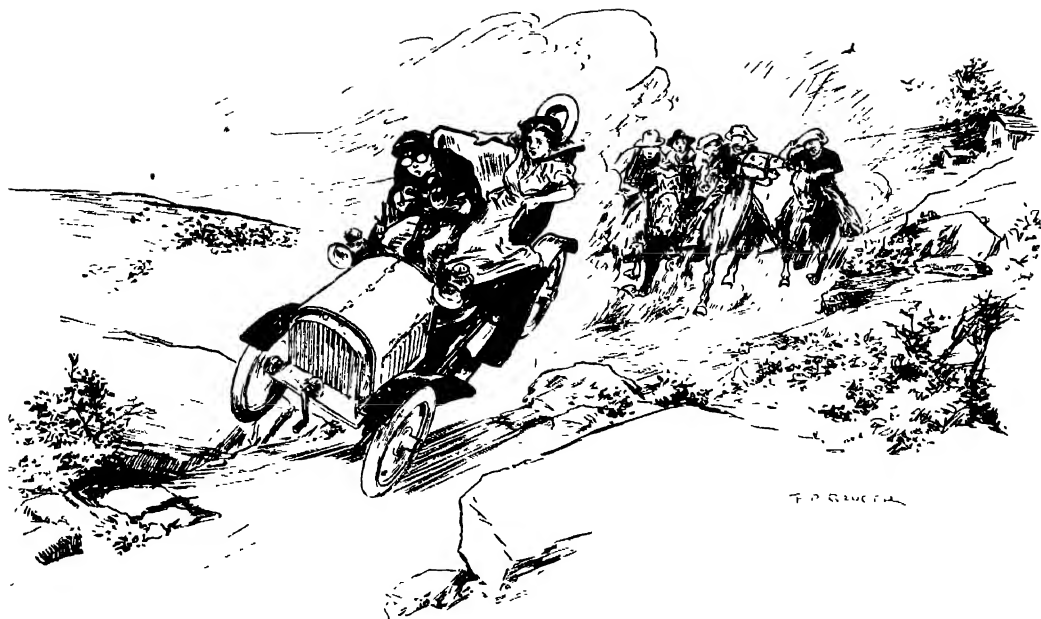
Just as its nose was about to collide with the trough full of water, Linky wrunched at the steering-device anew and headed his meteor to starboard again, till Post B. Nicholls's printing-shop, filled to the brim with iron machines, was looming straight in his track.

He toiled in frenzy. The machine slewed about. She raced on her off wheels, then on her nigh. She scalloped the highway diabolically, scattering cow-boys hither and yon in her flight.

Back of the cow-boys raced the men; and back of the men came the women, all of them screaming, while their children bawled and toddled in pursuit, and dogs ran in all the procession, barking in joyful emulation of the coughing machine.

Down through the street and out in the rocks and sagebrush just beyond the serpentine course of the car was laid. Then by some madness of the thing's manœuvering, combined with Linky's partial paralysis of resource, the red demon swung about, in an orbit fraught with awe-compelling possibilities, and, coming back, streaked once more for the shops along the street.

With both hands frozen to the steering-wheel, which he dared not for a moment abandon, the white-faced Linky bethought him of a lever he could kick with his foot. He kicked it. The thing was a muffler cut-out, ingeniously contrived to give the



"HE STRUCK THE ROAD AT LEAST TWENTY-SEVEN TIMES WITHIN A MILE"

car an increase of power and a multiplied capacity for making noise. She responded. She took on new life at a bound, puffing with stab-like staccatos and adding ten miles more per hour to her gait.

From her path the dogs, the men, the boys, the cow-boys, and the women fled, horses and all leaping up on the sidewalks laid before the shops, while men crashed flatly up against the walls and the doors, in pitiful efforts to make themselves insignificant.

Scalloping now with a wilder glee, the red comet scorched up the length of the town, and, darting through the hay-yard, with its open, catty-cornered ends, stampeded twenty head of freighting mules and drove them before it, forth to the road across the valley.

Ellen, now, had caught the half of a breath at last, and with it she screamed out her wishes.

"I want to get out! You let me out!" she shrilled at the top of her lungs.

But she dared not leap, while Linky, having never a moment to stop the machine, or even to think, was loath to assist her to alight. He struck the road at least twenty-seven times within a mile. He wrestled with the wheel like a sailor in a storm, and the engine did the rest. They crushed down the brush and they bumped on the rocks, while cow-boys,

whooping in their wake, came crazily on in pursuit.

Then, two miles from town, to Linky's unspeakable delight, the awful contrivance began at last to decrease its speed. Something was happening, no matter what, that put a slowing quietus on the plunging of the car, though the ten-horse engine appeared to cough with increasing force. Still steering wildly to right and left, poor Linky drove the red machine against a bank of gravel. She climbed it as a great red cat might ascend the side of a house. And then the clutch at last was jolted entirely out, and she ceased to move, though the engine raced like mad.

Jack and Jill came down the hill. They rolled out, mindless and powerless as a pair of peas in a suddenly inverted dipper, and Ellen arose to her feet and ran for home as fast as she could travel.

Linky was stunned for the moment. He heard the cow-boys say so, when they galloped their terrified and quite unwilling ponies to the scene.

"Knocked as senseless as a justice of the peace," announced the first arrival; and Linky was glad—so glad he could have cried.

But instead he lay there, "playing possum," while the crowd increased about him rapidly. Then the moment came when cow-boy hands upraised him from the earth and carried him home, the while he

maintained his serene imitation of unconsciousness.

Meantime, there at the gravel bank, the geniuses of Alderville stood by in awe as the engine ran and filled the circumjacent with smell and vicious jabs of sound. They watched and waited for two solid hours, till at length the thing slowed down and down and spat less atrociously and finally died where it stood. Then, with their courage keen at once, the men plied all their strength and wits to stir the thing again to life. It was all of no avail. It therefore came to pass, at last, that broncos were hitched to the stubborn device and hauled it back to town once more, where any one who had the bravery could go up and pat it on the back and wonder at its vitiated prowess. And every one developed courage, now that the ten-horse engine was defunct. Indeed the five women, laboring to restore the dubious intellect of Linky, and scolding so sharply that he dared not revive, were tempted at length to go forth themselves and look at the beast that, while it lived,

had put the prehistoric dragon and the minotaur to the blush for their babe-like innocence.

They gazed long and fearfully, those five good wives of Alderville, and when they returned to reassault poor Linky with spirits and scoldings, as before—behold, the shover was gone!

Having "come to" the instant he was left alone, he had slipped through a window, crawled through the brush, waded through the ditch, and scuttled through a field of grain and so across a mighty reach of valley till the friendly hills had hidden him from sight, beyond all peradventure—and still he was going.

Post Nicholls, meanwhile, printed some black-bordered obituary notices concerning the lamented and untimely demise of the red machine,—which nothing on earth, apparently, could reënlive,—and to all of this he appended a pleasant invitation to all the world to come and see the monster "lying in state" in the middle of the street.

One man came, on the following day.



"AND RAN FOR HOME AS FAST AS SHE COULD TRAVEL"

He owned the car and he was very wroth. But when he had heard all the annals of the day, and when he had toiled for fifteen minutes to start his recreant engine, he was, if possible, wrother.

At length he bethought him to look in

tomobilist, aware how little means a name. "Or maybe you call it benzine."

"Got benzine—all you want, I reckon," said a cow-boy, readily enough. "About how much do you need?"

"Oh, a couple of gallons will do," re-



F. R. GRUBER.

'WHAT 'S WENT WRONG?'

the tank wherein his fuel was supposed to be contained. The place was completely emptied.

"No wonder she would n't get a move," he said. "Here, sheriff, say, is there any gasolene in your blooming little town?"

"Boys," said the sheriff, "have we got gasolene?"

"Search me," answered one, as spokesman for the boys.

"Or naphtha?" queried the touring au-

plied the stranger, eagerly. "Just bring me all you can spare."

He looked to his clutch, to his lubricating-cups, to his batteries and everything else, while he waited. Then at last came his man. He carried three great demi-johns, from Boyd's saloon, and inside of each were two or more gallons of the very worst whisky ever made.

"There y' are," said the fellow, in hospitable cheer. "I knowed she must use

something mighty powerful and quick to git to business—but don't she take a lot!"

The auto owner smelled at the stuff and was staggered.

"Benzine?" he said. "*Benzine!* Why, that—"

"That 's the benziest benzine in two hundred miles," interrupted the friendly cow-puncher. "What 's went wrong?"

"Nothing—oh, nothing," said the helpless traveler, "only—boys, I 'll stand for a treat."

He stood for the treat, and the fiery stuff that must certainly have strangled his ten-horse engine, quite beyond hope of recovery, was poured down the throats of the crowd without a wink. Then Post B. Nicholls came to the fore with a

five-gallon can of the monster's regular diet.

"Benzine," he said, "is what the missing Linky used to use in washing rollers for a little Gordon press. That's where he got in the habit of running an automobile."

And when, at last, the owner moved away, in a quiet, orderly fashion, his modern monster fully in control, there were Ellen and Nicholls together in a cart, and cow-boys ready for escort again, and blacksmith, sheriff, and miners at attention, while babes and dogs and housewives watched, with regret, to see the circus go.

"No more buckin' and cavortin' there; she rides like a tame old cow," said one of the punchers. "Don't tell me—young Link he busted her spirit all the same."



THE SINGER

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

HE came to us with dreams to sell—
Ah, long ago it seems!
From regions where enchantments dwell,
He came to us with dreams to sell,—
And we had need of dreams.

Our thought had planned with artful care,
Our patient toil had wrought,
The roomy treasure-houses where
Were heaped the costly and the rare,—
But dreams we had not bought:

Nay; we had felt no need of these,
Until with dulcet strain,
Alluring as the melodies
That mock the lonely on the seas,
He made all else seem vain;

Bringing an aching sense of dearth,
A troubled, vague unrest,
A fear that we, whose care on Earth
Had been to garner things of worth,
Had somehow missed the best.

Then, as had been our wont before,—
Unused in vain to sigh,—
We turned our treasure o'er and o'er,
But found in all our vaunted store
No coin that dreams would buy.

We stood with empty hands: but gay
As though upborne on wings,
He left us; and at set of day
We heard him singing, far away,
The joy of simple things!

He left us, and with apathy
We gazed upon our gold;
But to the world's ascendancy
Submissive, soon we came to be
Much as we were of old.

Yet sometimes when the fragrant dawn
In early splendor beams,
And sometimes when, the twilight gone,
The moon o'er-silvers wood and lawn,
An echo of his dreams

Brings to the heart a swift regret
Which is not wholly pain,
And, grieving, we would not forget
The vision, hallowed to us yet,—
The hope that seemed so vain.

And then we envy not the throng
That careless passes by,
With no remembrance of the song;
Though we must listen still, and long
To hear it till we die!

THE MACHINATIONS OF OCOEE GALLANTINE

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE



AW, did you ever take notice to Delissa Whitsett? She's a mighty pretty-spoken gal, now ain't she?"

The mother's heart gave a little clutch, and then set off beating furiously. "I don't know, Race; I can't say as I ever took any particular notice to Delissa's walk and favor," she managed to reply in a fairly steady voice. They were returning from quarterly at Brush Arbor, Ocoee and Race Gallantine, mother and son, driving slowly through the odorous forest, where sifted light, piercing the greenery of the tall trees, spattered and checkered the travelers with shadow and shine, and printed five-pointed stars of the sweet-gum foliage all over Ocoee's gray frock.

"I b'lieve I never saw anybody that had such a pretty way of lookin' up as Delissa 's got," the boy reflected softly.

His mother, widowed Ocoee, just sixteen years older than her big, swart, manly-looking son of nineteen, stole a look at his profile. He was not flushed or embarrassed: but then, he would not be in speaking to her, whatever the subject-matter; for the two had lived alone together since his birth, the mother declining all offers of a suitable partner, to devote herself to her child—or so her rejections of Turkey Track eligibles were worded.

In point of fact, the reason for the continuance of her widowed estate—though she guessed it not, and the reason himself was far from seeing it—lived in a cabin across the gulch from the small farm Straley Gallantine had left her. John Tamplin had been devoted to Ocoee Gallantine since she was little, bright-eyed

'Coee Dame, going to the old field hollerin' school with himself and Straley Gallantine. The two boys were equally emulous of her favor, and she took the one who spoke first. But Straley being gone, it was easier to keep John her possession, absolutely her property, and refuse him marriage, than it was to disappoint the tradition of the mountains, which esteems the unconsolated widow a pious example, considering a genteel spiritual suttee an edifying spectacle.

John was well-to-do; a dozen times over he might have married, but his small world understood that there was nobody for him so long as Ocoee Gallantine was not. So he planned the crops on the little Gallantine farm; he made Ocoee's bargains for her, advised her, agreed with her, furnished a most appreciative audience for tales of young Race's prowess, and came to be well loved by the boy, who called him Uncle John. But, most of all, Ocoee flew to him with every worry; and the worries of such a nature as hers are not few. He always saw her exactly right in everything; he not infrequently boxed the compass completely, and saw her right—before the matter was over—in two absolutely opposed courses.

Now, as she looked at Race, and realized that he was a young man grown and had cast an eye of approval upon a maiden, panic fear was in her heart. She wanted John's counsel. She longed to cast the matter stormily upon him. She would have spoken out to the boy at once, but she was held dumb by the fear that, if she opened her mouth at all, she would pour forth the whole wild revolt of jealous opposition which boiled within her; and

this she knew must alienate her son, entirely.

"Delissa's eyes is right blue," murmured the young fellow, musingly, as he brushed his long sapling gad over the nag's ears to drive away the flies.

Ocoee could have wept. Her own eyes were black. And Race was his mother over again, except that where she was lithe and dark, he was big and brown. Could she not accept, once for all, the time-worn saying that we admire our opposites? Could she not remember the blue eyes of Race's father, Straley Gallantine, or take note of the yellow hair of the one man who had been much to her since her widowhood?

"I sort er thought you might he'p me out on what would please a gal like that—you used to be a gal yourse'f, you know," looking somewhat humorously at his mother, as though the coupling of her with such a flower of maidenhood as Delissa Whitsett were in the nature of a jest.

"It 's a mighty long time ago," she found voice to answer, finally. And her son nodded gravely, as though he agreed that the period was now indeed very remote.

"I never did hold with a light-complected person wearing red. They used to say I looked mighty pretty with red ribbons—long ago," muttered Ocoee, as, the house reached, she sprang down over the wheel and hurried in to set out the cold meal which she had left prepared. When the boy came in, he found that she had brought out some honey, of which he was extremely fond. Thereafter, with tremulous eagerness, she urged upon him the best of her preserves, watching the while with fear-stricken eyes when he was not looking, questioning what it was that she might do to hold him, to win him back.

When he went directly from the table to his little loft bedroom, her heart misgave her. But when he came back, the scarlet necktie which he had bought last week in Hephzibah slipped inside his collar, and asked her to tie it for him, then she knew the worst. Her fingers trembled so that she could scarcely form the loops; her eyes were so blurred that she could not see the result of her handiwork.

"I thort it would look better than the black one for—for—" began Race, with

his first approach to embarrassment. "I 'm a-goin' over to see the Whitsett boys 'bout gettin' their coon-dog for next week."

He bent and kissed his mother suddenly, a boy's kiss, with an honest, explosive force about it. "Ain't you right well, maw? You look kind of peaked."

Ocoee achieved a laugh. It was a very shaky one, but it answered for a son of nineteen who was setting forth on his first courting expedition. "You look mighty fine," she breathed, giving a jealous touch to the rings of damp hair above Race's ear. "You 're like me; red 's jest the thing fer you. Got sweet-smellin' town truck on your handkercher, hain't you?"

"Bought it when I bought this here necktie," returned Race, innocently, squaring his shoulders with an attempt at manly carelessness. "Eb Frazee bantered me to." Frazee was the village storekeeper, and full of dry jests. "He said he thought I was old enough to be a-walkin' with the gals. He vowed that nothing he'ped ye along with the gals like town truck on yer handkercher. He says this here 's p'intedly the finest they is." Race sniffed it luxuriously; to Ocoee it had taken on an odor of mortality, from which she flinched.

The unconscious Mr. Frazee had doubtless been only looking to make trade brisk with a bit of artful banter; but the widow could have ground him to powder in her wrath.

She watched the tall figure down the glen, and saw Race lay a hand upon the worm-fence and vault lightly over, in sheer youthful bravado and light-hearted disregard of such a thing as draw-bars. Then she flung a small shawl over her head, in place of the sunbonnet which she could not find, and set off down the rocky path that led across the gulch to John Tamplin's. She scarcely knew what it was she wished from John; she only longed unbearably for some one to whom she could explain the frightful chaos into which her world had fallen. She hurried: Ocoee had a soul which always ran, and her feet generally tried to keep pace.

As she neared the cabin, a plan began to shape itself in her mind, inchoate, somewhat wild, but yet a plan. John must and should make this thing right, as he had made so many other things for her. The

unwonted emotion flushed her dark cheeks; the little shawl loosened refractory curls of black hair about her feverishly bright eyes. To John Tamplin, as he met her on the cabin porch, a foaming pail of milk in each hand, she looked a wilful young gipsy.

"Why, 'Coe," he began helplessly, "whar's Race? What 's the matter?"

Ocoee flung herself into one of those strange board chairs which the mountain people make for the trying of their guests—they themselves never sit in them. "Race 's gone over to Delissa Whitsett's," Race's mother burst out. "That 's what—it 's—I want to speak with you about it. I won't have it. I—"

The man looked at her, amazed. He said doubtfully: "Jest you wait a minute, 'Coe, till I set this milk by, and I 'll come talk to you," and carried his pail to the spring-house. When he returned a few moments later, wiping his hands, he began smilingly: "Race come a-past here and gave me the time of day; but he never named Delissy. He said he was a-goin' to borrow Carter Whitsett's coon-dog; yit I did take notice that he had on a red necktie," and John smiled significantly.

"Don't—don't you dare!" Ocoee burst out. "Oh, you men are all alike! Eb Frazee was a-puttin' him up to sech notions, and now you—"

She dashed her hand across her eyes to brush away the wrathful tears.

John, from his seat on the step below her, looked up apprehensively. "Why, you told me yourself Race was a-goin' to see Delissy; air ye mad about it?"

Was she mad! Ocoee longed, as many a woman has longed before, to take the big, stupid male creature by his two broad shoulders and shake him—shake some sense into his empty head. Was she mad! "You know Race 's all I 've got," she began argumentatively. "It ain't like I was jest jealous and—and—but Race 's all in the world I 've got. I can't set down and see no fool gal take him from me—an' I won't!"

"'Coe," said the man, softly, "'t ain't no use fightin' ag'in' nater. Ef you land in and show Race how mad ye air, and say that he shain't have Delissy, hit 'll plumb harden him in the notion." His voice dropped lower; he looked at her timidly. "I know how 't was with my own self

when you would n't have me, which nor whether; jest seemed like—well, ef you talk to Race that away, he 'll be bound to have Delissy ef he can git her."

"Don't I sense that?" inquired Ocoee, scornfully. "But s'pose somebody else comes along and courts the gal away from him—cuts him out? I reckon he knows there ain't nobody a-gwine to cut him out with his mother; he 'll come back to me then."

"Umm," murmured John, "but who 's a-gwine to court Delissy fer ye?"

"*You* air!" cried the woman, leaning forward and clutching his shoulder to look close into his face, her great black eyes fairly blazing with eager fire. "Who is it always he'ps me out? You, John; and now you 're a-goin' to do this for me."

It is unusual for a mountain woman to display emotion, to lay a hand upon her masculine friend or relative. Tamplin had been deeply moved to see his old love sitting upon the porch of his cabin. It was the first time she had sat there since the death of his mother, three years before. He had hoped that it was a good omen. And this was the outcome!

With characteristic selfishness, where he was concerned, Ocoee observed not at all the fallen countenance with which he said: "Lord love ye! Delissy would n't have me. I 'm old; and I never was one to please women. You would n't have me (and I was a chap o' twenty then) when you was her age; and you 've never seen a change of heart in the matter sence."

His tyrant threw herself back in her chair and sighed, knowing as well as John did that her point was already made, her battle won. "Oh, you need n't to name me nor my doings," she remonstrated. "My heart 's in the grave. But this here Delissa Whitsett—why, John, you 're well off; and as for being old, you 're a sight prettier man now than you was then."

Tamplin looked thoughtfully down. "Truly spoken," he said; "she might take me fer what I 've got—or her parents might make her take me."

"Take you?" inquired the somewhat dashed strategist, in a wavering tone. It had not quite occurred to her that the matter would ever really come to marrying and giving in marriage.

"It mought be did," admitted John, unenthusiastically; "but I ain't so sure."

"Course she 'll take you!" asseverated Ocoee, having got her breath a bit. "John Tamplin, she never looked to have sech a chance as you air." Why, there ain't a man in the Turkey Tracks to be named 'longside of you. Anybody but me—a person that ye might say had buried her heart twenty years ago and has jest been a-livin' on for the sake of her child—would be proud to wed ye. You 're the sort that does please women better 'n anybody; you ain't got no call to say the contrary. You 're big and strong and still—jest the kind of man I always—I always—that any gal 's sure to like."

Tamplin rose and stood looking down at her smilingly; she was so salient, so active, so fiery a creature, beside his slow bulk and mild passivity. "Well, what you 've got your heart sot on, you mostly git, 'Coe," he said kindly. "Hit 's a quare askin' you 've come to me with this time. But I 'll do my best. Ef Delissy don't like me and won't have me, why then I cain't he'p it. But my best I 'll do, and no man can do more."

Ocoee thanked him with fervor. In bidding him good-by she clung to his hand and pressed it, showering encouragements upon him. "Delissa Whitsett—huh! Delissa" she repeated, with strange gleams in her bright dark eyes, "she 's a-goin' to be jest crazy about you."

A dangerous attitude this for a woman like Ocoee Gallantine, one who thought well of her own opinions, who heartily admired her own good taste. Could she say all of these things without being convinced, or at least much affected, by them herself? Her lover wondered at her; he marveled at the feverish glow of her face, the eager unction of her bearing; but then, he had been wondering at her for twenty years—and doing, without remonstrance, whatever she suggested to him.

Half-way home again,—with a sense of defeat lying cold at her heart instead of the triumphant swell which should have been there,—like a qualm of deadly sickness came to Ocoee the remembrance that not once had John objected to her portioning him out to another wife—a beautiful young girl. With a pang she reflected that he had seemed to find his only difficulty in believing that the girl would accept him. But she was not one to make a housemate of defeat; in the days that

followed she beat down the ever-recurring fear that she had set in motion forces she could not control, and drew a sense of power from the facility with which she had coerced John Tamplin, putting her imperious will upon him.

A week later John walked up the rocky trail which led past Ocoee's cabin and to his own home, and beside him was Race Gallantine. Ocoee, watching them, noted with mingled emotions that they were deeply engrossed in talk, and that John appeared more moved than she had ever seen him. Within ear-shot of her little vine-veiled window, they halted to part. "You do what I say!" she heard Race burst out in an exasperated tone, yet a carefully suppressed voice, and with a glance toward the house. She was proud of her boy, of the masterful way he took with John, even although it might mean the overthrow of her plans.

Tamplin looked at the younger man and shook his head slowly. "You 're too over-crowin' and too sure, boy," he said, but not angrily. "I want her,—” Ocoee's limbs trembled,—“the Lord knows I want her; and I 'm sure old enough to know my mind. But—you—you 're like your mammy—too sure of gettin' your own way, I expect."

Ocoee, grasping the window-ledge, could no longer stand. She sank to her knees and laid her forehead upon her clenched hands. Her mind was a trampled field of battling emotions—thoughts they could not be called. For the first time in twenty years she doubted her own wisdom where John Tamplin was concerned.

Race came into the other room and called her name. She could not bear to face him, and she feigned not to hear. She heard him go to the cupboard and set out food; he was as neat and handy as a woman about such matters. Her Race—her own boy—no, she had been right to dare anything that she might keep him with her. So she shored and propped the leaning edifice of her resolve.

When she slipped through another door, and came in from the outside with a pail of spring water in her hand, she found the boy seated at table, with a dark look on his young face. He lifted his brooding eyes to her uneasy countenance. "Maw," he began, "don't you think Uncle John is

too old to study about gals, and marryin', and sech as that?"

The red flashed into Ocoee's pale cheeks, and her eyes snapped. "I don't know as there 's any law on the subject," she answered tartly. "And if there is, I don't know that John Tamplin is over legal age." It was not what she had intended to say; she did not often speak to her boy thus, and he regarded her with surprise.

"Why, maw, Uncle John must be older than you air," he urged gravely.

"My land! Well, hit 's plumb scandalous fer him to be a-livin' and walkin' around ef he 's older than I am—now ain't it?" she inquired, with a poor pretense of a laugh.

Race looked at her. A boy's mother may be the dearest thing on earth, but she is certainly old; and why she should resent mention of the fact will always be a surprise to the boy. "Well, you 're younger than Uncle John, and you would n't think it was fittin' or proper fer you to marry," he went on heavily.

"Marry! Isay—marry!" snorted Ocoee, bouncing up from the supper which she had not tasted. "Who put sech fool talk in yo' mouth? Who put sech fool notions in yo' head? I ain't got the patience to set and listen at it. Marry!"

And yet, though she vowed she had not the patience to pursue the subject, no other attracted her; and during the entire evening she returned to it; obliquely, directly, coaxingly, and with biting asperity, she talked to Race upon the subject of love and marriage. She even told him the story of that long-past time, her girlhood, and of her two lovers, mentioning carelessly the patient devotion John Tamplin had given her ever since, and the number of times he had begged her to reconsider her rejection of his suit.

"Well, he won't do it no more," commented the boy, gloomily, as he lighted his candle and prepared to ascend the ladder-like stairway. "He may of been lettin' on that away, but he 's had other notions here lately."

And Ocoee, for very fear's sake, did not ask what those notions were.

Now came a time of trouble to the little cabin on Straight Creek. Reports reached Ocoee from all sides—of course they did: what are friends for, if not to bear timely information of this sort?—

concerning John Tamplin's devotion to Delissa Whitsett. Certain it was that he came no more, as of custom, to the Galantine cabin; he was too busy even to respond to Ocoee's request to act as middleman in the sale of a cow, but sent the cattle-buyer to her direct. Ocoee was so choked by tears that she could scarcely conduct the negotiations. She was minded at one moment to refuse to sell, and at another to accept the starveling price with which, as a matter of form, the man opened his parley. Race saved the situation by appearing opportunely and taking that place which John Tamplin had always held in such matters. Ocoee turned resentfully and left the two men to their bargaining. Her temper was always uncertain now; she, who used to sing like any girl about her work, went heavily and sighing.

As for Race, a settled gloom had come upon his frank young face. He spoke little, and then often to complain of John Tamplin. Had Ocoee consistently held to making small of his disappointment and upholding the older man in his course, it would have been the first time in his life that she had ever been indifferent to her son's suffering. But she did not. She was consistent in nothing. One day she railed upon John Tamplin for thinking any girl would have him; the next she was inclined to weep and remind Race that she was a poor widow and he her only son; that they had no friends, and that the Lord himself seemed to have deserted them. All this without any peculiar relevance, and interlarded between discouraged speeches of Race's own.

Matters culminated somewhat abruptly two weeks later when, the presiding elder coming through the district, there was a special meeting at Little Shiloh. Race sat in his place on the men's side, his dark hair sleek and shining from conscientious applications of a wet brush, his attire laboriously uncomfortable, as became the day. Ocoee was in her usual modified mourning, a black-and-gray frock, above which her cheeks did not, as usual, contradict the somber garb. Race had not lost flesh,—the troubles of the young are not deep-rooted,—but his mother was looking thin and pale. Up the aisle, between these two, came John Tamplin, with Delissa Whitsett clinging to his arm—De-

lissa, wearing a white lawn with cherry ribbons; and for one agonizing moment Ocoee thought they were going up to be wed. Then John relaxed his stiffly crooked elbow, and with a bow resigned his smiling companion to the women's side—such a demonstration as Little Shiloh did not often see, even in those shortly to be wed.

Ocoee was aware that there were more eyes on her face than upon the faces of the protagonists; yet for the life of her she could not hold the ebbing color in her lips and cheeks. She stole a look at Race: his head was bent; he seemed to be struggling with his emotions. She glanced at the back of John Tamplin's head; he was seated by this time, but the flutter of his entrance had not entirely receded. The sight of his yellow hair, soaked to a mild drab and plastered down meekly, showing the ring where his hard Sunday hat had sat upon it, brought a sudden rush of rage, which warmed her and made her careless of appearances. She lifted her head and looked about the church with bright, unseeing eyes: nobody should pity Ocoee Gallantine! But before that terrible hour and a half was lived through,—they preach long sermons in the mountains,—she had run the gamut of every emotion save that of joy or satisfaction.

Service over, Ocoee would fain have hurried away; yet she dared not; her friends would say she was afraid to face the situation. So she lingered, listening to neighborly greetings, exchange of information concerning crops and weaving, the health of the chaps, and the state of one's domestic work, till she had seen John Tamplin, very serious, very tall, very important-looking, hand Delissa Whitsett her long black calico riding-skirt, which being safely buttoned on over the white dress and cherry ribbons, he lifted the light figure to the saddle, found the stirrup for her, arranged her dress, placed the reins in her hand, all with slow, careful solicitude, then mounted his own nag and rode away beside her. Ocoee looked after the pair in helpless rage, as she climbed over the wheel into her own small, rickety wagon, and Race picked up the lines over the old horse.

Ah, the ride home through the still autumn woods, with the yellowing leaves dropping down upon them like the falling of their own hopes! This was the price at

which she had kept her boy. She had hardly heart to talk to him at all; but finally, when they were seated at table, she began with sudden heat: "Don't you mind what old John Tamplin does, honey. He—we—you ain't no call to care."

No call to care! The boy looked at her with heavy eyes. "I 'm a-thinkin' of gettin' a place on the railroad," he said. "I know a feller down to Hep'zibah that went over to Garyville and hired. He named it to me one day."

The mother's terrified eyes were glued to the brooding young face—so like her own, so full of her own high, imperious temper. At thought of Race gone to work on the railroad—that terror of all mountain-dwellers, which is supposed to eat off an arm or a leg with the relish and familiar habit of a boy eating a spring onion—and John Tamplin lost to her, married,—at thought of this, she groaned.

"Never mind, maw; don't you take on," said Race, making a very good meal in spite of his grief. "I jest feel as if I could n't stay around here after they 're wed. But I 'll come back and see you sometimes—or maybe you 'd like to go down and live to Garyville."

Did Race forget his mother's expressed horror of the valley and the settlements? Or did he, in his own suffering, long to make the case blacker, to make her feel worse? If this latter impulse was his, he succeeded well.

"I ain't a-gwine to stand it!" she announced with decision. "Don't you be a-layin' out to hire to no railroad, neither; mammy 'll fix things so that her boy 'll want to stay here, that 's what she 'll do."

"You can't, maw," with a little gleam of hope in his dark eyes.

Ocoee passed over the reflection upon her ability; she ignored the suggestion that she cut so small a figure in her son's life—indeed, it scarcely reached her.

"Go on, son," she said abruptly. "Whar was it you said you was a-gwine?"

Race had not said he was going anywhere; but he accepted the hint and answered listlessly: "Down the gulch a piece. What are you a-fixin' to do, maw?"

"Never you mind. I 'm a-gwine to do what I 'm a-gwine to do," his mother announced enigmatically.

"Air you aimin' to speak to Uncle John?

Hit won't do no good. When an old man gits sot on weddin' with a young gal like—like my Delissa—he won't listen to reason, I 've heard say. They 's no fool like an old fool."

Ocoee did not deny that she was going to speak to John Tamplin. She watched her son move slowly down the gulch, then went, with that restless, fluttering gait characteristic of her, to an old trunk, from which she took a white dress that had not seen the light since Race was a little fellow, young enough to beg his mother to "dress pretty." It had never been worn beyond the cabin. Ocoee searched for something from which she could make cherry ribbons—simple soul, she had set out to beat Delissa upon her own ground.

Sunday as it was, she brought forth the ironing-board and set the irons to heat in the great cavernous fireplace. With a sort of furtive haste, and with many backward glances, Ocoee pressed out the white dress (a salt tear slipping down her cheek to hiss on the hot iron), then let down all the wealth of her black hair and curled it about trembling fingers, starting guiltily at every fancied sound the while. Had Race stood suddenly in the doorway now, and asked her what she was a-fixin' to do, there would have been no saucy answer about "a-gwine where I 'm a-gwine." No bright ribbons being obtainable, a belated rose from the monthly rose-bush was found to adorn the curls when they were looped back in place. It was a pale and frightened Ocoee who looked back from the bit of wavering mirror. "But I 'll sort er color up time I git thar," she breathed.

When, just seven weeks before, she had trod that way across the gulch to John Tamplin's house, her plans were vague; now her mind was clear. She must get the man to let that girl alone. And she was tortured by visions of his refusal, of his saying that he loved Delissa and would not give her up. "Men folks is that way," she groaned, "lured by a pretty face. Oh, Lord, what shall I do?" And she wiped carefully away a few bitter tears.

She had walked blindly, so blindly that she did not see the tall form at the draw-bars till John stepped through and greeted her gaily. Together they moved on toward the cabin. The man did not seem to notice her unusual attire, or to note the

agitation in her manner. He found her a chair, and when she was seated, got her a gourd of fresh water. Then he stood looking down at her with that look about the eyes which was so kind that it was almost a smile, waiting for her to begin.

She found it cruelly hard; the words which she had conned on her way over would not come. "How you—how you come on, Johnny?" she asked at last, faintly.

"In a ginerall way, or with my co'tin'?" inquired her host as he seated himself on the porch-edge below her.

"With the—with your—has Delissa said she 'll have you?" burst out the woman.

"Not adzackly; but she—well, she—oh, I 'm comin' on. You seed us at the meetin'."

Ocoee shivered a little; then she said: "But the day ain't sot?"

"No. No—the day hit ain't rightly sot. I could n't truly say that Delissy had named any particular day to me; but—well, I 'm comin' on."

Ocoee gripped her hands together in her lap and turned her face away till all that Tamplin could see was a bit of pale profile and a tangle of dark curls with the red rose tucked in among them. "You got to give that there gal up, John," she whispered. "I jest can't stand it—the way Race looks, I mean. I—I tried to act for the best; but Race he—he says—I can't stand it—that 's all."

"Aw, you never mind Race," said the big man, comfortably. "Race he 's mighty young. Young folks takes on a heap, but they soon forget."

Ocoee turned upon him. "Men persons forget easy, old or young—that I find," she gasped. "You used to say you loved me,—you asked me to marry you more than six times,—and now see you! The first foolish gal that takes a notion to look sweet at you, and wear a white frock and red ribbons, can have you."

Tamplin raised his head and listened for a moment to the sound of steps upon the path. The excited woman did not hear them. A curious look was in his face—fear, doubt, and, could one have credited it, hope. He took her hand. "Coe," he began softly, "I did n't do nothin' but jest what you told me to do. And now look like we 've got to consider



Drawn by Herman Pfeiffer. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson.

MI: MI: COLE: CAIN'T GIVE 'IZ UP: WHY, HONNY, YOU WOULD N'T HAVE MI:

Delissy and her feelin's. But, also, ef Delissy don't really keer fer me and would jest take me fer what I 've got, why then she ain't no fit wife fer Race. Honey, we 've got to consider a many a thing."

"No!" said defiant Ocoee. "I won't consider nary thing but one. Them two chil'en got to make out best they can. But, John, I—jest—cain't—give you up!"

"Me—me, 'Coe? Cain't give *me* up? Why, honey, you would n't have me; you never took me; you hain't got me to give—have ye?"

The widow turned her face away. "Oh!" she sighed, "I 'm an ugly old woman—and nobody loves me!"

John Tamplin, trembling through all his great frame, crept nearer to his one-time sweetheart. His hand was stretched out toward the unseeing Ocoee, and withdrawn. Desperate resolution finally took the place of all hesitation. "Yes, they does, 'Coe," he began in a shaking voice, and the words themselves were a caress. "They 's one person that always has loved you—and always will."

One dark eye came round in range and inspected him suspiciously. He did not see it; once more he was listening eagerly to the faint sound of approaching steps.

"They don't—nobody could love me—I 'm that *contr'airy*, as well as ugly," she whispered.

It was too piteous. John's soft heart yearned over her. But it might seem that Ocoee had for over-many years played, cat-like, with her mouse, and, moreover, John was under an obligation now; so, though his blond face whitened beneath the veil of tan, he answered:

"Yes, they is one. A boy will love his mother as long as there 's breath in him. Race he loves you—"

"Race!" cried Race's mother, leaping to her feet like a goaded thing. The red, the lack of which she had lamented, flamed now to her very hair. With a tragic movement she sank once more into the seat,

crouched there, trembling, pulled her dark curls about her face, and wept aloud. The wayward heart broke, with the cry:

"Oh, I 'm so 'shamed—oh, I 'm so 'shamed! Here I diked out like a fool girl and come over to charm you, and you 'll tell me that I—that I 've got Race left—when my heart 's jest broke to think how easy you was took away from me—you, John—you!"

"Me—took from you, 'Coe? Nothin' could never do that." The deep voice shook with emotion, as he drew her up to his breast. "Here they air to answer for themselves," turning to confront her son and Delissa, who had stolen around the cabin. "But you 've done got to have me now, honey. You cain't never put me off again."

One look told Ocoee all. Race was smiling as his mother had not seen him do for many weeks, swelling with happiness and masculine importance. Delissa, blushing and dimpling, clung to him, and looked timidly and doubtfully at Ocoee.

"Was n't I right, Uncle John?" demanded the boy. "Did you say it to her—that what I told you to? Did you tell her that she had me left to love her?"

"Race," said his mother, with a kindling look, "I never did whoop you in all yo' life.; but I 'm a great min' to do it right this minute, you sassy—"

She broke down, between laughter and tears, waved the two children away with her hand, and turned to hide her rosy embarrassment in the ready arms that had been waiting so many years for her.

"Hit like to 'a' killed me—hit p'intedly did like to 'a' plumb killed me," murmured the big man, pleadingly. "But, honey, you know how you 've done me, year after year—tole me on, ef ye thort I was fergittin', an' then tell me yer heart was in the grave time I got up courage enough to ast ye once more. You 'd a-never 'a' had me this time, toposide o' this earth, ef I 'd 'a' left ye a place size of a rye straw to crawl outen."



A MATTER OF ECONOMY

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Author of "The Reformation of Uncle Billy"



HE house stood close to the street—so close that between the front porch, which extended its entire breadth, and the fence, there was room for only a few feet of soil; but this, beaten hard by the drippings from the porch roof, was swept clean every morning by Mrs. Gusta Muller. The house itself was bright and clean in new paint; for paint, preserving the wood, is an economy. Heiney Muller had painted the house himself. The rich yellow of the walls was relieved by the sky-blue of the door- and window-frames, and the door itself glowed in a warm red. The picket-fence repeated the blue of the door-frame, for the can of blue paint could not be wasted.

"He iss so nice like anythings," Gusta had said, when she viewed the completed work. "Nobody thinks how fine it is to be for so few moneys"; and Heiney, looking the job over critically, admitted it.

"I likes him putty vell myselfs," he said modestly.

Mrs. Gusta Muller was rosy and round, and so plump that when she wore an apron the strings were lost to view in a crease that alone told where her waist had been. As wooden shoes are laughed at in America, she commonly went about her household duties with bare feet. Leather wears out so quickly!

Heiney Muller, twelve years in America, had the air of a German professor. His long, lank figure and dreamy eyes would have graced a chair in a German university, and his shoulders bore the stoop of a scholar's back. Four years of labor as an immigrant in the lumber-yard of a sawmill, at wages averaging eighty cents a day, had given him the bent back

and a keen appreciation of the value of a cent, and Gusta and Heiney had literally purchased their little home penny by penny. It was the neatest and yellowest house in the sawmill district—Slough-town, as it was nicknamed.

When Mrs. Muller bought a steak, she always asked the butcher for the small pieces of waste fat. These bits she put, with other fat scraps, in a large keg in the cellar, and when the keg was full, she made a fire in the back yard, and with potash strained from the wood-ashes she had carefully preserved during the winter, she made soap. By hard work and careful saving of fat scraps, Mrs. Muller often made as much soap during a winter as could be bought for seventy-five cents at the store.

Economy was Mrs. Muller's failing. She economized from pure love of saving, and one of her greatest sorrows was that she had grown so stout that a new dress for her ample form now demanded two yards more of material than were required five years before. Even the fact that her worn-out dresses now cut up into more carpet rags did not compensate for the extra twenty-five cents required for the additional two yards of calico. So she wore her dresses until they were mere shreds, and thus satisfied her soul.

With all her closeness, Mrs. Muller was cheerful. She had a good husband, a good home, and good health, and her husband was a kindred spirit in economy. They had lived together happily for twenty years, loving each other better each year, and yearly devising new economies.

Every one knows that the economical way to buy soap is by the quantity. If you buy a quantity and set it on the shelf in the wash-house, the cakes will dry and

harden, and will not waste away so quickly in the dish-pan or the wash-tub. Mrs. Muller, when she had to buy soap, bought a quantity, unwrapped the bars, and put them on the shelf. The wrappers she put in the wood-box; they were useful to start the fire in the morning. They burned greasily and reluctantly, but they enabled her to save the newspapers for shelf-covers.

Mr. Muller, coming to the wood-box one morning to start the fire, picked up a handful of the soap-wrappers, and chanced to read the words that were printed on them. "For two hundred wrappers the soap company gives a chenille table-cover!" As he read this, he felt a sickly, sinking sensation. He recalled how many wrappers he had burned. He had been burning something of value. Then he had a feeling of anger that his wife should have carelessly thrown away the valuable papers without first reading them; but as he recalled how many times she had out-economized him, he glowed with pleasure. Here was his opportunity for a sweet revenge! He would save the wrappers, and when he had two hundred, he would confound Augusta by presenting her with the chenille table-cover—the table-cover that she had so blindly and carelessly thrown away!

The winter wore away, and so did many cakes of soap, and Mr. Muller counted his increasing hoard of soap-wrappers with the avidity of a miser. He watched the soap disappear from the shelf, and saw it replaced by more, fretting because it disappeared so rapidly, but somewhat pleased because his pile of wrappers grew with corresponding celerity.

One warm February day—it was one of those balmy days that come as an advance sample of spring—Mrs. Muller, at the breakfast-table, dropped a bombshell into Mr. Muller's lap.

"Heiney," she said, "I guess I don't wait by spring this year to make my soap. I guess I make her to-day. The keg iss full, und when this warm wedder keeps on, it sours quick. Please und get up the soap-kettle."

"Gusta," said Mr. Muller, gently, "this ain't no time to make soap alretty. It 's better you wait by April. What comes by the fat you gets from now until hot wedder? He goes for nothings, yes?"

"He don't goes for nothings when we don't gets any, does he?" asked Mrs. Muller. "We have sausages awhile, und ham und eggs. I got a feeling like I must make soap to-day, Heiney. I ain't happy to-day unless."

"Such foolish business," Mr. Muller exclaimed in disgust, "to make soap in Februar'!"

He saw his cherished revenge postponed for many months—"on account of the weather," as the base-ball managers say, and for the third time in their married life he openly quarreled with Augusta.

"You don't make some soap to-day," he said firmly.

Mrs. Muller eyed him critically.

"No?" she said. "Yes, I do, too, make soap. I bet you I do!"

"I don't get up soap-kettles in Februar'," said Mr. Muller, doggedly. "I ain't so loony."

"I gets him up myself, then," Mrs. Muller rejoined, with a well-assumed air of carelessness. "You ain't no boss here, Heiney Muller."

Mr. Muller finished his breakfast in moody silence, and wandered out to the barn with his hands meditatively under his coat-tails. From a rafter in the hay-loft he took down his soap-wrappers and counted them. He had ninety-eight. For a long time he gazed thoughtfully at the wrappers. When he returned to the house, Augusta was not in the kitchen nor in the sitting-room. He pulled on his overcoat and went out, not noticing that the velvet collar was turned in at the back. At the cellar door he stopped. He could hear Augusta dragging the soap-kettle across the cement floor.

"Gusta," he called down the cellar-way, "I bet you, you *don't* make some soap to-day!"

Half an hour later, as Mrs. Muller was piling wood under the soap-kettle, the grocer's boy trundled a wheelbarrow into the yard, and in the wheelbarrow lay a full box of soap—one hundred cakes.

"What iss?" asked Mrs. Muller, from where she knelt beside the soap-kettle.

"Soap," said the boy, laconically.

Mrs. Muller bent over her work again. "You makes mistake," she said carelessly. "Iss not for here."

"Oh, yes, it is," the boy replied saucily.

"I don't 'makes mistake.' Your husband said you 'd try to send it back, but he said to tell you he had paid cash for it already, so it would n't be any good sending it back. Here it is."

He turned the barrow over, dumping the box out on the grass, and retired, whistling.

Mrs. Muller arose and stood over the box.

"Yess!" she said angrily. "You do this to me, Heiney Muller! You go und waste goot moneys on soap we ain't some needs for, yust to make me mad! So much you care for me! What goot iss it I work und save, und you go throw away our goot moneys on soap we ain't some needs for? 'T ain't some use in livin' when money gets throwed away for soap we ain't some needs for. You makes me sick!"

Leaving the soap and the kettle where they stood, Mrs. Muller, her chin trembling and her eyes tear-filled, entered her house and climbed the stairs to her bedroom.

"It ain't some use in livin'," she kept repeating to herself, and suddenly the full meaning of the words came to her. She sat by the window, looked out at the slushy road, and considered her case. Heiney did not love her, or he would not have so insulted her. She was a useless burden to him. He held her attempts to be a good and careful housewife as naught, scoffing at them by sending home whole boxes of soap. Doubtless she ate more than she saved, anyway. Doubtless he would be better off without her. Doubtless he would be happier without her, but he would be sad enough if he should come home and find her dead. What had she to live for, if her husband was to scatter money like water, to be a spendthrift of her careful savings? Better dead than tied to such a man!

"You makes me sick, Heiney Muller!" she repeated to his working-trousers, which hung against the door.

Twice before they had quarreled, and Heiney had been at fault both times. Once he had brought her home a new gingham wrapper, when the one she was wearing was still capable of mending. And only last summer, against all her arguments, he had insisted on planting melons in the lot, where she had told him, again and again, melons would never

grow. There was good ground wasted that might have been put in radishes; but she forgave that. But when the vines came up, sickly and thin, only to fall prey to the ravenous melon-worms, and Heiney rebelliously insisted on spending real money for Paris green to scatter on the hopelessly blighted leaves, she had become angry and they had quarreled.

"Him!" she now said, with stubborn anger—"him! All times making for expenses what iss no use for! Him mit his Paris greens! Ain't she money throwed away? Ain't she wasted? Ain't I got half them Paris greens left yet, und no usefulness for her? Und nefer will be!" she added positively.

She looked out of the window and up the road toward the store corner, but no Heiney appeared.

"Und nefer will be!" she repeated. "No, sir. Twenty-five cents throwed by the dogs. All them Paris greens wasted. 'T ain't some use in livin'!"

Suddenly her eyes brightened, even while her dejection increased. She arose and steadied herself by putting one hand on the bed-post, and gave the room a last sweeping glance.

"I guess, Heiney," she murmured, "I make out to save them Paris greens. She don't be wasted no more now."

There was something like elation in her breast at the thought of turning another of Heiney's extravagances into an economy, of rescuing from uselessness the only useless thing the house held; but her heart was heavy, and her tireless, strong limbs trembled as she groped her way down the back stairs to the kitchen.

She took the package of poison from the top shelf of the tin-paneled cupboard and set it on the kitchen table. She carefully untied the string, rolling it around her finger and placing it in the cupboard drawer, where many other carefully hoarded bits of string lay. Then she went into the dining-room for a tumbler.

When she returned she stopped in the doorway, surprised and momentarily abashed. Heiney was standing by the table, his eyes staring at her with fright, his mouth wide open.

"Well," she said lifelessly, "what iss? You comed back; you could yust so well go away once more."

"Gusta!" he gasped. "Gusta!"



Drawn by Charlotte Harding Half tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

"NO, GUSTAF" HE CRIED, WITH ANGUISH "NO! NO! DON'T! DID IT"

He could not speak the question, but his hand pointed tremulously to the poison, and his eyes questioned her.

"So iss it!" she said firmly. "Get along out mit your soap-buyings. I go my own ways. Let be!"

The man, long and lank, fell on his knees and clasped his hands.

"No, Gusta!" he cried, with anguish. "No! no! Don't did it!"

He seized her around the knees, and buried his face in her torn skirt, pressing her convulsively to him, so that she staggered and had to support herself by the door-frame.

"Let be!" she said again, without emotion. "I save you the Paris greens."

Her husband glanced up at her set, stern face. All he saw there was the resolution, firm and cruel, and again he grasped her knees, and the weather-faded back of his coat shook with his sobs.

"Gusta," he moaned, "don't did it! I love you; don't did it!"

She passed her free hand across her brow, tears welled into her eyes, and, looking down, she saw in the long, unkempt hair of the back of his head that touch of familiarity and daily contact that sometimes condenses, in a single common object, long years of close association and love. She dropped on her knees beside him and wrapped her strong arms around him, laying her head on his shoulder, and wept.

"Heiney," she cried, "what for you make me feel so bad? When you do so then can I not do it. Go away, Hemey! go away!"

"No," he wept; "no, Gusta! That will I not. Give it up! Don't did it!"

"Yess," she moaned; "Yess, Hemey!"

Suddenly he took her hands and leaned back until he could look into her eyes.

"Gusta!" he said sternly, "ain't you love me some more?"

"Yess, Heiney," she answered.

"Then don't did it," he pleaded.

"My mind she iss make up, Heiney," she said sadly. "It iss to do."

"But, Gusta," he urged, "you love me und I love you, und what iss the use? It costs me a lot by your funerals. I don't save nothings!"

"Sometimes you got to have my funerals, anyhow, Heiney," his wife replied, smoothing his hair gently. "You got plenty money in the bank for him now." She let him capture her hand, and then added: "I ain't want to did it much, myselfs, Hemey."

"Then don't," he exclaimed. "I ain't want you to, any."

"I got to," she said simply.

Her husband dropped her hand, in exasperation.

"Why? Why? Why? Why?" he shouted.

"Because," she replied, "I make up my mind I save them Paris greens, Heiney Muller; und I save them! So!"

Hemey's head fell forward in hopeless despair. He knew well that when his wife made up her mind to save anything it was useless to argue, and for a brief moment his mind wandered to the unmarried women of his acquaintance. It was not disloyalty, he had been managed so long that he was merely seeking a manager to succeed Gusta.

Quite suddenly a broad smile spread across his face.

"Gusta," he exclaimed, "'T ain't some use! 'T ain't worth dying! The drug store he 'll take them Paris greens back."

Gusta, from her place on the floor, considered the proposition a moment, and then heaved a mighty sigh.

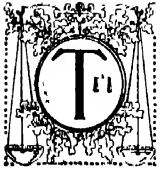
"All right, Heiney," she said, "I 'm glad for it." Then she added: "You can vust take them Paris greens in the paper. You don't needs some strings. I save them strings."



IIIISTORIC PALACES OF PARIS

IV. HÔTEL DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD-DOUDEAUVILLE

BY CAMILLE GRONKOWSKI



THE Hôtel de La Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville is located on the Rue de Varennes in the very heart of the Faubourg St. Germain. This special world of the faubourg, very retired, very much shut in, a little worn with age, but with a good deal of an air, really constitutes a kind of organism which lives a life apart, one rendered abnormal by circumstances. In order to accentuate this isolation and silent disdain the most uncompromising of its members have remained jealously within a clearly circumscribed quarter, in the halo of a reputation for supreme elegance, but threatened and mined by modern progress.

The representatives of the great names of the past no longer constitute one of the wheels that move the state, since at present they are kept away from high public office. But this ostracism is of recent date, as is proved by the lofty dignities which the Duc de La Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville was still enjoying during the early years of the Third Republic. The only official functions which remain to them (to those at least who consent to occupy themselves therewith) are diplomacy and the army. Even these two careers, in which "one does not derogate from one's rank," will remain open to them less and less. As to politics, it is not for one who happens to wish to participate, since the deputies are appointed solely according to the wishes of the voters. Some princes and dukes still sit in parliament; but for the most part they owe their seats to some great ownership of land and to ancient local attachments. However,

they are few in number; and their position depends in no wise on government. What then remains for the descendants of the ancient chevaliers? Prince Henri of Orléans, son of the Duc de Chartres, great-grandson of King Louis Philippe, and a republican, it is said, gave an illustrious example to others, crossed Tibet in heroic fashion and exercised a happy diplomatic influence in Abyssinia. Some others followed this example of adventure and fared forth to learn, and to widen their minds in contact with distant lands and strange customs. So, very lately, the Prince de La Tour d'Auvergne explored the plateaus of the Himalayas, and the Prince de Léon, elder son of the Duc de Rohan, requested and obtained the honor of being the standard-bearer of General Voyron, commander of the French forces during the expedition to China. But one must acknowledge that this is very rare. And almost all of them, to use the expression of Alfred de Vigny, enclose themselves "in their ivory tower"—energies without employment, scornful spectators of the happenings of the day.

From that period onward one need to be no great prophet to foresee the consequences of this state of things. An organism prospers only by assimilation and activity. In this case the vital factors are absent. Whence it results that many activities mark time, discouraged and turned aside by puerile fashions of the world, which have become the real affair of their lives. On the other hand, just because these persons feel themselves fenced off and in a certain sense put under the ban of official society and its favors, they have

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HISTORIC PALACES OF PARIS

IV. HÔTEL DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD-DOUDEAUVILLE¹

BY CAMILLE GRONKOWSKI



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found themselves very naturally and logically united in a close conventicle of faultfinders, very widely separated from what they call the "other world." The ideal refuges for their bitterness and lofty protestations are the old seigniorial hôtels

Varennés, all of stone, one notes the almost complete absence of those horrible six-story houses, veritable barracks, which now overwhelm Paris with their pretentious ugliness. High gates with coats of arms; big roofs peeping over walls;



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a photograph. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis.

PARK OF THE HÔTEL DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD-DOUDEAUVILLE

of the Faubourg St. Germain—those at least which are in existence. For the lowering of fortunes, ruin and bad luck are not the only enemies of these ancient dwellings. Napoleon III interested himself particularly in the cutting of the Boulevard St. Germain, that big, brilliantly lighted and commodious avenue which, nevertheless, carried a murderous breach through the ranks of the ancestral refuges of the old aristocracy hostile to the Bonapartes.

If one desired to look for a model and type of the citadels of a past tottering but still resistant, one that carries its banner high, one could not do better than to visit the *Hôtel de La Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville*. In the very aristocratic Rue de

spaces between houses; and a few trees, even, extending their centuried branches almost over the street, which conceal the nests of birds. One reads on the door the name de La Rochefoucauld, and an entire past is evoked. But that is the only sign given the passer-by. Who is it lives behind the monumental portal? Is the palace a vast one? Are the pleasures of a park allowed the lucky owner of the residence? Behind that first wall a whole seigniorial existence plays its part, far off and unrevealing. This touch of the unknown—is it not symbolical? It gives one at the very threshold a hint of splendor and isolation.

Crossing the threshold of the *Hôtel de La Rochefoucauld* we shall see a square

court of honor, fine in its proportions, at the end and on the sides of which the palace rises. The building is of the style of the Regency, and is raised only between ground floor and roofs; it shows high, regular windows ornamented with mascarons and sober moldings. A general "grand air" emanates from the whole; but the actual display of luxury begins with the great marble vestibules to the right and left of the courtyard. For here, contrary to usage, the hôtel includes two great halls of entry, utilized on days of grand receptions. They were rearranged according to the plans of the living La Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville, the most magnificent grand seigneur of the Faubourg St. Germain, whose ambassadorship in London has left there a recollection of such unheard-of luxury that his receptions more than once gave the tone to the British court.

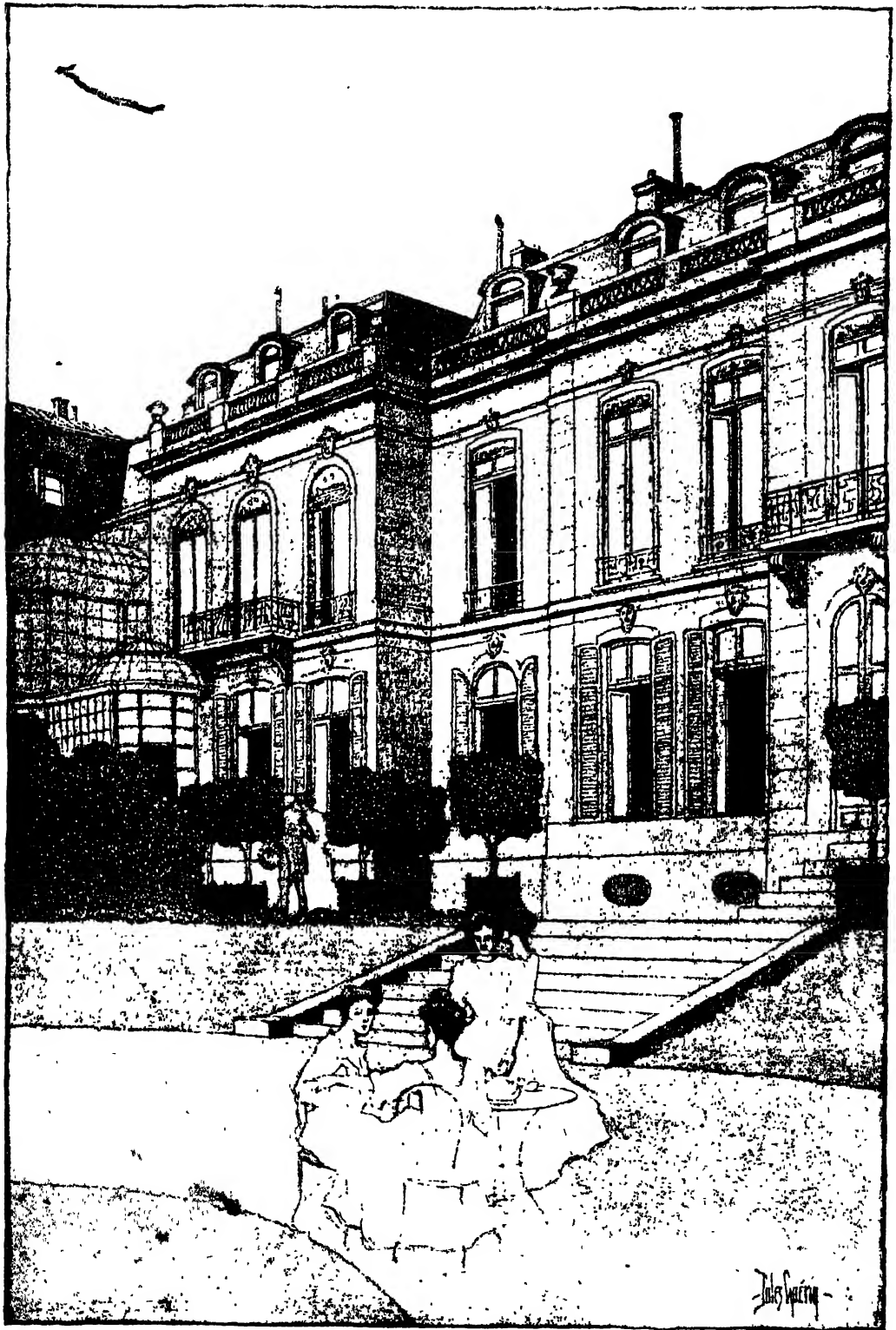
That by which one usually enters, the vestibule to the right, reproduces faithfully enough the marble stairway at the Château de Versailles. It is also in marble of a *finé* dark red, and all the ramp of the stair is red up to half the elevation where the splendid tapestry panels begin to sound their trumpets of art—those of the "Esther Suite," celebrated products of the Gobelins looms, the cartoons for which were made at Rome from 1737 to 1740 by de Troy. Also of marble are the floors of the vestibule, the broad and low steps of the stairway throwing into relief by their whiteness the rich tones of the thick Oriental carpet; likewise of marble and of rarest stone is the immense red ramp which runs along the steps, but the elegant curve of which seems particularly destined to bring out like a background that marvel of statuary, the figure of Louis XV as Apollo.

The King is modeled standing, half nude, holding in the right hand a crown of laurels, while the left lies carelessly on a rest. The work is signed, and dated 1777. The sculptor Mouchy has not merely travestied the "Well-beloved" as a god: he has done more and better. He has succeeded in divesting this genre and this transposition of man to god of whatever there is that is somewhat false and conventional in it; and the merit of such an accomplishment is not small. It is much to have known how to find once

more the calm, serene beauty of the antique in a period when "manner" formed the law in sculpture, and especially with regard to a model who undoubtedly was seductive in his youth, but whose somewhat frail and tired beauty never had any save a distant resemblance to that of the son of Jupiter.

As a pendant to this luxurious vestibule, a second, also entirely in marble, and again recalling the marble vestibule of Versailles, opens to the left of the court of honor by high glassed window-doors. Here again the panels of tapestry offer us episodes in the story of Esther. That in the center has the signature, "de Troy, Rome, 1745." Admirably preserved—as also are those other well-known examples of the Académie de France at Rome, of the Museo Nazionale at Florence, and the Garde-meubles in Paris—these tapestries are a joy to the eye, and so sumptuous, so frank in tones of decoration, that one forgets their stilted and theatrical, and, from a religious standpoint, even scandalous conception. They are truly far from the mystic evocations of the Middle Ages in their naïve, tender and pious tapestries with high warp. But let us not complain of this somewhat theatrical side; we are here in the full tide of the eighteenth century, a period of enjoyment and luxury, when faith was deeply shaken and the great scenes of religious history were used in decoration only as a pretext for a grandiloquent, luxurious and somewhat perverse, though very refined style. Besides, these panels are no longer, like those of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, destined to figure in the national and popular festivals, to exalt the sufferings of Christ or the heroic acts of the prophets. No; what de Troy proposed to do, just like his colleagues Oudry, des Portes, and Audran, was merely to decorate splendidly an apartment, a gallery, a vestibule of honor; so as to have it suit in a dignified way the fine feathers of magnates and dames on evenings of festivity. And let us confess that their excess was and still is perfect. So great was their decorative power, that even to-day, notwithstanding the ugly black costumes of men, the receptions within these frames possess a magnificent air under the glistening splendor of the marbles and tapestries.

When the Duc de La Rochefoucauld-



Drawn by Jules Guerin. Half tone plate engraved by R. Varley

GARDEN FAÇADE OF THE HÔTEL DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD-DOUDEAUVILLE

Doudeauville opens wide the portals of his hôtel, it is by the second vestibule that the guests enter first. They then pass to a second antechamber all in white, ornamented with fine wood-carvings in Louis XV style, tone upon tone. Here and there upon the sconces flutter the gleams from great vases in old Chinese porcelain—that luxury very often found and very numerous represented in our old hôtels of the Faubourg St. Germain. From this room the crowd of elegant women, of brilliant officers, of diplomats and academicians (also, alas! with black coats), takes its way toward the first vestibule and the marble stairs to reach the grand salons of the first floor, or else spreads out through the five drawing-rooms of the ground floor. In the former case, the guests of the duke pass immediately from one antechamber to the other by the grand gallery along the court of honor which connects the two vestibules in marble. This huge and long apartment, a gala room, is entirely decorated with white and gold woodwork and with mirrors. The mirrors, which are opposite the windows, are on rollers, and may be pushed into the depth of the sculptured and gilded wall which plainly divides the palace into two very long rectangles, one of the two forming the communicating gallery, the other divided into reception-rooms.

These reception-salons, if we remember that we are here during a festal function, are all seen in perspective as soon as one enters the door of the grand gallery, and they glitter under the glare of thousands of electric lamps attached to the crystal and amethyst chandeliers, or else to the sconces and light-holders in bronze-gilt of authentic dates: the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. If the reception is completed by a nocturnal garden-party, at their first arrival the guests have, beyond the gallery and the salons, the fairylike spectacle of the park, lighted as brilliantly as day, with its deep lawns and its enormous cedars. All this offers itself as a background of decoration through the great windows which lead from the salons into the park down one broad step of marble.

The first salon of the ground floor attracts attention at once by its wood-carvings in high relief, gilded on a white ground. The ornamental motive chosen

by the artist consists of the signs of the zodiac in the midst of a very rich composite background, where, picturesquely mingled round the conventional "shell" of Louis XV, are emblems of music, fruits, grotesques, owlets, caducei, and even Chinese fantasies, all presented in the most graceful arrangement one can imagine. Carved ribbons seem to hold up these medallions, which are inserted in a long and narrow panel framed in gold, the rounded angles of which give a place for that other ornamental "shell," somewhat less conventionalized, which was dear to the school of Meissonnier and Slodet—a ceaseless spring of floral linework and fine arabesques. Our illustration will give an idea of the sumptuous setting of the "mirror without tinfoil," which is seen in the next salon, and the ingenious blossoming of the original motive—simple flutings about which garlands are wreathed.

Not less richly framed are the painted window-piers representing classic scenes—the shepherds all rosy and perfumed, the shepherdesses powdered and wearing mouches. All the doors on the ground floor are surmounted by allegories of the kind, an irrefutable witness of the all-potent influence of Boucher on the unknown artists who decorated this palace. What is the use of describing those pictures? The reader knows the kind, the type. It is a trifle flat and mannered; it is very untrue to nature: but it is exquisite by reason of its art and its refinement. The young peasant seems to have stepped out of a salon at Versailles; the damsel is more furbelowed than a marquise; and the sheep, the dogs, the landscape, all the obligatory properties, are seen as if through a prism—even as, to tell the truth, is all the art of the eighteenth century. And then, how can one prove a harsh critic before such an outspoken wish to satisfy the eyes and senses, to show life in a happy, easy light, with the plain intention of glorifying commonplace love and its games? The young person will not resist these advances; virtue is a mere expression; pleasure is everything. Such naïveté is disarming. The whole legend of a frivolous century reveals itself in these pastorals.

The same joyous thoughtfulness appears in all the furniture of the period: it is precisely that which constitutes the unity



From a photograph
A SALON OF THE GROUND FLOOR

of the style, that indefinable impalpable thing which floats about certain objects and gives to all a moral paternity—or at any rate an artistic one. Consider, in fact, without leaving the salon which we are just now examining, the other pieces of furniture. On the clock above the hearth, which is a pure masterpiece from the end of the reign of Louis XV, is Saturn in gilt bronze brandishing his scythe, symbol of the quickly falling years. But a smiling Cupid is close beside him, and turns the lethal weapon aside. Other sons of Venus frolic on the shaft of the column, while a new group supports the side chandeliers, and still others, in reliefs heightened by gold, run along the cornices. Thus, awaiting the end of all things and the final victory of Saturn, the deep sofas carved by Crescent, the thick

rugs from the looms of La Savonnerie call forgetful and careless mortals to an ample and soft existence.

A smaller salon opens to the left, likewise flush with the park, and serves as a summer office for the Duc de Doudeauville. It is hung with crimson "lampas" of Chinese silk, and decorated with a few good pictures of the Dutch school.

Then one steps into the former bed-chamber of the duchess (born a Princesse de Ligne, died in 1898), which is now used as a summer bedroom by the duke before his departure for his châteaux of Bonmétable or of Esclimont. An enormous bed occupies a large part of the big apartment. It is entirely gilt, surmounted by a huge baldachin in wood, sculptured like lace, which extends to the foot of the bed. This piece of furniture is in truth royal.

The rest of the room is worthy of it; the Louis XVI clock is very handsome, surmounted by the Gallic cock, wreathed about by a round of Cupids. It is surrounded by bronze chandeliers, gilt and carved in openwork, and also by large vases of porphyry richly mounted in bronze. This completes the set. On the walls a Giorgione—"Suzanna and the Elders"—and a St. John the Baptist after Murillo. On festal nights the gala bed is dismounted and the bedroom is turned into a drawing-room, in order to continue the suite.

The suite of apartments bordering the park on the ground floor includes also three salons. The farthest one serves as a lunch-room on gala occasions, and at other times in summer as a dining-room for the duke. The walls—all white, but lightly heightened with gold—are decked with family portraits; the pearl of this little collection being the exquisite likeness of the grandmother of the Duc de Doudeauville, painted by Madame Vigée-

Lebrun, a marvel of grace and ingenuous, pensive youth under her wreath of roses and her flowing blonde hair.

Here, too, is a little boudoir hung with tapestries, an intimate spot full of precious bric-à-brac, where the chairs from the weaving-studios of Beauvais display to us the eternal love-making of shepherds and shepherdesses. It leads to the "Cozette" salon, named thus because of two superb oval portraits in tapestry signed, "Cozette," and dated 1778. One represents the Maréchal de Saxe, and the opposite shows a lady in magnificent surroundings. Notwithstanding the primary mistake, consisting of the attempt to contend with oil-painting by means which are intended for quite another usage, it must be recognized that these portraits say the last word as to illusion. In fact, it is too perfect, and therein I see a striking example of admirable decadence. In truth, through the strength of the coloring and the sheeny quality of the tones, these tapestry portraits harm the other like-



From a photograph

WAITING-ROOM OF THE MAIN FLOOR



Drawn by A. Castagne. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson.

THE MARBLE STAIRCASE ON A RECEPTION DAY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

nesses which decorate the room, although the latter are by the hand of an excellent pupil of Largillière.

Such, then, are the salons of the ground floor in the Hôtel de La Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville. I like to describe them on a festal occasion, in the brilliant flood of light and gilding. I have mentioned the almost fairylike impression felt by a guest as he issues from the marble vestibule when the splendid procession is unrolled in a single stream across the window-openings of the grand gallery, following the arrangement adopted at Versailles for the apartments of Louis XIV and the Gallery of Mirrors. But an additional charm here is due to the park being so near. One opens the glassed bays; three steps, and one is surrounded by verdure without any neighboring buildings, trees as far as one can see—to the left and right, everywhere, a background of foliage. And this is in mid-Paris on the threshold of the twentieth century! That is a luxury rarer than any other; and I know of enormously rich financiers who would consent to a heavy sacrifice to have that spring-festival and that green horizon round their hôtels on the Champs Elysées or the Plaine Monceau.

In order to reach the first story, where other large reception-rooms are found, without speaking of the intimate private apartments of the duke for the winter, one may choose between the grand gallery which leads to the marble stair, or else, sacrificing to modern comfort, ascend by the elevator. But what an elevator it is! Far in the back of the gallery you perceive a kind of gala coach painted and gilt—a coach that might be an enormous sedan-chair of the eighteenth century, on which one descends the arms of the La Rochefoucaulds on a scarlet ground. This is the apparatus for an elevator imagined by the duke—modern as to means, but very *ancien régime* as to form and decoration, and in any case not at all discordant with this seigniorial interior.

But we will take the stairs in order to remain more in the key, and also for the pleasure of seeing again, as we pass, the admirable statue of Louis XV and the "symphony in reds" of the marbles and tapestries and the coffered ceilings, modeled on that of the Hercules Salon at Versailles.

A short gallery will take us into the salon of the Robert Huberts, which forms an antechamber for the apartments of the first story. It is entirely white, and is decorated with fine wood-carvings. Those that border the mirror and form the cornices are specially charming in workmanship. Among them behold two architectural pictures by the "painter of ruins," stamped with a soft and sad poesy—as usual, depicting Italian palaces in a noble setting of big woods and lakes. The furniture of this salon is somewhat composite, as may be permitted in a waiting-room,—a piece in tapestry, Louis XVI style, showing delightful mythological and rustic scenes; a Louis XV bureau in marquetry; a big Louis XIV arm-chair; a clock in gilt bronze of Louis XVI (what old clocks has not this hôtel, all beautiful, all authentic!); big Chinese porcelain vases of the "rose family"; antique rugs from Persia; pier-tables in gilt wood from the reign of the Great King; a Louis XIII cabinet with inlay. And all this, diverse but beautiful in itself, makes a very fine entrance to the grand salons.

In these, again, there is the same arrangement as on the ground floor. To the left there is a grand white-and-gold gallery; in front is the first salon, indicating a new suite of rooms for grand receptions; to the right are the "winter garden" and the dining-room.

I shall not say much about the gallery, since it repeats the one underneath, except that it preserves four window-piers and casings that belonged to the old Château de Bercy. The furniture is Louis XVI—red-silk "lampas" on a silver ground. Enormous hanging chandeliers drop from the ceiling and, with the gilded side-lights, give the impression of a salon for gala purposes. Here again the doors, arranged as at Versailles, are furnished with rolling slots in order to facilitate communication and add to the beauty of the general view. One of these conducts us into the grand salon.

The decoration of this magnificent apartment has been known to all Parisians since 1904. Yet admittance to these hôtels, and particularly to this one, is jealously guarded. In the picture-salon of 1904, however, the painter Jean Béraud exhibited a canvas in which were seen collected round the Duc de La Rochefou-



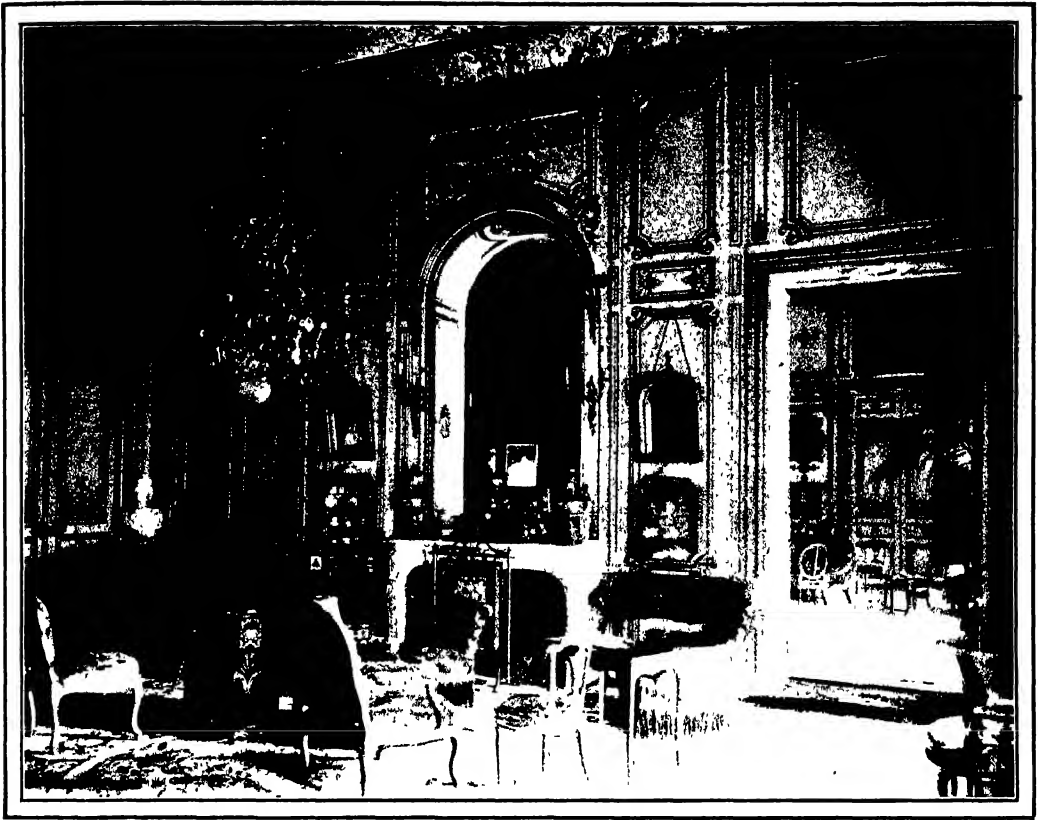
From a photograph
GRAND DRAWING-ROOM, MAIN FLOOR

cauld-Doudeauville all the members of his family, down to the babies in the arms of their nurses. The subject of the picture caused the greater sensation because the artist had grouped these thirty La Rochefoucaulds in the marvelous salon clad in carved woods from Bercy, along with the famous miniatures and show-cases about which there was much talk, but which the public had never seen. I beg my readers to regard the illustration given here. Without the slightest doubt, they will admire the elegant ordering of these panels, simple in appearance, but carved by singularly delicate hands—panels the sobriety of which causes the ceiling to appear all the richer, with its medallions and sconcheons glittering with gold. The portrait of the late duchess by Bonnat is placed in one corner of the salon. A drapery of red velvet and some palms surround it, where it holds the chief place among a crowd of miniatures prettily arranged on a screen of old silk—

miniatures showing the Rochefoucaulds of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth, and even the twentieth century.¹

Other miniatures, framed or mounted in box-covers, constitute an incomparable collection, and are kept in the glassed cases of this salon. Notably worth mention are two Van Blarenbergs, astonishing in execution: the "Inauguration of the Place Louis XV" and the "Fête given to Dampierre at the Marriage of the Duchesse de Montmorency"—hundreds of figures in a charming landscape covering a square five centimeters high and six long! Then there is a snuff-box on which Louis XIV is depicted with his family; another on which Madame Elizabeth holds an oval portrait of the King in her hand; a third, in red gold with inlays, which at a sale was fought for by the Empress Eugénie against the Duc de Doudeauville, but was finally knocked down to the latter. Still more boxes—a delightful figure of Marie Antoinette, a Psyche, an Anne

¹ The picture of the "grand drawing-room," above, shows on the right a painting by Jacquet of the Vicomte de La Rochefoucauld, second son of the duke, in a fancy dress.



From a photograph

DRAWING-ROOM, MAIN FLOOR (CONNECTING WITH THE GRAND DRAWING-ROOM)

of Austria, a Fête at Vaux, a Fête at Maisons—boxes in sardonyx, boxes in Vernis-Martin, some incased in gold, others rimmed with precious stones. Here and there are pieces of old Dresden and old Sèvres, among which are an exquisite little cup bought at the sale of effects of the last lady of the bedchamber of Madame Elizabeth, and a doll's tea-service in soft-paste porcelain, with a decoration of monkeys. And in the neighboring salon are other glassed cases which continue this unrivaled collection. Here is a whole series of Saint Cloud pottles, Menecy and Chantilly ware, urns, statuettes and small equestrian groups, and teapots and sugar-bowls decorated with flowers. Among these porcelain pieces there is also a delightful clock in gold imitating a temple, the columns of which are of lapis lazuli, with a golden bird on the roof, the whole set with pearls, while the dial shows an enameled dolphin pouring pearls from its mouth.

But this marvelous piece, as large as

one's hand, must not make us forget the grand clock in Louis XVI style which decorates the chimneypiece. It is mounted in gilt bronze, and is in the shape of an urn held in place by allegorical figures at its base. The chief originality in this timepiece consists in the portraits on soft-paste Sèvres porcelain which are let into it—King Louis XV in one grand medallion above the dial, the royal initials and the crown on the drapery beneath the bracket, and all along the base the portraits of the royal family. Two larger urns with similar decoration complete this chimney-set: on one, the portraits of Louis XVI and the dauphin, on the other, Marie Antoinette and her daughter. This splendid suite was given to the Duchesse de Polignac by the Queen. All the furniture in this salon—as, in fact, that of the preceding room—is up to the level of these masterpieces: Louis XVI clothes-presses in Chinese lacquer and Vernis-Martin, old crackle vases in their original mounts of gilt bronze; a chest signed by

Carlin; another chest, extremely rich in decoration, signed by Boulle; a small bureau in marquetry; portrait of Fouquet by Mignard; the "Return from Egypt" by Massimò; ivories; sculptured wooden pieces; rugs from La Savonnerie, one bearing the arms of the Rohans; etc.

A third salon follows this, oval in shape and wainscoted with wood-carvings from the Château de Bercy. The chairs are in Beauvais tapestry and depict the Fables of La Fontaine. And the furniture? Here again they are real museum pieces, but with something more than that—the beauty of being placed according to the natural disposition of such things. I would like to mention here an important chest of drawers in Chinese lacquer, covered with gilt bronzes, and the little clock in Sèvres biscuit on which Daphnis and Chloë flirt lovingly. In truth, they merely imitate the rapturous transports seen on certain transom decorations in this salon, designed in a very gallant, not to say frisky, style, which are due to the school of Boucher. In a corner of the room a shallow wall-case contains precious manuscripts of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

But now we are at last in the dining-room, certainly one of the most perfect apartments in this palace, which has so many finished rooms. It presents two essential characteristics: in the first place, richness, and, in the second, gaiety and elegance, with the high and bright tone of its white wood-carvings and the double vista offered to the sight of diners. On one side, through the big windows, one sees the leafy alleys of the English park; on the other, through the mirrors without tinfoil, one looks into the winter garden, a great hall glassed in and filled with palms, shrubs, and rare Oriental plants.

The furniture of the banquet-chamber is in Louis XIV style, gilt wood and Genoa velvet. The sumptuous pier-tables, also in gilt carved wood, come from Bercy, where they were reckoned among the most notable objects. In truth it is difficult to imagine more movement and expressiveness in decorative carving than this. The tapestries, with designs in red on a yellow ground, woven with gold and silver thread, were made after the cartoons of Bérain. On the

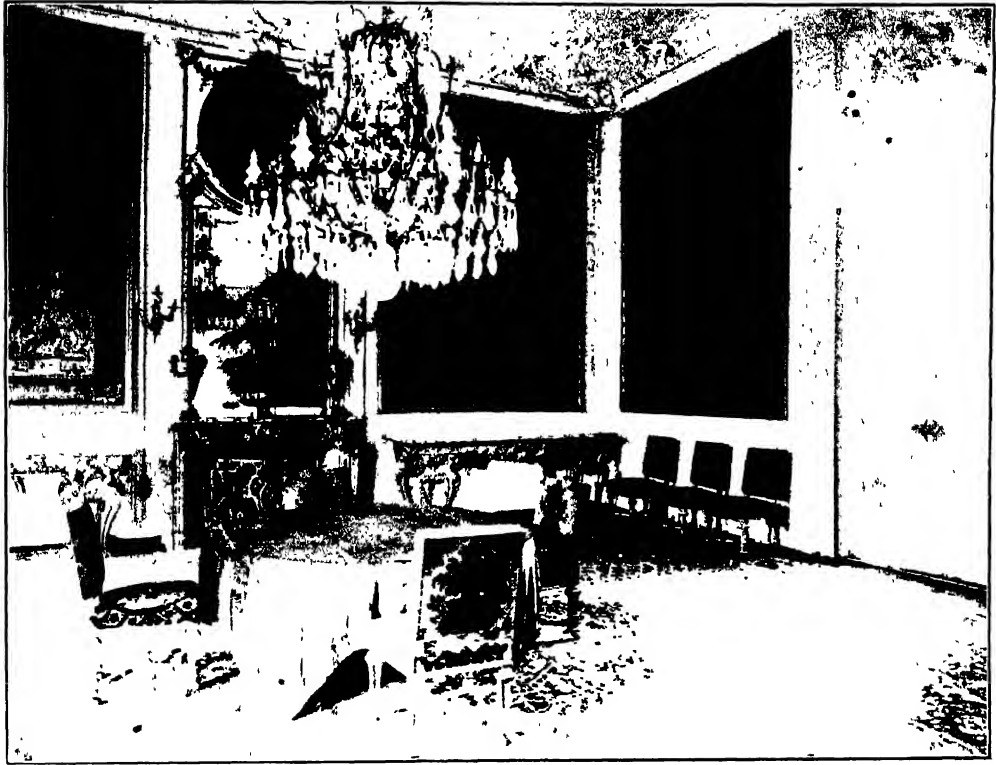
chimneypiece are two priceless works: the great porphyry urns, the covers, pedestals and garlands of which, in gilt bronze, bear the famous signature Gouthière. These also are relics from Bercy.

In order to give some idea of the scintillating luxury which reigns at the entertainments given by the Duc de Doudeauville, I need simply mention this: the table-service used for the gala dinners is a set of Sèvres porcelain, complete and all of a piece, called the "cabbage-leaf design," rimmed with blue spangled in gold and decorated with garlands of roses. It comprises one hundred and seventy plates, fifty platters, two large soup-tureens, and ten large assorted vases for natural flowers. All is unbroken and genuine and belongs to the family. Can one see such a collection every day?

A large glass double door is the connection between the dining-room and the winter garden. But, according to the whim of the moment, the Duc de Doudeauville, while dining, may wish to give himself the pleasure of another view. For instance, he may take a fancy to see, as in a kind of mirage, the scintillation of the chandeliers, the picture of his priceless works of art as it were softened and pushed far into the distance. To make this change there are slides on rollers operating in grooves hidden in the walls, which support certain large mirrors. These can be pushed out to cover the transparent windows, and thus a kind of new decoration takes the place of the old, and the Oriental vision of the winter garden vanishes for a vision of Louis XIV art.

This winter garden also serves as a smoker after the big dinners. At one end a flower-bordered stair descends to the ground floor, where on one side it opens into the summer dining-room, and on the other leads directly to the park. Useless to add that numerous electric lamps, ingeniously hidden behind the foliage, add to the splendors of the reception on festal occasions. The private chapel of the duke opens on the winter garden.

Having at first entered the grand salon by the gallery, we have passed in review only the reception-rooms—that is to say, the rooms placed to the right of the grand salon. There remains to be seen all the portions to the left—the private apart-



From a photograph
DINING ROOM, MAIN FLOOR

ments. Being of a more intimate kind, they have less of the "museum" and much more of the "home" about them.

These apartments, in the first place, include the Red Boudoir of the duchess, following on the grand salon and also looking out on the park. Here again the woodwork comes from the Château de Bercy, as well as some of the Boulle furniture. But on the panels are portraits of the family, as one might expect when entering into this new suite of intimate apartments. Undoubtedly the most striking is that very curious "Interior View," in which four persons are seen taking tea in a delicious interior with green and red hangings—persons whose destiny was to be either harsh or tragic. The Duchesse de Bourbon, mother of the Duc d'Enghien, and the Vicomtesse de Montmorency-Laval are gracefully seated at three-quarters length before a little table crowded with cups and cakes, and talk in an animated fashion. At their feet two children at play are watching the goodies; one is Mathieu de Montmorency and the

other is the little Hippolyte who was destined to be guillotined on the Place Louis XV. And since I am speaking of these two famous families, I must be sure not to forget an interesting miniature here representing the wedding of Mathieu de Montmorency with the heiress of the Laval—in the twelfth century! That is something that takes one far enough back from the Revolution and its bloody scenes.

The bedroom of the Duchesse de La Rochefoucauld has been scrupulously kept in the same condition as when she was alive, with its big religious Italian paintings, its writing-desk in Chinese lacquer, and its precious chimneypiece suite in "royal blue Sèvres" decked out with historic medallions.

The private apartments of the duke for the winter season follow on the grand salon on the first story. They include three work-rooms and the bedroom. Here everything speaks of study and family souvenirs. On the tables and pier-tables, behind the glass of the book-shelves, are masses of papers, letters, historical files;

and in quantities everywhere are ancestral portraits, miniatures, and an endless number of photographs. Among all these things I wish to notice only the beautiful portrait of Eliza de Montmorency-Laval, Vicomtesse de La Rochefoucauld, by Gérard, and also the elegant and sorrowful likeness, by Gérôme, of the eldest son of the Duc de La Rochefoucauld, who died years ago in Madeira and is ever regretted. But things of this sort are outside the domain of description or art criticism, and it would be indiscreet to enter on an enumeration; for here we are, in a way, in a museum of souvenirs, and among these dynastic relics several recall old sorrows, the La Rochefoucauld family having been the victim of very sad events during recent years.

It is well known that the name La Rochefoucauld is one of the most illustrious in France. This great feudal house goes back to the Sires de Lusignan, whose first authentically proved ancestor was Foucauld I, Seigneur de La Roche, who died in 1040. At present the family is divided into two branches: the sept de La Rochefoucauld, including the dukes of that name and the Ducs d'Estissac, and the branch de Doudeauville. Their common ancestor is François de La Roche, who served as godfather to François I in 1494. In memory of that honor the chief of the house always bears the name of François. The present duke is named François-Alfred-Gaston de La Rochefoucauld, Duc de La Rochefoucauld, Duc de Liancourt, Prince de Marcillac, Duc d'Anville. He is an officer in the hussars, and in 1892 married an American, Miss Mitchell.

Note, as we go, that the first Doudeauville was Louis de La Rochefoucauld, Marquis de Surgères (about 1500), created a grandee of Spain of the first class with the title of Duc de Doudeauville in Calvados. The title remains attached to this branch in the order of primogeniture.

The La Rochefoucalds have filled the annals of history with the renown of their name, and many are their exploits and the services they have rendered France. It would be tiresome to recall them. I shall mention only two or three anecdotes—for instance, with respect to François III, Comte de La Rochefoucauld, Prince de Marcillac (1531–72), who was one of the most important Protestant leaders. He

caused the banner of the Calvinists to float along the whole west coast, from the mouths of the Charente to the river Gironde; then went to Paris in order to be present at the marriage of the King of Navarre. The King, who held him in great esteem and affection, wished to keep him near his person during the terrible night of St. Bartholomew; but he, brave and careless, declined and returned to his lodgings. Just as he was going to sleep he saw some masked men, armed with daggers, running toward his bed. Believing it was a joke on the part of the King and the other roystering comrades he had just left, he began to laugh at the supposed joke; and it was in the midst of this fit of laughter that he died, pierced by the steel of the fanatics.

François de La Rochefoucauld, on the contrary, a French prelate (1558–1645), refused energetically to submit to Henri IV so long as that prince had not abjured Protestantism. He took a leading part in the Council of Trent.

But that one of the family who was famous beyond all others was certainly François VI, Duc de La Rochefoucauld, Prince de Marcillac (1613–80), the celebrated author of the "Maximes" and the "Mémoires." He had appeared at court in his childhood, and understood so perfectly its seamy side and its rascalities that he employed his talents and his malicious wit, at a very early age, against the Cardinal de Richelieu, in order to amuse himself and train his hand. This attitude of his resulted in his exile. In 1658 he threw himself into the revolution of the Fronde for love of the Duchesse de Longueville, fought valiantly, and lost an eye in the skirmish of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

His son, the duke François VII, was a better courtier and became one of the favorites of Louis XIV, who appointed him governor of Berry. A practical side was lacking to him, so that debts overwhelmed him all his life. One day, when his face appeared cloudier than usual, the Roi-Soleil inquired affectionately as to the reason. "Sire," he replied, "I know not how to face my creditors." "Why don't you talk it over with your friends?" answered the King. And as a sequel to that pleasant speech he caused fifty thousand écus to be sent him.


LINCOLN THE LAWYER

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "The Case and Exceptions," "The Accomplish," etc.

XIX

LINCOLN THE JURY LAWYER

T is conceded by all his contemporaries that Lincoln was the best all-round jury lawyer of his day in Illinois. Undoubtedly his knowledge of human nature played an important part in his success. He possessed another quality, however, which is almost, if not quite, as essential in jury work, and that is clearness and simplicity of statement.

It will be remembered that in his Sangamon River argument—his first boyish attempt at pleading a case—he had displayed unusual ability in presenting his facts, and with age and experience he developed a perfect genius for statement. His logical mind marshaled facts in such orderly sequence, and he interpreted them in such simple language, that a child could follow him through the most complicated cause, and his mere recital of the issues had the force of argument.

Many people suppose that there is only one way of telling the truth, and that, given honesty, no art is required to make a frank and fair statement of matters in dispute; but this is a popular delusion. "A truth which is badly put," says Mr. Wells in his "Mankind in the Making," "is not a truth, but an infertile, hybrid lie," and every lawyer of experience knows that not one man in a thousand can make facts speak for themselves. Certainly the average practitioner does not master his material. He is controlled by it, and presents his cause in such a manner as to necessitate contradiction, invite confusion, or challenge belief. He has neither the confidence nor the skill to state the truth,

the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and his omissions and perversions naturally reflect on his honesty or sincerity.

Lincoln, on the contrary, relied on truth, knew how to tell it, and "with perfect sincerity often deceived the deceitful." "A stranger going into a court when he was trying a case," says Mr. Arnold, one of his constant associates, "would after a few minutes find himself instinctively on Lincoln's side and wishing him success."

This lucidity of expression, persuasive clarity, and convincing simplicity is, of course, the distinctive mark of Lincoln's literary style, in so far as his writing can be said to have a style; and of this habit, nurtured and matured in the court-room, came some of the ablest state papers ever drawn by an American, and some of the acknowledged masterpieces of English prose.

Lincoln not only spoke a language which jurors could understand, but he also took them into his confidence and made them feel, as one of his contemporaries says, that he and they were trying the case together. He was likewise continually the friend of the court who thought it "would be only fair" to let in this, or "only right that that should be conceded," and who "reckoned he must be wrong," when the court overruled him, but who, nevertheless, took a quiet and tactful exception whenever the occasion required it.

"Now about the time he had practised through three quarters of the case in this way," observes Leonard Swett, "his adversary would wake up to find himself beaten. He was as wise as a serpent in

the trial of a case, and what he so blandly gave away was only what he could n't get and keep."

"Of course these comments were merely intended to emphasize the fact that Lincoln did not try both sides of his cases, as some of his eulogists would have us believe; but unfortunately they have been distorted into an implication that he indulged in tricks of the trade, and that his apparent fairness was nothing better than a device by which he lured the unwary to destruction.

Mr. E. M. Prince, who is now living in Bloomington, Illinois, and who heard Lincoln try over a hundred cases of all sorts, is a competent authority on any question of this kind, and his testimony is direct and convincing. "The truth is," Mr. Prince remarked while talking with the writer, "that Mr. Lincoln had a genius for seeing the real point in a case at once, and aiming steadily at it from the beginning of a trial to the end. The issue in most cases lies in very narrow compass, and the really great lawyer disregards everything not directly tending to that issue. The mediocre advocate is apt to miss the crucial point in his case and is easily diverted with minor matters, and when his eyes are opened he is usually angry and always surprised. Mr. Lincoln instinctively saw the kernel of every case at the outset, never lost sight of it, and never let it escape the jury. That was the only trick I ever saw him play."

But the best possible proof that Mr. Lincoln was an unusually fair practitioner and generous opponent is the fact that he made no enemies in the ranks of his profession during all his active and varied career. Forbearance is often mistaken for timidity, and tact for weakness, and it not infrequently happened that Lincoln's professional opponents misinterpreted his attitude toward them; but they were always speedily disillusioned. Mr. Swett remarked that "any one who took Lincoln for a simple-minded man [in the courtroom] would very soon wake up on his back in a ditch"; and although he seldom resorted to tongue-lashing, and rarely displayed anger, there is abundant evidence that no one ever attacked him with impunity. Judge Weldon told the writer that on one occasion a lawyer challenged

a juror because of his personal acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln, who appeared for the other side. Such an objection was regarded as more or less of a reflection upon the honor of an attorney in those days, and Judge Davis, who was presiding at the time, promptly overruled the challenge; but when Lincoln rose to examine the jury he gravely followed his adversary's lead and began to ask the talesmen whether they were acquainted with his opponent. After two or three had answered in the affirmative, however, his Honor interfered.

"Now, Mr. Lincoln," he observed severely, "you are wasting time. The mere fact that a juror knows your opponent does not disqualify him."

"No, your Honor," responded Lincoln, dryly. "But I am afraid some of the gentlemen may not know him, which would place me at a disadvantage."

A successful jury lawyer must needs be something of an actor at times, and during his apprentice years Lincoln displayed no little histrionic ability in his passionate appeals to the juries. Indeed, his notes in the Wright case show that he occasionally reverted to first principles even after he had reached the age of discretion. This case was brought on behalf of the widow of a Revolutionary War soldier whose pension had been cut in two by a rapacious agent, who appropriated half of the sum collected for his alleged services. The facts aroused Lincoln's indignation, and his memorandum for summing up to the jury ran as follows: "*No contract. Not professional services. Unreasonable charge. Money retained by defendant—not given by plaintiff. Revolutionary War. Describe Valley Forge privations. Ice. Soldiers' bleeding feet. Plaintiff's husband. Soldier leaving home for army. SKIN DEFENDANT. Close.*"

Mr. Herndon, who quotes this memorandum, testifies that the soldiers' bleeding feet and other pathetic properties were handled very effectively, and that the defendant was skinned to the entire satisfaction of the jury. It was only occasionally, however, that Lincoln indulged in fervid oratory, and his advice to Herndon shows his belief in simplicity and reserve.

"Don't shoot too high," Herndon reports him as saying. "Aim lower, and

the common people will understand you. They are the ones you want to reach—at least they are the ones you ought to reach. The educated and refined people will understand you, anyway. If you aim too high, your ideas will go over the heads of the masses and only hit those who need no hitting."

To interest the jurors and make them understand is, of course, the chief endeavor of every jury advocate, and Lincoln constantly employed his great gifts as a story-teller to illustrate, simplify, and reinforce his arguments, which is another proof that he did not waste this valuable ammunition on tavern loiterers. Stories are more interesting than logic and far more effective with the average audience, and Lincoln's juries usually heard something from him in the way of an apt comparison or illustration which impressed his point upon their minds.

On one occasion when he was defending a case of assault and battery it was proved that the plaintiff had been the aggressor, but the opposing counsel argued that the defendant might have protected himself without inflicting injuries on his assailant.

"That reminds me of the man who was attacked by a farmer's dog, which he killed with a pitchfork," commented Lincoln.

"What made you kill my dog?" demanded the farmer.

"What made him try to bite me?" retorted the offender.

"But why did n't you go at him with the other end of your pitchfork?" persisted the farmer.

"Well, why did n't he come at me with his other end?" was the retort."

Lincoln not only made effective use of stories with the jury, but frequently employed them in arguing to the court, and he once completely refuted a contention that custom makes law with an anecdote drawn from his own experience.

"Old Squire Bagley from Menard," he began, "once came into my office and said, 'Lincoln, I want your advice as a lawyer. Has a man what's been elected a justice of the peace a right to issue a marriage license?' I told him he had not. 'Lincoln, I thought you was a lawyer,' he retorted. 'Bob Thomas and me had a bet on this thing, and we agreed

to let you decide it; but if that is your opinion, I don't want it, for I know a thunderin' sight better. I've been squire now eight years, and I've done it all the time!'"

Even the attorney whose argument for custom was thus answered must have smiled at this good-natured disposal of his claims, and Lincoln's humor generally freed his criticisms of all offense. "He can compress the most words into the smallest ideas of any man I ever met," was, perhaps, the severest retort he ever uttered; but history has considerably sheltered the identity of the victim.

Wit and ridicule were Lincoln's weapons of offense and defense, and he probably laughed more jury cases out of court than any other man who practised at the bar.

"I once heard Mr. Lincoln defend a man in Bloomington against a charge of passing counterfeit money," Vice-President Stevenson told the writer. "There was a pretty clear case against the accused, but when the chief witness for the people took the stand, he stated that his name was J. Parker Green, and Lincoln reverted to this the moment he rose to cross-examine. *Why J. Parker Green? . . . What did the J. stand for? . . . John? . . . Well, why did n't the witness call himself John P. Green? . . . That was his name, was n't it? . . . Well, what was the reason he did not wish to be known by his right name? . . . Did J. Parker Green have anything to conceal; and if not, why, did J. Parker Green part his name in that way?* And so on. Of course the whole examination was farcical," Mr. Stevenson continued, "but there was something irresistibly funny in the varying tones and inflections of Mr. Lincoln's voice as he rang the changes upon the man's name; and at the recess the very boys in the street took it up as a slogan and shouted 'J. Parker Green!' all over the town. Moreover, there was something in Lincoln's way of intoning his questions which made me suspicious of the witness, and to this day I have never been able to rid my mind of the absurd impression that there was something not quite right about J. Parker Green. It was all nonsense, of course; but the jury must have been affected as I was, for Green was discredited and the defendant went free."

XX

LINCOLN THE CROSS-EXAMINER

THERE were no official shorthand writers in the courts while Lincoln practised,¹ and the lawyers took their own notes of the testimony during the trial; and these, together with such memoranda as the judge entered on his minutes, formed the data for the record. Lincoln himself, however, rarely took any notes, claiming that it distracted his attention; and as his memory was excellent and his reputation for honesty well established, he experienced no difficulty in supporting his version of what happened at the trial when the records were necessary for the appellate courts.²

None of the bar ever attempted, however, to secure a verbatim report of the questions and answers, and therefore it is impossible to obtain any official illustrations of Lincoln's methods of handling witnesses. There is abundant proof, nevertheless, of his skill in this particular, and it is conceded by all his contemporaries that as a cross-examiner he had no equal at the bar.

"In the trial of a case he moved cautiously," said Judge Weldon, "and never examined or cross-examined witnesses to the detriment of his own side. If the witness told the truth, he was safe from his attacks; but woe betide the unlucky or dishonest individual who suppressed the truth or colored it."

Another of his associates testifies that he would not tolerate the evasions of his own witnesses when they were being questioned by his opponents, and more than once he openly reproved his own clients for dodging and sulking in the witness-chair.

"He was a great cross-examiner," Mr. James Ewing remarked to the writer, "in that he never asked an unnecessary question. He knew when and where to stop with a witness, and when a man has learned that he is entitled to take rank as an expert questioner."

"I shall never forget my experience

with him," observed Mr. James Hoblit of Logan County, Illinois, one of the few men now living who ever faced him in the witness-chair. "I was subpoenaed in a case brought by one Paullin against my uncle, and I knew too much about the matter in dispute for my uncle's good. The case was not of vital importance, but it seemed very serious to me, for I was a mere boy at the time. Mr. Paullin had owned a bull which was continually raiding his neighbor's corn, and one day my uncle ordered his boys to drive the animal out of his fields, and not to use it too gently, either. Well, the boys obeyed the orders only too literally, for one of them harpooned the bull with a pitchfork, injuring it permanently, and I saw enough of the occurrence to make me a dangerous witness.

"The result was that Paullin sued my uncle, the boys were indicted for malicious mischief, Mr. Lincoln was retained by the plaintiff, who was determined to make an example of somebody, and I was subpoenaed as a witness. My testimony was, of course, of the highest possible importance, because the plaintiff could n't make my cousins testify, and I had every reason to want to forget what I had seen, and though pretty frightened, I determined when I took the stand, to say as little as possible. Well, as soon as I told Mr. Lincoln my full name he became very much interested, asking me if I was n't some relative of his old friend John Hoblit who kept the half-way house between Springfield and Bloomington; and when I answered that he was my grandfather, Mr. Lincoln grew very friendly, plying me with all sorts of questions about family matters, which put me completely at my ease, and before I knew what was happening, I had forgotten to be hostile and he had the whole story. After the trial he met me outside the court-room and stopped to tell me that he knew I had n't wanted to say anything against my people, but that though he sympathized with me, I had acted rightly and no one could criticize me for what I had done. The

¹ The Hon. Robert R. Hitt, the distinguished representative from Illinois in Congress, advised the writer "that in 1858, at the time of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, I knew of no other shorthand writer residing in Illinois. There were no court shorthand writers or official stenographers in the State, and no provision of law for anything of the kind."

² In making up an appellate record in those days, each lawyer stated the substance of what he thought the testimony had been, and the judge supplemented or corrected the two versions and certified the result to the higher court.

whole matter was afterward adjusted, but I never forgot his friendly and encouraging words at a time when I needed sympathy and consolation."

Cross-examination makes greater demands upon a lawyer than any other phase of trial work, and it has been rightly termed an art. To succeed in it the practitioner must be versed in the rules of evidence; he must be familiar with all the facts in his case, and keep them continually in his mind; he must think logically, be far-sighted, tactful, and a keen judge of human nature. All these qualities Lincoln possessed to an unusual degree, and, in addition, he exerted a remarkable personal influence upon every one with whom he came into contact. Men who were openly opposed to him became fascinated when they met him, and few ever retained their hostility. This result was effected without any seeming effort on his part, and Lincoln was singularly free from all the arts and graces, natural or cultivated, which are usually associated with personal charm. He was direct, simple, and unaffectedly frank, and the conclusion is irresistible that he was endowed with psychic qualities of extraordinary power. Nothing except this can properly explain his wonderful control of witnesses and juries, and every experienced lawyer knows that strong individuality, commanding presence, and personal magnetism are essential factors in the equipment of all great cross-examiners. More than one man has described the effect of Lincoln's eyes by saying that they appeared to look directly *through* whatever he concentrated his gaze upon, and it is well known that during his frequent fits of abstraction he became absolutely oblivious to the bustle and confusion of the court-room and saw nothing of the scene before him.

But although there was something mysterious in Lincoln's personality which played an important part in his success as a cross-examiner, his mastery of the art was acquired in the only way it can be acquired, and that is by constant daily practice in the courts. He was a natural logician, and by slow degrees he cultivated this gift until he could detect faulty reasoning, no matter how skilfully it was disguised. In almost every instance he saw the logical conclusion of an answer

long before it dawned upon the witness, and was thus able to lead him without appearing to do so. It will be seen in another chapter how effectively he once employed this art.

Mr. Arnold, comparing Douglas and Lincoln, says: "Both were strong jury lawyers. Lincoln was, on the whole, the strongest we ever had in Illinois. Both were distinguished for their ability in seizing and bringing out distinctly and clearly the real points in a case. Both were happy in the examination of witnesses, but I think Lincoln was the stronger of the two in cross-examination."

This is valuable testimony, coming as it does from a professional associate of many years' standing; and a careful reading of the great debates demonstrates that Lincoln was not only a more effective questioner, but in every other way a better equipped lawyer than Douglas. Indeed, it was Douglas's errors of law quite as much as his errors of statesmanship which cost him the Presidency.

Lincoln's skill as a cross-examiner effected some of his most dramatic triumphs, and his *cause célèbre* is undoubtedly the trial of William Armstrong for the killing of James Metzker, where his talents in this particular saved the day for his client.

The story of this now famous case has often been recounted, and its dramatic features have been skilfully utilized in at least one volume of fiction,¹ but the distortions wrought by many versions justify a complete retelling of the facts gathered directly from the records themselves and from an interview with Judge Lyman Lacey, who was associated with Mr. Walker, the defendant's attorney, and is still living in Mason County.

In the days when Lincoln was working as a clerk in Offutt's New Salem store he had won the respect and admiration of the rough element in the community by flooring one Jack Armstrong, the leader of the Clary's Grove boys, in a wrestling-match, and the fallen champion instantly became his stanch friend and ally. Armstrong afterward married, and Lincoln, who knew his wife, could not resist her appeal when she sought him out during the great debate with Douglas and begged him to come to the rescue of her son, who

¹ See Edward Eggleston's "The Graysons."

was charged with murder and was on the point of being tried. Mr. William Walker, a skilful lawyer, had been retained for the defense, but as the case against his client was exceedingly serious, he was only too willing to have expert assistance, and Lincoln therefore laid aside his pressing political engagements and plunged at once into the trial of the case.

The defendant, William Armstrong, popularly known as "Duff," was a youth of bad habits, and on August 29, 1857, while under the influence of liquor, he had quarreled with another young man by the name of Metzker, and had beaten him severely. This occurred during the afternoon; but when the quarrel was renewed late at night, one Norris joined in the fracas, and, between him and Armstrong, Metzker received injuries which resulted in his death. Popular indignation against the accused was so violent in Mason County that Armstrong's lawyer moved for a change of venue, claiming that his client could not receive a fair trial in the local court; and the judge was apparently of the same opinion, for he removed the case to Beardstown, the county-seat of Cass County. Meanwhile Norris, the other defendant, was brought to trial before the home tribunal, where it was clearly shown that he had assaulted the deceased with a cart-rung; but it was not demonstrated that his blows had caused death, and the body showed other wounds not necessarily made by such a weapon. Under these circumstances the jury brought in a verdict of manslaughter, and the defendant was sentenced to eight years' imprisonment.

This was the situation when Hannah Armstrong appealed to Lincoln; but despite the gloomy outlook, he took a hopeful view and reassured the anxious mother. Not only were the facts against his client, but the Illinois law of that day did not permit a defendant to testify in his own behalf, so that Armstrong was precluded from giving his own version of the story and denying the testimony of the accusing witnesses. The assistant prosecuting attorney was Mr. J. Henry Shaw, and Caleb J. Dillworth, another able lawyer, was associated with him, but Lincoln scored against them at the start by securing a jury of young men whose average age was

not over twenty-five. Most of the witnesses were also young, and these Lincoln handled so skilfully on cross-examination that their testimony did not bear heavily against the accused. Almost all of them were from the neighborhood of New Salem, and whenever the examiner heard a familiar name he quickly took advantage of the opening to let the witness know that he was familiar with his home, knew his family, and wished to be his friend. These tactics succeeded admirably, and no very damaging testimony was elicited until a man by the name of Allen took the stand. This witness, however, swore that he actually saw the defendant strike the fatal blow with a slung-shot or some such weapon; and Lincoln, pressing him closely, forced him to locate the hour of the assault as about eleven at night, and then demanded that he inform the jury how he had managed to see so clearly at that time of night. "By the moonlight," answered the witness, promptly. "Well, was there light enough to see everything that happened?" persisted the examiner. The witness responded "that the moon was about in the same place that the sun would be at ten o'clock in the morning and was almost full,"¹ and the moment the words were out of his mouth the cross-examiner confronted him with a calendar showing that the moon, which at its best was only slightly past its first quarter on August 29, had afforded practically no light at eleven o'clock and that it had absolutely set at seven minutes after midnight. This was the turning-point in the case, and from that moment Lincoln carried everything before him, securing an acquittal of the defendant after a powerful address to the jury.

There is a singular myth connected with this case, to the effect that Mr. Lincoln played a trick on the jurors by flashing an old calendar before them instead of the one for the year of the murder, and virtually manufacturing the testimony which carried the day. How such a rumor started no one can say, but it goes far to prove the impossibility of ever successfully refuting a lie; for though repeatedly exposed, it still persists on the Illinois circuit to-day. The facts are, of course, that the calendar for August 29, 1857, shows the position of the moon precisely

¹ This is the witness's answer as reported by Mr. Henry Shaw, the District Attorney.

as Lincoln claimed it,¹ and every one who understands anything of trial work knows that an important exhibit of that sort would be examined by the judge and the opposing lawyers as well as by the jury, besides being marked for identification if submitted in evidence. Therefore Lincoln would have been a fool, as well as a disreputable trickster, if he had resorted to the asinine practice outlined in this silly tale, which practically disproves itself.

XXI

LINCOLN IN THE CRIMINAL COURTS. HIS
LEGAL ETHICS

DESPITE his success in the Armstrong and other capital cases, Lincoln was not well qualified for work of this character, and he avoided the practice of criminal law as far as possible.

There is a tradition in the old Eighth Illinois Circuit that he once defended a murderer who was convicted, sentenced, and hanged; but as capital cases resulting in conviction are almost invariably appealed to the highest tribunal, and as the Supreme Court reports do not record any murder case with which he was associated, the rumor probably has no foundation in fact.

He did, however, occasionally appear in homicide cases,² and his defense of "Peachy" Harrison, grandson of his old political rival Peter Cartwright, the circuit-riding preacher, though less dramatic than the Armstrong case, is perhaps one of the best illustrations of his remarkable power with a jury.

Young Harrison and a youth by the name of Greek Crafton quarreled over a question of politics, and a fight ensued in which Crafton received a knife-thrust resulting in his death. The case attracted considerable attention, and both the prosecution and the defense were ably represented, John M. Palmer, afterward Governor of Illinois, and John A. McClernand, who became a distinguished general in the

Civil War, appearing for the people, and Lincoln, Herndon, Judge Logan, and Shelby M. Cullom, the present United States senator and an ex-Governor of Illinois, being retained for the defendant. There was some conflict of testimony over the facts leading up to the killing, but the defense did not make much impression until Lincoln put the defendant's grandfather, Peter Cartwright, on the stand, and with touching solicitude drew from the old man the story of his last interview with the deceased, in which he expressed his reconciliation with his assailant, whom he prayed would not be held responsible for his death. Then, with virtually no facts to support his plea, Lincoln began his address to the jury, exhorting them to heed the dying victim's words and abstain from visiting further sorrow and affliction upon the venerable preacher who had delivered them a message almost from the other world; and so powerfully did he move his auditors that the efforts of the prosecution were unavailing and a verdict of acquittal followed.

Lincoln was not considered a formidable opponent in the criminal courts, however, unless he thoroughly believed in the justice of his cause. Mr. Whitney reports that on one occasion when he was defending a man charged with manslaughter, the testimony demonstrated that his client ought to have been indicted for murder in the first degree, whereupon Lincoln instantly lost all interest in the case. He did not actually abandon the defense, but he could not coöperate effectively with his associates, who were endeavoring to acquit the defendant, and one of them states that when Lincoln addressed the jurors he disparaged the effort which had been made to work upon their feelings and confined himself to a strictly professional argument along conventional lines, with the result that the defendant was found guilty and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. This fairly disgusted Mr. Whitney, who was anxious to have the murderer ac-

¹ In September, 1905, the United States Naval Observatory, answering an inquiry, reported that on August 29-30, 1857, the moon set at 7 minutes 5 seconds after midnight, and at culmination, during the preceding twenty-four hours, "was 2 days 9 hours and 46.1 minutes past the first quarter."

² Lincoln acted as prosecutor in at least one murder case. He was appointed by the court to conduct the people's case against one Wyant, who

was represented by Leonard Swett, and a battle royal followed between the two lawyers which is vividly remembered by many of the residents of Bloomington, Illinois, with whom the writer talked. After a trial lasting many days the jurors brought in an irregular verdict, which virtually committed the defendant to the lunatic asylum, but finally they acquitted him under what was equivalent to a court direction.

quitted, and he does not hesitate to characterize Mr. Lincoln's conduct as "atrocious."

But Lincoln was guilty of many other "atrocities" of the same character. It is well known that he virtually abandoned his client in another capital case when he discovered that he was defending a guilty man. "You speak to the jury," he said to Leonard Swett, his associate counsel; "if I say a word, they will see from my face that the man is guilty and convict him." On another occasion, when it developed that his client had indulged in fraudulent practices, he walked out of the court-room and refused to continue the case. The judge sent a messenger, directing him to return, but he positively declined. "Tell the judge that my hands are dirty and I've gone away to wash them," was his disgusted response.

This conduct in the court-room was in entire keeping with his office practice, where he declined time and again to undertake doubtful causes, discouraged litigation, and discountenanced sharp practices.

"Yes," Mr. Herndon reports him as advising a client, "we can doubtless gain your case for you; we can set a whole neighborhood at loggerheads; we can distress a widowed mother and her six fatherless children, and thereby get for you six hundred dollars to which you seem to have a legal claim, but which rightfully belongs, it appears to me, as much to the woman and her children as it does to you. You must remember, however, that some things legally right are not morally right. We shall not take your case, but we will give you a little advice for which we will charge you nothing. You seem to be a sprightly, energetic man. We would advise you to try your hand at making six hundred dollars in some other way."

At another time he was very anxious to secure delay in a certain case, and Herndon drew up a dilatory plea which would effectually postpone the trial for at least one term of court. It was the sort of thing which is condoned in almost every law office, but Lincoln repudiated it the moment it came to his notice. "Is this founded?" he demanded of his partner, Herndon was obliged to admit that it was not, urging, however, that it was in the interests of their client,

which would otherwise be imperilled. But Lincoln was not to be persuaded. "You know it is a sham," he answered, "and a sham is very often but another name for a lie. Don't let it go on record. The cursed thing may come staring us in the face long after this suit has been forgotten." Herndon complied with this instruction and the paper was withdrawn.

These and similar actions have been characterized by one highly respectable authority as "admittedly detracting from Lincoln's character as a lawyer," but no member of the profession who has the best interests of his calling at heart will accept such a conclusion. On the contrary, it is because he had the courage and character to uphold the highest standards of the law in daily practice that Lincoln is entitled to a place in the foremost rank of the profession. He lived its ideals and showed them to be practical, and his example gives inspiration and encouragement to thousands of practitioners who believe that those things which detract from the character of the man detract from the character of the lawyer.

Some of Lincoln's biographers apparently disregard his legal history because he never succeeded in making much more than a bare living from his practice, and they seemingly conclude from this fact that he is not entitled to high rank in the profession. This view, of course, misses one of the most vital points in Lincoln's character both as a man and a lawyer, for he placed principle beyond price and lived out the idea that it is "better to make a life than a living."

Before he had won his place at the bar he had stated his theories on the subject. "The matter of fees is important, far beyond the mere question of bread and butter involved," he wrote in his notes for a law lecture. "Properly attended to, fuller justice is done to both lawyer and client. An exorbitant fee should never be charged. As a general rule, never take your whole fee in advance, nor any more than a small retainer. When fully paid beforehand, you are more than a common mortal if you can feel the same interest in the case as if something was still in prospect for you as well as for your client."

This was largely the advice of a theorist; but Lincoln carried it into practice so completely that the profession was scan-



Drawn by A. E. Keller. Hilt not yet aggravated by H. C. Merrill

LINCOLN ADDRESSING THE JURY IN THE ARMS-IRON, ALKOR TRIAL

dalized. Indeed, one of his associates relates an incident where Lincoln's scruples proved exceedingly embarrassing. He had been retained to oppose the removal of a conservator, or legal guardian, of a woman whose mind was deranged. The estate involved about ten thousand dollars, and the man who was attacking the conservator evidently desired to have him removed so that he could marry the lunatic and obtain possession of her funds. Lincoln made short work of this nefarious business; but when he learned that the attorney who had retained him had charged two hundred and fifty dollars for their joint services, he refused to take any share of the money until the fee had been reduced to what he deemed a reasonable amount.

When Judge Davis heard of this, he was highly indignant. "Lincoln, you are impoverishing the bar by your picayune charges," he is said to have remarked; and the lawyers thereupon tried the offender by what was called on the circuit an "orgmathorical" (mock) court, but he stood trial, and being found guilty, paid the fine with the utmost good-nature.

Judge Weldon describes another episode which perfectly illustrates Lincoln's attitude toward more than one aspect of the law. A Portuguese by the name of Dungee married a girl named Spencer, and later there was a family quarrel between the bridegroom and his relatives-in-law which became so bitter that the girl's brother referred to her husband as "a nigger," and followed this up by describing him as "a nigger married to a white woman." Dungee thereupon retained Lincoln and sued his brother-in-law for slander. The defendant was represented by Mr. Moore and Judge Weldon, and when the case was moved for trial in Clinton County, Judge Weldon demurred to Lincoln's complaint on technical grounds, and the demurrer was sustained. Lincoln was not too pleased that his papers were rejected as faulty, but he redrew them, merely remarking to his opponents, with significant determination, "Now I *will* beat you!" When the case reappeared for a hearing, he was as good as his word, attacking the defendant with great severity for his scandalous utterances.

"His thoughts were clothed in the sim-

plest garb of expression," said Judge Weldon, "and his words were understood by every juror in the box."

After a two days' battle, the jury decided for the plaintiff, and the verdict amounted to what was a large sum in those days. But although he had won the fight, Lincoln was not satisfied with the result. "*As a peacemaker the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man,*" he had written as a theorist, and in practice he was still able to see that money damages do not heal family feuds. Thereupon he persuaded his client not to insist upon the payment of the verdict, and the matter was finally adjusted by the defendant agreeing to pay the costs and lawyers' fees. Lincoln stipulated that his adversaries should fix the amount of his fee; but when they declined to do so, he remarked: "Well, gentlemen, don't you think I have honestly earned twenty-five dollars?"

Certainly there are good grounds for criticizing Lincoln as a business man, and no one will dispute the charge that he was utterly lacking in all the essentials of commercial genius.

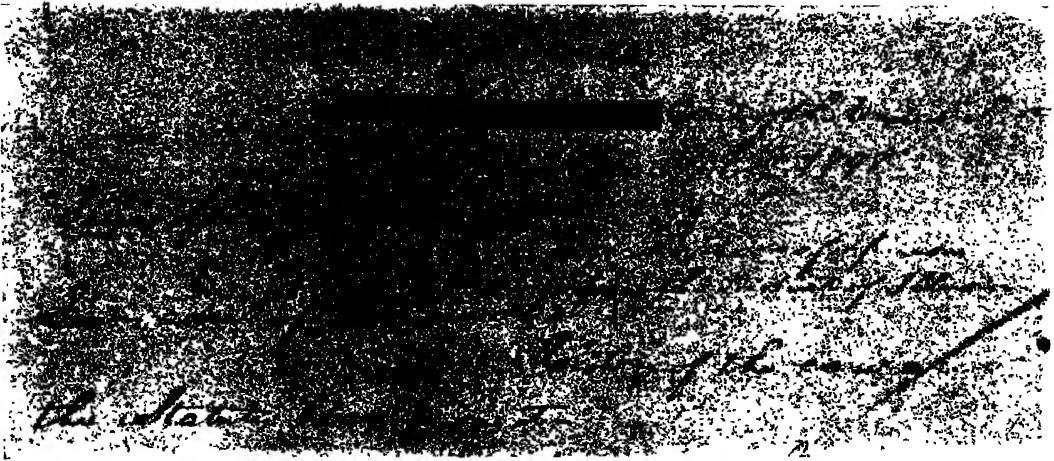
XXII

LINCOLN'S GREAT CASES. HIS LEGAL EXPERIENCE AND REPUTATION

ONE of Lincoln's latest biographers, in expressing admiration for his statesmanship, enumerates his disadvantages, and asserts that before he went to Washington "he had had no experience in diplomacy and statesmanship; as an attorney he had dealt only with local and State statutes; he had never argued a case in the Supreme Court and he had never studied international law."

There is very little inspiration in the career of a man whose achievements are inexplicable or whose natural endowments are the despair of ordinary mortals, and eulogies which tend to rob Lincoln of human interest and incentive are usually based on misinformation.

Certainly the wondering tribute above quoted displays no convincing acquaintance with the facts, for it entirely misrepresents the extent and value of Lincoln's legal education. His three and twenty years' active practice in the courts supplied him with the best of diplomatic training. It did not, of course, familiar-



Owned by Robert T. Lincoln

FACSIMILE OF A PART OF LINCOLN'S MEMORANDUM BRIEF IN THE CASE OF
LEWIS v. LEWIS IN THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT

ize him with the etiquette and forms of international relations, but it gave him a thorough knowledge of men and taught him "to see behind the smiling mask of craft." Much the same experience qualified a recent Secretary of State to cope successfully with the most skilful diplomats of Europe during the Spanish War, and to confer high distinction upon our modern statesmanship.

Again, Lincoln's knowledge of law was not confined to local or State statutes. He was acquainted with the great principles of the English common law, and if he was not familiar with "the waves and tides of legal authority," he was still well grounded in all the fundamentals of his profession, and it would be absurd to deny him recognition as a lawyer merely because he "never had had a case in the United States Supreme Court." But even in this small particular the biographer is at fault, for Lincoln did have a case before that tribunal, known as *Lewis v. Lewis*¹ (reported in 7 Howard, 776), and the original of his brief in that action is in existence to-day.

It would not be difficult to quote passages from other biographers in proof of the fact that Lincoln's work as a lawyer has never been scrutinized with any care, and doubtless the trivial anecdotes con-

cerning his life on the circuit which have done duty for the last forty-five years have contributed to the general misconception of his professional standing. The once funny story about "the pig-and-crooked-fence" case, "the old-sledge-and-seven-up" trial, and similar time-worn yarns, have been accepted as characterizing his legal experience; and under such circumstances it is not at all surprising that serious historians have regarded his legal training as a negligible quantity. Fortunately, however, the records are accessible, and they speak very largely for themselves.

In his twenty-three years at the bar, Lincoln had no less than one hundred and sixty-nine cases before the highest court of Illinois, a record unsurpassed by his contemporaries; he appeared before the United States circuit and district courts with great frequency; he was the most indefatigable attendant on the Eighth Circuit and tried more cases than any other member of that bar; he was attorney for the Illinois Central Railroad, the greatest corporation in the State, and one which doubtless had its choice of legal talent; he was also counsel for the Rock Island Railroad, and other corporations and individuals² with important legal interests at stake; he was sought as legal arbitrator

¹ It is an interesting fact that Judge Taney, of Dred Scott fame, delivered the prevailing opinion of the court in this case.

² Mr. W. W. Thomas, a lawyer who retained Mr. Lincoln as counsel in an important litigation,

wrote him in December, 1859, as follows: "Judge Catton has the Record and he told me that he had not decided what to do and that he was in doubt, etc. I want you and Logan to assist me in presenting this case in such form as to *undoubt* the Judge.

in the great corporation litigations of Illinois¹ and he tried some of the most notable cases recorded in the courts of that State.

Perhaps the most important cause he ever handled was that known as *The Illinois Central Railroad v. McLean County*, reported in 17 Illinois, 291.² This was an action brought against McLean County to restrain the collection of certain taxes alleged to be due from the railroad, growing out of the fact that the Illinois legislature had granted the corporation exemption from all State taxes on condition that it pay seven per cent. of its gross earnings into the State treasury. The county authorities, however, claimed that this provision did not preclude them from taxing so much of the railroad's property as lay within their respective jurisdictions, and a great legal battle ensued. The issue was a vital one for the corporation, for the claims of the county threatened it with bankruptcy, and railroading in Illinois was then in its experimental stage. Lincoln conducted the defense with rare skill but lost in the first court. He instantly appealed the case to the Supreme Court, however, and there it was twice argued before a final decision was recorded in favor of the road at the end of two years' litigation.

This celebrated case was provocative of another which has become even more famous with the passing of years, for the Illinois Central declined to pay Lincoln's bill of two thousand dollars for services rendered in the tax matter, and he promptly withdrew his account and sued his ungrateful client for six thousand. On the trial of the action all the leaders of the Illinois bar—O. H. Browning, N. B. Judd, Isaac Arnold, Grant Goodrich, Archibald Williams, Judge Norman Purple, and Judge Logan—testified that Lincoln's amended bill

was reasonable, and the jury promptly brought in a verdict of five thousand dollars and costs.

It is interesting to note Lincoln's attitude and conduct in this irritating litigation. When the case was first called for trial, no one appeared on behalf of the railroad, and judgment was awarded to the plaintiff by default: but notwithstanding the treatment he had received from the company, Lincoln agreed that the case might be reopened, thus allowing the defendant to have its day in court without penalty; and when the above-mentioned verdict was rendered, he agreed to have it set aside because he had forgotten to introduce proof of two hundred dollars which had been given him as a retainer, and the final verdict was recorded at forty-eight hundred dollars and costs. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the services for which Lincoln was obliged to sue would to-day cost the corporation *not five, but fifty, thousand dollars*.

It is only fair to state that within the last few years the Illinois Central Railroad has issued an elaborate pamphlet giving its side of this case, and undertaking to show that Lincoln's bill was not certified out of deference to the board of directors, who might have been censured for voluntarily paying so large a charge against their company, and that the trial was merely a formality. Lincoln's unusually careful brief on the law and the facts, however, does not bear out the contention that the litigation was friendly, and this suggestion came as a complete surprise to a number of those who were present when the jury brought in their verdict, and who gave the writer the benefit of their personal recollections of the trial.³

While Lincoln was traveling the circuit with Judge Davis, he was retained in the now famous case of *McCormick v. Manny*,⁴ an action brought by the plaintiff, who

I ought to and must gain this case. If you can be the means of success you will almost bring me under obligation to support the Black Republicans."

(From original letter in possession of General Orendorff.)

¹ The following telegram, original of which is in General Orendorff's collection, speaks for itself:

"CHICAGO, Oct. 14, 1853.

"TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

"Springfield Ill.

"Can you come here immediately and act as arbitrator in the crossing case between the Illinois

Central and Northern Indiana R. R. Companies if you should be appointed? Answer and say yes if possible.

"(Signed) J. F. JOY."

² Lincoln was opposed in this noted case by both his old law partners, Judge Logan and John T. Stuart. The decision has been cited at least twenty-three times by judges of other courts.

³ Almost all the papers in this action are in existence to-day.

⁴ Reported in McLean's U. S. Reports, vol. vi, p. 539.



From photographs

HON JAMES T HOBLIT

Mr. Hoblit is probably the only man now living who was cross-examined as a witness by Lincoln

HON ROBERT R HITT

Mr Hitt was the first official stenographer in Illinois. Some of Mr. Lincoln's legal arguments were reported by him

owned valuable patents for reaping-machines, to enjoin the defendant from manufacturing similar contrivances and to recover four hundred thousand dollars damages for infringements. Lincoln was engaged by a Mr. Watson, who was in charge of the defense, and the original plan was to have him conduct the forensic part of the argument. Mr. E. H. Dickerson, a well-known patent solicitor, had been retained by McCormick to make the technical argument, and Reverdy Johnson, the noted Baltimore advocate, and one of the most distinguished lawyers in the country, was to oppose Lincoln, who was naturally very anxious to measure himself against a man of such wide reputation. But Mr. Watson also saw fit to retain Mr. Harding, a patent solicitor, and Edwin M. Stanton, who then resided at Pittsburgh, but who was well and favorably known in Cincinnati, where the trial was to take place, and whose personal influence with the court was relied upon to offset the great reputation of Reverdy Johnson. When the lawyers met in Cincinnati, it was decided in consultation that only two counsel should be heard on each side, and that the defense should be represented by Harding and Stanton. This was undoubtedly a bitter disappointment to Lincoln,

who had carefully prepared himself to make the argument, and who had never had an equal opportunity of meeting a lawyer of national reputation. He accepted the decision as gracefully as possible, however, furnishing Mr. Harding with all the notes and other material he had collected for the argument, and had Stanton treated him with consideration, the situation would have been freed of all embarrassment. But Stanton was utterly devoid of tact, and took no trouble to conceal his contempt for his Illinois associate. "Where did that long-armed creature come from, and what does he expect to do in this case?" he inquired of the other lawyers, and this and similarly offensive comments reached Lincoln's ears. Discourtesy was absolutely foreign to his nature, and it is no wonder that it embittered and disgusted him. Yet the greatness of the man enabled him to suppress his personal resentment, and when the nation had need of Stanton's undoubted talents, Lincoln laid aside his own feelings and tolerated his overbearing Secretary until he conquered him with kindness.

Lincoln was recognized as a good jury lawyer long before he won any reputation in other lines of legal work. Judge Logan

Retainer.

Wrayner & Jop, letter with part of the
time, and that they were the active agents of
the company.

That I did the service, arguing the case twice.

Logan & Stuart.

That was the question. Now, as to the service.

The record. The final record of the opinion.

That I, and not Jop, (mean the point & argument on which
the case turned.

Logan & Stuart.

The company own near two million acres, & then to ask
through twenty-six counties.

That half a million, put at interest, would amply pay
the tax.

As to, or not the
~~amount~~ amount of labor, the ~~difficulty~~ difficulty and diffi-
culty of the question, the degree of pressure in the matter,
and the amount of pecuniary interest involved, not
merely in the particular case, but covered by the princi-
ples involved, and thereby ~~presented~~ presented to the client, as all
proper elements, by the custom of the profession, ^{to consider} in determi-
ning what is a reasonable fee in a given case.

That \$5000 is not an unreasonable fee in this case.

From General Alfred Orndorff's Collection

FACSIMILE OF PART OF LINCOLN'S TRIAL BRIEF IN HIS CASE AGAINST THE ILLINOIS
CENTRAL RAILROAD, SHOWING HIS CAREFUL PREPARATION OF THE ISSUES

first noted his effectiveness in arguments addressed to the bench; but despite his excellent record in the Supreme Court, where he won a large majority of his cases, he did not gain any marked recognition as a court lawyer until well into the fifties. He was, however, eminently qualified for work of this character. His power of analysis, pitiless logic, and comprehensive mental grasp of large subjects

all combined to make him a formidable opponent in legal discussions and a powerful influence with the court. He could split the ears of the groundlings when passionate appeals were in order, but he was not naturally emotional; on the contrary, he was cool, calm, and temperate in word, thought, and action. Patent cases, with their nice problems in mechanics and engineering, interested him intensely, and

more than once he constructed models with his own hands to aid him in trying actions of this sort which demanded close reasoning and afforded him practical experience in exact scientific deductions.¹

He took no interest in the ordinary legal abstractions discussed in court-rooms, and the quibbles of practice bored him; but when there was any real principle involved in a question of law, he studied it with the closest attention, and his arguments were usually so original that they presented the subject in a new light, no matter how often it had been discussed. Thus, when the steamboats and the railroads were struggling for commercial supremacy in the Mississippi valley, and the right to bridge the river was in dispute, new and vital questions of law arose, which he handled in a masterful manner on behalf of the Rock Island Railroad. In one of these bridge cases which he tried in Chicago, a steamboat had struck a pier of the railroad's bridge, and its owners brought a suit for damages involving propositions never before presented to the courts and requiring clear and original thought. Some idea of the bitterness of this contest may be gathered from the fact that the railroad charged the steamboat captain with being bribed to run his vessel against the bridge and thus make a case of obstructing navigation. This accusation was, of course, angrily denied; but when the bridge was accidentally burned, all the river craft gathered at the spot and let their whistles loose in sheer joy at

the disaster. Under these circumstances it required a cool head and an even temper to carry the day, and Lincoln was equal to the occasion. His argument, one of his few legal speeches which have been preserved, was reported by the Hon. Robert Hitt, and it demonstrates Lincoln's conspicuous ability in presenting close questions of law, and indicates his notable development as a lawyer.²

Another notable civil cause in which he was engaged was known as the "sand-bar case,"³ involving certain accretions to the shore of Lake Michigan of vast importance to the Illinois Central Railroad, and his discussion of the law on behalf of his client displayed high ability and resourcefulness.

Much of Lincoln's effectiveness in this class of work was due to his mental independence. Precedents did not make him over-confident, and they never balked him. Back of the recorded adjudication he sought the reason, and if it did not satisfy his mind, he would not accept it. Very few lawyers possess sufficient independence and originality for research of this character, and the average brief, though it often displays great ingenuity in reconciling divergent authorities, rarely indicates any really creative thought. Legal argument calls for a higher order of ability than jury work, and it developed Lincoln's talents for logical reasoning until it perfected him to meet and refute the most ingenious debater of his, or possibly of any other, day.

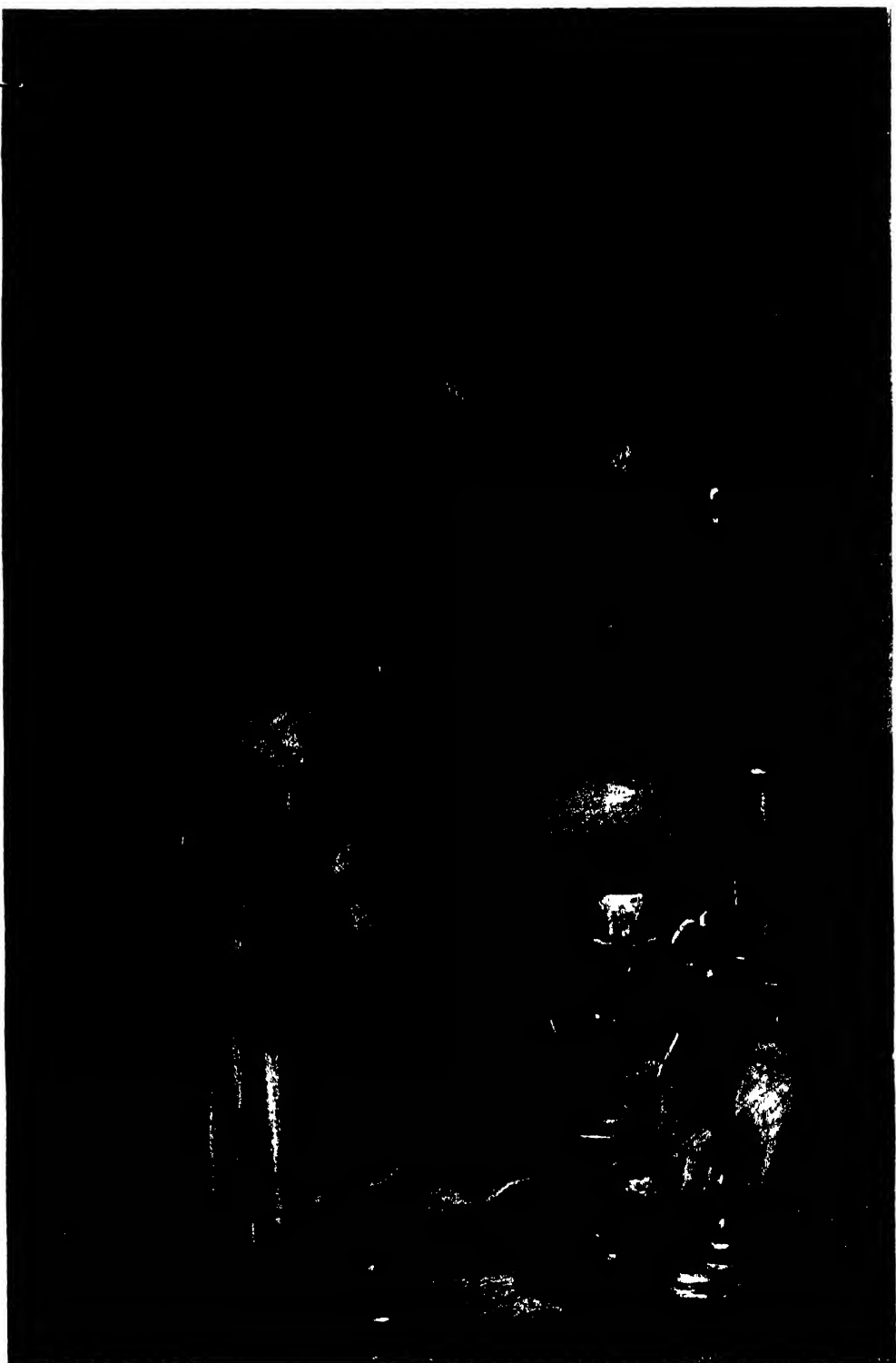
¹ It will be remembered that Lincoln himself was something of an inventor and obtained a mechanical patent, the model for which is preserved in Washington.

² The writer is indebted to the courtesy of the editors of the Chicago "Tribune" for a full copy of Mr. Hitt's report of this speech. The case was entitled *Hurd et al. vs. Railroad Bridge Co.*, and it was tried in the United States Circuit Court, Hon. John McLean presiding, September, 1857.

Colonel Peter A. Dey, one of the engineers of the old Mississippi and Missouri Railroad, now living in Iowa, was present at this trial, and advises the writer that "Mr. Lincoln's examination of witnesses was very full and no point escaped his notice. I thought he carried it almost to prolixity,

but when he came to his argument I changed my opinion. He went over all the details with great minuteness, until court, jury, and spectators were wrought up to the crucial point. Then drawing himself up to his full height, he delivered a peroration that thrilled the court-room and, to the minds of most persons, settled the case."

³ This case, entitled *Johnson vs. Jones et al.*, was tried in the United States Circuit Court before Judge Drummond and a jury, in Chicago, March 19, 1860 (about two months before Lincoln's nomination for the Presidency), and it is the last cause of importance in which he appeared. Messrs. Buckner S. Morris, John A. Wills, and Isaac N. Arnold represented the plaintiff, and the defendants' counsel were Abraham Lincoln, Samuel L. Fuller, Van H. Higgins, and John Van Arman.



Drawn by Albert Steiner. Halftone plate engraved by H. Davidson.

"HE WAS STANDING WITH ONE HAND TIGHTLY RESTING ON THE TABLE,
HIS EYES FIXED ON TENWICK" (SEE PAGE 967)

FENWICK'S CAREER¹

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Author of "The Marriage of William Ashe," "Lady Rose's Daughter," "Eleanor," etc.



UGÉNIE DE PASTOURELLES was sitting on the terrace at Versailles, or rather she was established in one of the deep embrasures between the windows, on the western side.

The wind was cold, but again a glorious sun bathed the terrace and the château. It was a day of splendor, a day when heaven and earth seemed to have conspired to flatter and to adorn the vast creation of Louis Quatorze, this white, flaming palace, amid the gold and bronze of its autumn trees, and the blue of its waters. Superb clouds, of a royal sweep and amplitude, sailed through the brilliant sky; the woods that girdled the horizon were painted broadly and solidly in the richest color upon an immense canvas steeped in light. In some of the nearer alleys which branch from the terrace, the eye traveled through a deep magnificence of shade, to an arched and framed sunlight beyond, embroidered with every radiant or sparkling color; in others, the trees, almost bare, met lightly arched above a carpet of intensest green, a *tapis vert* stretching toward a vaporous distance, and broken by some god, or nymph, on whose white shoulders the autumn leaves were dropping softly one by one.

Wide horizons, infinitely clear,—a blazing intensity of light, beating on the palace, the gardens, the statues, and the distant water of the "Canal de Versailles," each tint and outline sharp and vehement, full-bodied and rich,—the greenest greens, the bluest blues, the most dazzling gold,—this was Versailles as Eugénie saw it on

this autumn day. And through it all the blowing of a harsh and nipping wind sounded the first approach of winter, still defied, as it were, by these bright woods decked for a last festival.

It was the 5th of October, the very anniversary of the day when Marie Antoinette, sitting alone beside the lake at Trianon, was startled by a page from the château bringing the news of the arrival of the Paris mob and the urgent summons to return at once; the day when she passed the Temple of Love, gleaming amid the quiet streams, for the last time, and fled back through the leafy avenues leading to Versailles, under a sky, cloudy and threatening rain, which was remembered by a later generation as blending fitly with the first act of that most eminent tragedy, "The Fall of the House of France."

Madame de Pastourelles had in her hand a recent book in which a French man of letters, both historian and poet, had told once again the most piteous of stories: a story, however, which seemed then, and still seems, to be not even yet ripe for history, so profound and living are the sympathies and the passions which to this day surround it in France.

Eugénie had closed the book, and her eyes, as they looked out upon the astonishing light and shade of the terrace and its surroundings, had filled unconsciously with tears, not so much for Marie Antoinette as for all griefs!—for this duped, tortured, struggling life of ours,—for the "mortalia" which grip all hearts, which none escape,—pain and separation and remorse, hopes deceived and promise mocked, decadence in one's self, change in others, and that iron gentleness of death which closes all.

For nearly a year she had been trying

¹ Copyright, 1906, by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

to recover her forces after an experience which had shaken her being to its depths. Not because, when she went to nurse his last days, she had any love left, in the ordinary sense, for her ruined and debased husband; but because of that vast power of pity, that genius for compassion, to which she was born. Not a tremor of body or soul, not a pang of physical or spiritual fear, but she had passed through them, in common with the man she upheld,—a man who, like Louis the Beloved, former master of the building beneath whose shadow she was sitting, was ready to grovel for her pardon when threatened with a priest and the last terrors, and would have recalled his mistress, rejoicing, with the first day of recovered health.

He and she had asked for respite in vain, however; and M. de Pastourelles slept with his fathers.

Since his death her strength had failed her. There had been no definite illness, but a giving way for some six or seven months of nature's resisting powers. Also—significant sign of the strength of all her personal affections!—in addition to the moral and physical strain she had undergone, she had suffered much about this time from the loss of her maid, an old servant and devoted friend, who left her shortly after M. de Pastourelles's death—incited, forced thereto by Eugénie—in order to marry and go out to Canada. Eugénie had missed her sorely; and, insensibly, the struggle to get well had been the harder. The doctors ordered travel and change, and she had wandered from place to place, only half conscious, as it often seemed to her, the most docile of patients, accompanied now by one member of the family, now by another; standing as it were, like the bather who has wandered too far from shore, between the onward current which means destruction, and that backward struggle of the will which leads to life. And little by little the tide of being had turned. After a winter in Egypt, at Haifa, in May strength had begun to come back; since then Switzerland and high air had quickened recovery; and now, physically, Eugénie was almost herself again.

But morally she retained a deep and lasting impress of what she had gone through. More than ever was she a creature of tenderness, of the most delicate

perceptions, of a sensibility, as our ancestors would have called it; too great for this hurrying world. Her unselfishness, always one of her cradle-gifts, had become almost superhuman; and had she been of another temperament, the men and women about her might have instinctively shrunk from her as too perfect, now, for human nature's daily food. But from that she was saved by a score of most womanish, most mundane qualities. Nobody knew her, luckily, for the saint she was,—she herself least of all. As her strength renewed itself, her soft fun, too, came back, her gentle, inexhaustible delight in the absurdities of men and things, which gave to her talk and her personality a kind of crackling charm, like the crispness of dry leaves upon an autumn path. Naturally, and invincibly, she loved life and living; all the high forces and emotions called to her, but also all the patches, stains, and follies of this queer world; and there is no saint, man or woman, of whom this can be said, that has ever repelled the sinners. It is the difference between St. Francis and St. Dominic!

How very little, all the same, could Eugénie feel herself with the saints on this October afternoon! She sat, to begin with, on the threshold of Madame de Pompadour's apartment; and in the next place, she had never been more tremulously steeped in doubts and yearnings, entirely concerned with her friends and her affections. It was a rebirth, not of youth—how could that be, she herself would have asked, seeing that she was now thirty-seven?—but of the natural Eugénie, who, "intellectual" though she were, lived really by the heart, and the heart only. And since it is the heart that makes youth and keeps it, it was a return of youth—and of beauty—that had come upon her. In her black dress and shady hat, her collar and cuffs of white lawn, she was very discreetly, quietly beautiful; the passer-by did not know what it was that had touched and delighted him till she had gone, and he found himself, perhaps, looking after the slim yet stately figure: but it was beauty none the less. And the autumn violets, her sister's gift, that were fastened to-day in profusion at her waist, marked in truth the reawakening of buried things, of feminine instincts long repressed. For months her maid Fanchette had dressed

her, and she had worn obediently all the long crape gowns and veils dictated by the etiquette of French mourning. But to-day, she had chosen for herself; and in this more ordinary garb she was vaguely, sometimes remorsefully, conscious of relief and deliverance.

Two subjects filled her mind. First, a conversation with Fenwick that she had held that morning, strolling through the upper alleys of the park. Poor friend, poor artist! Often and often, during her wanderings, had her thoughts dwelt anxiously on his discontents and calamities; she had made her sister, or her father, write to him when she could not write herself,—though Lord Findon, indeed, had been for long much out of patience with him; and during the last few months she herself had written every week. But she had never felt so clearly the inexorable limits of her influence with him. This morning, just as of old, he had thrown himself tempestuously upon her advice, her sympathy; and she had given him counsel as she best could. But a woman knows when her counsel is likely to be followed or no. Eugénie had no illusions. In his sore, self-tormented state, he was, she saw, at the mercy of any passing idea, of anything that seemed to offer him vengeance on his enemies, or the satisfaction of a vanity that writhed under the failure he was all the time inviting and assuring.

Yet, as she thought of him, she liked him better than ever. He might be perverse, yet he appealed to her profoundly. The years of his success had refined and civilized him, no doubt, but they had tended to make him like anybody else; whereas this passionate accent of revolt—as of some fierce, helpless creature struggling blindly in bonds of its own making—had perhaps restored to him that more dramatic element which his personality had possessed in his sulky, gifted youth. He had expressed himself with a bitter force on the decline of his inspiration and the weakening of his will. He was going to the dogs, he declared; had lost all his hold on the public, and had nothing more to say or to paint. And she had been very, very sorry for him, but conscious all the time that he had never been so eloquent, and never in such good looks, what with the angry energy of the eyes, and the sweep of grizzled hair across the powerful

brow, and the lines cut by life and thought round the vigorous, impatient mouth. How could he be at once so able and so childish! Her woman's wit pondered it; while at the same time she remembered with emotion the joy with which he had greeted her, his eager, stammering sympathy, his rough grasp of her hand, his frowning scrutiny of her pale face.

Yet, he was a great friend, and, somehow, she *must* help him! Her lips parted in a sigh of aspiration. If only this unlucky thing had not happened!—this meeting of Arthur and of Fenwick, before the time, before she had prepared and engineered it.

And so she came to her second topic of meditation. Gradually, as her mind pursued it, her aspect seemed to lose its new and tremulous brightness; the face became once more a little gray and pinched. They had, somehow, missed all the letters which should have warned them. To find Arthur established here, with his poor invalid wife—nothing had been more unexpected and, alack, more unwelcome, considering the relations between them and John Fenwick,—Fenwick, who was practically her father's guest and hers.

Did Arthur think it strange, unkind? Would n't he really believe that it was pure accident? If so, it would be only because Elsie was there, influencing him against his old friends,—poor, bitter, stricken Elsie. Eugénie's lips quivered. There flitted before her the image of the girl of eighteen, muse of laughter and delight. And she recalled the taciturn woman whom she had seen on her sofa the night before, speaking coldly, in dry, sharp sentences, to her husband, her cousin, her maid,—evidently unhappy and in pain.

Eugénie shaded her eyes from the light of the terrace. Her heart seemed to be sinking, contracting. Mrs. Welby had been already ill, and therewith jealous and tyrannical, for some little time before Madame de Pastourelles had been summoned to the death-bed of her husband. But now!—Eugénie shrank aghast before what she saw and what she guessed.

And it was, too, as if the present state of things—as if the new hardness in Elsie's eyes, and the strange hostility of her manner, especially toward the Findons and her cousin Eugénie—threw light on

earlier years, on many a puzzling trait and incident of the past.

There had been a terrible confinement, at the end of years of childlessness,—a still-born child,—and then, after a short apparent recovery, a rapid loss of strength and power. Poor, poor Elsie! But why—why should this trouble have awakened in her this dumb tyranny toward Arthur, this alienation from Arthur's friends?

Eugénie sharply drew herself together. She banished her thoughts. Elsie was young, and would get well. And when she recovered, she would know who were her friends and Arthur's.

A figure came toward her, crossing the Parterre d'Eau. She perceived her father, just released, no doubt, from two English acquaintances with whom he had been exploring the "Bosquet d'Apollon."

He hurried toward her, a tall Don Quixote of a man, gaunt, active, gray-haired, with a stride like a youth of eighteen, and the very minimum of flesh on his well-hung frame. Lord Findon had gone through many agitations during the last ten or twelve years. In his own opinion, he had upset a ministry, he had recreated the army, and saved the colonies to the empire. That history was not as well aware of these feats as it should be, he knew; but in the memoirs, of which there were now ten volumes privately printed in his drawer, he had provided for that. Meanwhile, in the rush of his opinions and partizanships, two things at least had persisted unchanged: his adoration for Eugénie, and his belief that if only man—and much more woman—would but exchange "gulping" for "chewing,"—would only, that is to say, reform their whole system of mastication, and thereby of digestion, the world would be another and a happier place.

He came up now, frowning and out of temper.

"Upon my word, Eugénie, the blindness of some people is too amazing!"

"Is it? Sit down, papa, and look at that!"

She pushed a chair toward him, smiling, and pointed to the terrace, the woods, the sky.

"It's all very well, my dear," said Lord Findon, seating himself, "but this place tries me a good deal."

"Because the ladies in the restaurant

are so stout?" said Eugénie. "Dear papa—somebody must keep these cooks in practice!"

"Never did I see such spectacles!" said Lord Findon, fuming. "And when one knows that the very smallest attention to their diet, and they might be sylphs again, as young as their grandchildren!—it's really disheartening."

"It is," said Eugénie. "Shall we announce a little *conférence* in the salon? I'm sure the ladies would flock."

"The amount the French eat is appalling!" exclaimed Lord Findon, without noticing. "And they have such ridiculous ideas about us! I said something about their gluttony to M. de Villeton this morning, and he fired up!—declared he had spent this summer in English country-houses, and we had seven meals a day, all told; and there was n't a Frenchman in the world had more than three, counting his coffee in the morning."

"He had us there," said Eugénie.

"Not at all! It does n't matter *when* you eat—it's what and how much you eat. We *can't* produce such women as one sees here. I tell you, Eugénie, we *can't*. It takes all the poetry out of the sex."

Eugénie smiled.

"Have n't you been walking with Lady Marney, papa?"

Lord Findon looked a little annoyed.

"She's an exception, my dear—a hideous exception."

"I would n't mind her size," said Eugénie, softly, "if only the complexion were better done."

Lord Findon laughed.

"Paint is on the increase," he declared; "and gambling too. Villeton tells me there was baccarat in the Marneys' apartment last night, and Lady Marney lost enormously. Age seems to have no effect on these people. She must be nearly seventy-five."

"You may be sure she'll play till the last trump," said Eugénie. "Papa,"—her tone changed,—"*is that Elsie's chair?*"

The group to which she pointed was still distant, but Lord Findon, even at seventy, had the eyes of an eagle, and could read an *affiche* a mile off. •

"It is." Lord Findon looked a little disturbed, and, turning, he scanned the terrace up and down before he bent toward Eugénie.

"You know, darling, it's an awkward business about these two men. I don't believe Arthur's patience will hold out."

"Oh, yes, it will, papa. For our sakes, Arthur would keep the peace."

"If the other will let him! I used to think, Eugénie, you had tamed the bear; but upon my soul!—" Lord Findon threw up his hands in protest.

"He's in low spirits, papa. It will be better soon," said Eugénie, softly, and as she spoke she rose and went down the steps to meet the Welbys.

Lord Findon followed her, tormented by a queer, unwelcome thought. Was it possible that Eugénie was now, with her widowhood, beginning to take a more than friendly interest in that strange fellow, Fenwick? If so, *he* would be tolerably punished for his meddling of long ago! To have snatched her from Arthur, in order to hand her to John Fenwick! Lord Findon crimsoned hotly at the notion, all his pride of race and caste up in arms.

Of course she ought now to marry. He wished to see her, before he died, the wife of some good fellow, and the mistress of a great house. Why not? Eugénie's distinctions of person and family—leaving her fortune, which was considerable, out of count—were equal to any fate. "It's all very well to despise such things, but we have to keep up the traditions," he said to himself, testily.

And in spite of her thirty-seven years, a suitable bridegroom would not be at all hard to find. Lord Findon had perceived that in Egypt, where they had spent the winter and early spring. Several of the most distinguished men then in Cairo had been her devoted slaves, ill as she was and at half-power. Alderney, almost certain to be the next Viceroy of India, one of the most charming of widowers, with an only daughter,—it had been plain both to Lord Findon and his stupid wife that Eugénie had made a deep impression upon a man no less romantic than fastidious. Eugénie had but to lift her hand, and he would have followed them to Syria. On the contrary, she had taken special pains to prevent it. And General F——, and that clever fellow X——, who was now reorganizing Egyptian finance, and several more,—they were all under the spell.

But Eugénie had this quixotic liking for the "intellectuals" of a particular sort,

for artists and poets, and people in difficulties generally. Well, he had it himself, he reflected, frowning, as he strolled after her; but there were limits. Marriage was a thing apart; in that quarter, at any rate, it was no good supposing you could escape from the rules of the game.

Not that the rules always led you right—witness De Pastourelles and his villainies. But matrimonial anarchy was not to be justified, any more than social anarchy, by the failures and drawbacks of arrangements which were, on the whole, for people's good. *Passé encore!*—if Fenwick had only fulfilled the promise of his youth!—were at least a successful artist, instead of promising to become a quarrelsome failure!

Now if Arthur himself were free! Supposing this poor girl were to succumb?—what then?

At this point Lord Findon checked himself roughly, and a minute afterward was shaking Welby by the hand and stooping with an old man's courtesy over the invalid carriage in which Mrs. Welby lay reclined.

Euphrosyne, indeed, had shed her laughter! A face with sunken eyes and drawn lips, and with that perpetual suspicious furrow in the brow, which meant a terror lest any movement or jar should let loose the enemy, pain; an emaciated body, from which all the soft moldings of youth had departed; a frail hand, lying in mute appeal on the shawl with which she was covered,—this was now Elsie Welby, whose beauty in the first years of her marriage had been one of the adornments of London.

Eugénie was bending over her, and Mrs. Welby was pettishly answering.

"It's so stiff and formal. I don't admire this kind of thing. And there isn't a bit of shade on this terrace. I think it's ugly!"

Welby laid a hand on hers, smiling.

"But to-day, Bébe, you like the sun?—in October?"

Mrs. Welby was very decidedly of opinion that even in October there was a glare, and in August—she shuddered to think of it! It was so tiresome, too, to have missed the *Grandes Eaux*. So like French red tape, to insist on stopping them on a particular date. Why should they be stopped? As to expense, that was non-

sense. How could water cost anything! It was because the French were so *doctinaire*, so tyrannical, so fond of managing for managing's sake.

So the pettish voice rambled on, the others tenderly and sadly listening, till presently Lord Findon shook his gaunt shoulders.

"Upon my word, it begins to get cold. With your leave, Elsie, I could do with a little more sun. Arthur, shall we take a brisk walk round the canal before tea?"

Welby looked anxiously at his wife. She had closed her eyes, and her pale lips, tightly shut, made no movement.

"I think I promised Elsie to stay with her," he said uncertainly.

"Let *me* stay with Elsie, please," said Eugénie.

The blue eyes unclosed.

"Don't be more than an hour, Arthur," said the young wife, ungraciously. "You know I asked Mrs. Westmacott to tea."

The gentlemen walked off, and a sharp sensation impressed upon Madame de Pastourelles that Arthur was allowed to go with Lord Findon only because *she* was not of the party.

A sudden color rose into her cheeks. For the hour that followed she devoted herself to her cousin. But Mrs. Welby was difficult and querulous. Among other complaints she expressed herself bitterly as to the appearance of Mr. Fenwick at Versailles. Arthur had been so taken aback—Mr. Fenwick was always so atrociously rude to him! Arthur would never have come to Versailles had he known; but of course, as Uncle Findon and Eugénie liked Mr. Fenwick,—as he was their friend,—Arthur could n't now avoid meeting him. It was extremely disagreeable.

"I think they need n't meet very much," said Eugénie, soothingly; "and papa and I will do our best to keep Mr. Fenwick in order."

"I wonder why he came," said Elsie, fretfully.

"He has some work to do for the production of this play on Marie Antoinette. And I suppose he wanted to meet us. You see, we did n't know about Arthur."

"I can't think why you like him so much."

"He is an old friend, my dear, and just now very unhappy and out of spirits."

"All his own fault, Arthur says. He had the ball at his feet."

"I know," said Eugénie, smiling sadly. "That's the tragedy of it!"

There was silence. Mrs. Welby still observed her companion. A variety of expressions, all irritable or hostile, passed through the large, languid eyes.

The afternoon faded; on the blue surface of the distant "canal," the great poplars that stand sentinel at the western edge of the park, one to right, and one to left, last *gardes-du-corps* of the House of France, threw long shadows on the water; and across the opening which they marked, drifted the smoke of burning weeds, the only but sufficient symbol, amid the splendid scene, of that peasant France which destroyed Versailles. It was four o'clock, and to their left, as they sat sheltered on the southern side of the château, the visitors of the day were pouring out into the gardens. The shutters of the lower rooms, in the apartments of the dauphin and of mesdames, were being closed, one by one, by the *gardiens* within. Eugénie peered through the window beside her. She saw before her a long vista of darkened and solitary rooms, dim portraits of the marshals of France—for the alterations of M. de Nolhac were not yet made—just visible on their walls. Suddenly, under a gleam of light from a shutter not yet fastened, there shone out amid the shadows a bust of Louis Seize! The Bourbon face, with its receding brow, its heavy, good-natured lips, its smiling incapacity, held—dominated—the palace.

Eugénie watched, holding her breath. Slowly the light died, the marble withdrew into the dark, and Louis Seize was once more with the ghosts.

Eugénie's fancy pursued him. She thought of the night of the 20th of January, 1793, when Madame Royale, in the darkness of the Temple, heard her mother turning miserably on her bed, sleepless with grief and cold, waiting for that last rendezvous of seven o'clock which the King had promised her,—waiting—waiting—till the great bell of Notre Dame told her that Louis had passed to another meeting, more urgent, more peremptory still.

"Oh, poor soul!—poor soul!" she said aloud, pressing her hands on her eyes.

"What on earth do you mean!" said

Mrs. Welby's voice beside her, startled, stiff, a little suspicious.

Eugénie looked up and blushed.

"I beg your pardon! I was thinking of Marie Antoinette."

"I'm so tired of Marie Antoinette!" said the invalid, raising a petulant hand and letting it fall again, inert. "All the silly memorials of her they sell here—and the sentimental talk about her! Arthur, of course, now—with his picture—thinks of nothing else."

"Naturally!"

"I don't know. People are bored with Marie Antoinette. I wish he'd taken another subject. And as to her beauty—how could she have been beautiful with those staring eyes and that lower lip! I say so to Arthur, and he raves, and quotes Horace Walpole and all sorts of people. But one can see for one's self. People are much prettier now than they ever were then! We should think nothing of their beauties."

And the delicate lips of this once lovely child, this flower withered before its time, made a cold gesture of contempt.

In Eugénie's eyes, as they rested upon her companion; there was a flash—was it of horror?

Was she jealous even of the dead women whom Arthur painted, no less than of his living friends?

Eugénie came close to her, took the irresponsible hand in hers, tucked the shawls closer round the wasted limbs, bent over her, chatting and caressing. Then, as the sun began to drop quickly, Madame de Pastourelles rose and went to the corner of the château to see if the gentlemen were in sight. But in less than a minute Mrs. Welby called her back.

"I must go in now," she said fretfully. "This place is really *too* cold!"

"She won't let me go to meet them," thought Eugénie, involuntarily,—sharply reproaching herself, a moment afterward, for the mere thought.

But when Elsie had been safely escorted home, Eugénie slipped back through the darkening streets, taking good care that her path should not lead her across her father and Arthur Welby.

She fled toward the western flight of the Hundred Steps, and ran down the vast staircase toward the Orangerie and the still shining lake beyond, girdled with va-

porous woods. A majesty of space and light inwrapped her, penetrated, as everywhere at Versailles, with memory, with the bitterness and the glory of human things. In the distance the voices of the children still playing beside their nurses on the upper terrace died away. Close by, a white Artemis on her pedestal bent forward, eager, her gleaming bow in air, watching, as it were, the arrow she had just sped toward the windows of Madame de Pompadour; and beside her, a nymph, daughter of gods, turned to the palace with a free, startled movement, shading her eyes that she might gaze the more intently on that tattered tricolor which floats above the palace of "Le Roi Soleil."

"Oh, poor Arthur—poor Arthur! And I did it!—I did it!"

It was the cry of Eugénie's inmost life.

And before she knew, she found herself enveloped in memories that rolled in upon her like waves of storm. How long it had been before she would allow herself to see anything amiss with this marriage she had herself made! And indeed it was only since Elsie's illness that things dimly visible before had sprung into that sharp and piteous relief in which they stood to-day. Before it, indications, waywardnesses, the faults of a young and petted wife. But since the physical collapse, the inner motives and passions had stood up bare and black, like the ribs of a wrecked ship from the sand. And as Eugénie had been gradually forced to understand them, they had worked upon her own mind as a silent, yet ever-growing accusation, against which she defended herself in vain.

Surely, surely she had done no wrong! To have allowed Arthur to go on binding his life ever more and more closely to hers would have been a crime. What could she give him that such a nature most deeply needed? Home, wifely love, and children,—it was to these dear, inwrapping powers she had committed him in what she had done. She had feared for herself, indeed. But is it a sin to fear sin—the declension of one's own best will, the staining of one's purest feeling?

On her part, she could proudly answer for herself. Never, since Welby's marriage, either in thought or act, had she given Arthur's wife the smallest just cause of offense. Eugénie's was often an anxious and a troubled conscience; but not

here, not in this respect. She knew herself true.

But from Elsie's point of view? Had she, in truth, sacrificed an ignorant child to her impetuous wish for Arthur's happiness, a too scrupulous care for her own peace? How "sacrifice"? She had given the child her heart's desire. Arthur was not in love; but Elsie Bligh would have accepted him as a husband on any terms. Tenderly, in good faith, trusting to the girl's beauty and Arthur's rich and loving nature, Eugénie had joined their hands.

Was that in reality her offense? In spite of all the delicacy with which it had been done, had the girl's passion guessed the truth? And having guessed it, had she then failed—and failed consciously—to make the gift her own?

Eugénie had watched, often with a sinking spirit, the development of a nature masked by youth and happiness, but essentially narrow and poor, full of mean ambitions and small antipathies. Arthur had played his part bravely, with all the chivalry and the conscience that might have been expected of him. And there had been moments, intervals, of apparent happiness, when Eugénie's own conscience had been laid to sleep.

Was there anything she might have done for those two people that she had not done? And Elsie had seemed—she sadly remembered—to love her, to trust her, till this tragic breakdown. Indeed, so long as she could dress, dance, dine, and chatter as much as she pleased, with her husband in constant attendance, Mrs. Welby had shown no open discontent with her lot; and if her caresses often hurt Eugénie more than they pleased, there had been no outward dearth of them.

Alack! Eugénie's heart was wrung with pity for the young maimed creature; but the peevish image of the wife was swept away by the more truly tragic image of the husband. Eugénie might try to persuade herself of the possibility of Elsie's recovery; her real instinct denied it. Yet life was not necessarily threatened, it seemed, though certain fatal accidents might end it in a week. The omens pointed to a long and fluctuating case, to years of hopeless nursing for Arthur, and complaining misery for his wife.

Years! Eugénie sat down in a corner of the Orangerie garden, locking her

hands together in a miserable pity for Arthur. She knew well what a shining pinnacle of success and fame Welby occupied in the eyes of the world; she knew how envious were the lesser men—such a man as John Fenwick, for instance—of a reputation and a success they thought overdone and undeserved. But Arthur himself! She seemed to be looking into his face, graveh on the dusk, the face of a man tragically silent, patient, eternally disappointed; of an artist conscious of ideals and discontents, loftier, more poignant far than his fellows will ever know; of a poet, alone at heart, forbidden to "speak out," blighted, and in pain.

"Arthur—Arthur!" She leant her head against the pedestal of a marble vase, wrestling with herself.

Then, quick as fire, there flew through her veins the alternate possibility—Elsie's death, freedom for herself and Arthur, the power to retrace her own quixotic, fatal step. . . .

Madame de Pastourelles rose to her feet, rigid and straight in her black dress, wrestling as though with an attacking Apollyon. She seemed to herself a murderess in thought, the lowest and vilest of human beings. In an anguish she looked through the darkness, in a wild appeal to Heaven to save her from herself—this new self, unknown to her!—to shut down and trample on this mutiny of a sinful and selfish heart—to make it impossible—*impossible!*—that ever again, even without her will, against her will, a thought so hideous, so incredible, should enter and defile her mind. It was the intolerable recoil of a lofty and beautiful soul.

She walked on blindly toward the water and the woods. Her eyes were full of tears, which she could not stop. Unconsciously, to hide them, she threw round her head a black-lace scarf she had brought out with her against the evening chill, and drew it close round her face.

"How late you are!" said a joyous voice beside her.

She looked up. Fenwick, emerging from the wood toward the shelter of which she was hurrying, stood before her, bare-headed, as he often walked, his eyes unable to hide the pleasure with which he beheld her.

She gave a little gasp.

"You startled me!"

In the dim light he could only see her slight, fluttering smile, and it seemed to him that she was or had been in agitation. But at least it was nothing hostile to himself; nay, it was borne in upon him, as he turned his steps, and she walked beside him with a quick yet gradually subsiding breath, that his appearance had been a relief to her, that she was glad of his companionship.

And he—miserable fellow!—to him it was peace after struggle, balm after torment. For his thoughts, as he wandered through the Satory woods alone, had been the thoughts of a hypochondriac. He hastened to leave them, now that she was near.

They wandered along the eastern edge of the "Swiss Water," toward the woods amid which the railway runs. Through the gold and purple air the thin autumn trees rose lightly into the evening sky, marching in ordered ranks beside the water. Young men were fishing in the lake, boys and children were playing near it, and sweethearts walking in the dank grass. The evening peace, with its note of decay and death, seemed to stir feeling rather than soothe it. It set the nerves trembling.

He began to talk of some pictures he had been studying in the palace that day, —Nattiers, Rigauds, Drouais,—examples of that happy, sensuous, confident art produced by a society that knew no doubts of itself, which not to have enjoyed—so the survivors of it thought—was to be forever ignorant of what the charm of life might be.

Fenwick spoke of it with envy and astonishment. The *pleasure* of it had penetrated him, its gay, perpetual *féta*, as compared with the strain of thought and conscience under which the modern lives.

"It gives me a perfect hunger for fine clothes, and jewels, and masquerades, and *fêtes de nuit*, and every sort of theatricality and expense! Nature has sent us starvelings on the scene a hundred years late. We are like children in the rain, flattening our noses against a ballroom window."

"There were plenty of them then," said Eugénie. "But they broke in and sacked the ballroom."

"Yes. What folly!" he said, bitterly. "We are all still groping among the ruins."

"No, no! Build a new Palace of Beauty, and bring everybody in—out of the rain."

"Ridiculous!" he declared, with sparkling eyes. Art and pleasure were only for the few. Try and spread them, make current coin of them, and they vanished like fairy gold.

"So only the artist may be happy?"

"The artist is never happy!" he said roughly. "But the few people who appreciate him and rob him enjoy themselves. By the way, I took one of your ideas this morning, and made a sketch of it. I have n't noted a composition of any sort for weeks—except for this beastly play. It came to me while we talked."

"Ah!" Her face, turned to him, received the news with a shrinking pleasure.

He developed his idea before her, drawing it on the air with his stick, or on the sand of the alleys where the arching trees overhead seemed still to hold a golden twilight captive. The picture was to represent that fine metal-worker of the *ancien régime* who, when the Revolution came, took his ragged children with him and went to the palace which contained his work,—work for which he had never been paid,—and hammered it to pieces.

Fenwick talked himself at last into something like enthusiasm; and Eugénie listened to him with a pitiful eagerness, only anxious to lead him on, to put this friendship, and the pure sympathy and compassion of her feeling for him, between her and the ugly memory which hovered round her like a demon thing. These dreams of the intellect and of art, as they gradually rose and took shape between them, were so infinitely welcome! Clean, blameless, strengthening, they put the ghosts to flight, they gave her back herself.

"Oh, you must paint it!" she said,—
"you must."

He stopped, and walked on abruptly. Then she pressed him to promise her a time and date. It must be ready for a new gallery and a distinguished exhibition just about to open.

He shook his head.

"I probably sha'n't care about it to-morrow."

She protested.

"Just now you were so keen!"

He hesitated, then blurted out: "Be-

cause I was talking to you! When you're not there—I know very well—I shall fall back to where I was before."

She tried to laugh at him for a too dependent friend, who must always be fed on sugar-plums of praise; but the silence with which he met her checked her. It was too full of emotion, and she ran away from it.

She ran, however, in vain. They reached the end of the lake, and went to look at the 'moldering statue of Louis Quatorze at its further end,—fantastic work of the great Bernini,—Louis on a vast, curly-maned beast, with flames bursting round him,—flung out into the wilderness and the woods, because Louis, after adding the flames to Bernini's composition, finally pronounced the statue unworthy of himself and of the sacred inclosure of the park. So here, on the outer edge of Versailles, the crumbling failure rises, in exile to this day, without so much as a railing to protect it from the scribbling tourist who writes his name all over it. In the realm of art, it seemed, the King's writ still ran and the King's doom stood.

Fenwick's rhetorical sense was touched by the statue and its history. He examined it, talking fast and well, Eugénie meanwhile winning from him all he had to give, by the simplest words and looks,—he the reed, and she the player. His mind, his fancy, worked easily once more, under the stimulus of her presence. His despondency began to give way. He believed in himself—felt himself an artist—again. The relief, physical and mental, was too tempting. He flung himself upon it with reckless desire, incapable of denying himself or of counting the cost. And, meanwhile, the effect of her black scarf, loosened and eddying round her head and face in the soft night wind, defining their small oval and the beauty of the brow, enchanted his painter's eye. There was a moment, just as they reëntered the park, when, as she stood looking at a moon-touched vista before them, the floating scarf suddenly recalled to him the outline of that lovely hood in which Romney framed the radiant head of Lady Hamilton as "The Sempstress."

The recollection startled him. Romney! Involuntarily there flashed across him Phœbe's use of the Romney story—her fierce comments on the deserted wife, the

lovely mistress. Perhaps, while she stood looking at the portrait in his studio, she was thinking of Lady Hamilton, and all sorts of other ludicrous and shameful things!

And *this*, all the while, was the reality—this pure, ethereal being, in whose presence he was already a better and a more hopeful man, who seemed to bring a fellow comfort, and moral renewal, in the mere touch of her kind hand.

The shock of inner debate still further weakened his self-control. He slipped, hardly knowing how or why, into a far more intimate confession of himself than he had yet made to her. In the morning he had given her the *outer* history of his life during the year of her absence. But this was the inner history of a man's weakness and failure—of his quarrels and hatreds, his baffled ambitions and ideals. She put it together as best she could from his hurried, excited talk,—from stories half told, fierce charges against "charlatans" and "intriguers," mingled with half-serious, half-comic returns upon himself, attacks on all the world, alternating with a ruthless self-analysis,—the talk of a man who challenges society one moment with an angry "*J'accuse!*"—and sees himself the next—sardonically—as the chief obstacle in his own way.

Then suddenly a note of intense loneliness—anguish—inexplicable despair. Eugénie could not stop it, could not withdraw herself. There was a strange feeling that it brought her the answer to her prayer.

They hurried on through the lower walks of the park, plunging now through tunneled depths of shade, and now emerging into spaces where sunset and moonrise rained a mingled influence on glimmering water, on the dim, upturned faces of Ceres or Flora, or the limbs of flower-crowned nymphs and mermaids. It seemed impossible to turn homeward, to break off their conversation. When they reached the Bassin de Neptune they left the park, turning down the Trianon Avenue in the growing dark, till they saw to their right, behind its iron gates, the gleaming façade of the Petit Trianon; woods all about them, and to their left, again, the shimmer of wide water. Meanwhile the dying leaves, driven by the evening wind, descended on them in a soft and ceaseless

shower; the woods, so significant and human in their planned and formal beauty, brought their "visionary majesties" of moonlight and of gloom to bear on nerve and sense, turned all that was said and all that was felt, beneath their spell, to poetry.

Suddenly, at the Trianon gate, Eugénie stopped.

"I'm very tired," she said faintly. "I am afraid we must go back."

Fenwick denounced himself for a selfish brute, and they turned homeward. But it was not physical fatigue she felt. It was rather the burden of a soul thrown headlong upon hers, the sudden appeal of a task which seemed to be given her by God, for the bridling of her own heart and the comforting and restoring of John Fenwick. From all the conflicting emotion of an evening which changed her life, what remained—or seemed to remain—was a missionary call of duty and affection. "Save him!—and master thyself!"

So, yet again, poor Eugénie slipped into the snare which Fate had set for one who was only too much a woman.

The Rue des Réservoirs was very empty as Fenwick and Madame de Pastourelles mounted the paved slope leading toward the hotel. The street lamps were neither many nor bright, but from the glazed gallery of the restaurant a broad cheerful illumination streamed upon the passers-by. They stepped within its bounds. And at the moment a woman who had just crossed to the opposite side of the street stopped abruptly to look at them. They paused a few minutes in the entrance, still chatting; the woman opposite made a movement as though to recross the street, then shook her head, laughed, and walked away. Fenwick went into the restaurant, and Eugénie hurried through the courtyard to the door of the Findons' apartment.

But in her reflections of the night, Eugénie came to the conclusion that the situation, as it then stood at Versailles, was not one to be prolonged.

Next day she proposed to her father and sister a change of plan. On the whole, she said, she was anxious to get back to London; the holiday was overspreading its due limits, and she urged pressing on and home. Lord Findon was puzzled, but submissive; the bookish sister, Theresa,

now a woman of thirty, welcomed anything that would bring her back to the London Library and the British Museum. But suddenly, just as the maids had been warned, and Lord Findon's man had been set to look out trains, his master caught a chill, going obstinately, and in a mocking spirit, to see what "Faust" might be like as given at the municipal theater of Versailles. There was fever, and a touch of bronchitis; nothing serious; but the doctor who had been summoned from Paris would not hear of traveling. Lord Findon hoarsely preached "chewing" to him through the greater part of his visits; he revenged himself by keeping a tight hold on his patient in all that was not his tongue. Eugénie yielded with what appeared to Theresa a strange amount of reluctance, and they settled down for a week or two.

In the middle of the convalescence, the elder son Marmaduke came over to see his father. He was a talkative Evangelical, like his mother; a partner in the brewery owned by his mother's kindred; and recently married to a Lady Louisa.

After spending three days at the hotel, he suddenly said to Lord Findon, as he was mounting guard one night, while Eugénie wrote some letters:

"I say, pater, do you want Eugénie to marry that fellow Fenwick?"

Lord Findon turned uneasily in his bed.

"What makes you say that?"

"Well, he's dreadfully gone on her—never happy except when she's there; and she—well, she encourages him a good bit, father."

"You don't understand, Marmie. You see, you don't care for books and pictures; Eugénie does."

"I suppose she does," said Marmaduke, doubtfully; "but she would n't care so much if Fenwick was n't there to talk about them."

"His talk is admirable!" said Lord Findon.

"I dare say it is, but he is n't my sister's equal," replied the son, with stolidity.

"A good artist is anybody's equal!" cried Lord Findon, much heated.

"You don't really think it, papa," said Marmaduke, firmly. "Shall I give Eugénie a talking to—as you're not in a condition?"

Lord Findon laughed, though not gaily. "You 'd better try! Or rather, I don't advise you to try!"

Marmaduke, however, did try,—with the only result that Eugénie soon grew a little vexed and tremulous, and begged him to go home. He might be a master of brewing finance, and a dear, kind, well-meaning brother, but he really did not understand his sister's affairs.

Marmaduke went home, much puzzled, urgently commanding Theresa to write to him, and announcing to Arthur Welby, who listened silently as he talked, that if Fenwick did propose he should think it a damned impertinence.

Lord Findon meanwhile held his peace. Every day Eugénie came in from her walk with Fenwick to sit with or read to her father. She always spoke of what she had been doing, quite naturally and simply, describing their walk and their conversation, giving the news of Fenwick's work, bringing his sketches to show. Lord Findon would lie and listen, a little suspicious and ill at ease, sometimes a little sulky. But he let his illness and his voicelessness excuse him from grappling with her. She must, of course, please herself. If she chose, as she seemed about to choose,—why, they must all make the best of it! Marmaduke might talk as he liked. Naturally, Arthur kept away from them. Poor Arthur! But what a darling she looked in her black, with this fresh touch of color in her pale cheeks!

The Welbys certainly had but little to do with the party at the Réservoirs. Welby seemed to be absorbed in his new picture, and Mrs. Welby let it be plainly understood that at home Arthur was too busy, and she too ill, to receive visitors; while out of doors they neither of them wished to be thrown across Mr. Fenwick.

Every evening, after taking his wife home, Welby went out by himself for a solitary walk. He avoided the park and the woods; chose rather the St. Cyr road or the Avenue de Paris. He walked, wrapped—a little too picturesquely, perhaps—in an old Campagna cloak, relic of his years in Rome, with a fine collie for his companion. Once or twice in the distance he caught sight of Eugénie and Fenwick, only to turn down a side street—out of their way.

His thoughts meanwhile, day by day,

—his silent, thronging thoughts,—dealt with his own life—and theirs. Would she venture it? He discussed it calmly with himself. It presented itself to him as an act altogether unworthy of her. What hurt him most, however, at these times was the occasional sudden memory of Eugénie's face trembling with pain under some slight or unkindness shown her by his wife.

ONE day Welby was sitting beside his wife on the sheltered side of the Terrace, when Eugénie and Fenwick came in sight, emerging from the Hundred Steps. Suddenly Welby bent over his wife.

"Elsie!—have *you* noticed anything?"

"Noticed what?"

He motioned toward the distant figures. His gesture was a little dry and hostile.

Elsie in amazement raised herself painfully on her elbow to look.

"Eugénie!" she said breathlessly—"Eugénie—and Mr. Fenwick!"

Arthur Welby watched the transformation in her face. It was the first time he had seen her look happy for months.

"What an *excellent* thing!" she cried, all flushed and vehement. "Arthur! you know you said how lonely she must be!"

"Is he worthy of her?" he said slowly, finding his words with difficulty.

"Well, of course *we* don't like him!—but then Uncle Findon does. And if he did n't, it 's Eugénie that matters, is n't it?—only Eugénie! At her age, you can't be choosing her husband for her! Well, I never, never thought—Eugénie 's so close!—she 'd make up her mind to marry anybody!"

And she rattled on, in so much excitement that Welby hastily and urgently impressed discretion upon her.

But when she and Eugénie next met, Eugénie was astonished by her gaiety and good temper, her air of smiling mystery. Madame de Pastourelles hoped it meant real physical improvement, and would have liked to talk of it to Arthur. But all talk between them grew rarer and more difficult. Thus Eugénie's walks with Fenwick through the enchanted lands that surround Versailles became daily more significant, more watched. Lord Findon groaned in his sick-room, but still restrained himself.

It was a day—or rather a night—of late October, a wet and windy night, when the autumn leaves were coming down in swirling hosts on the lawns and paths of Trianon.

Fenwick was hard at work in the small apartment which he occupied on the third floor of the *Hôtel des Réservoirs*. It consisted of a sitting-room and two bedrooms looking on an inner *cour*. One of the bedrooms he had turned into a sort of studio. It was now full of drawings and designs for the sumptuous London "production" on which he was engaged—rooms at Versailles and Trianon, views in the Trianon gardens, fragments of decoration, designs for stage grouping, for the reproduction of one of the famous *fêtes de nuit* in the gardens of the "Hameau"—studies of costume, even.

His proud ambition hated the work; he thought it unworthy of him; only his poverty had consented. But he kept it out of sight of his companions as much as he could, and worked as much as possible at night.

And here and there, among the rest, were the sketches and fragments—often the grandiose fragments—which represented his "buried life," the life which only Eugénie de Pastourelles seemed now to have the power to evoke. When some hours of other work had weakened the impulse received from her, he would look at these things sadly and put them aside.

To-night, as he drew, he was thinking incessantly of Eugénie—pierced often by intolerable remorse. But whose fault was it? Will you ask a man perishing of need to put its satisfaction from him? The tests of life are too hard. The plain, selfish man must always fail under them. Why act and speak as though he were responsible for what Nature and the flesh impose?

But how was it all to end?—that was what tormented him. His conscience shrank from the half-perceived villainies before him; but his will failed him. What was the use of talking? He was the slave of an impulse, which was not passion, which had none of the excuse of passion, but represented rather the blind search of a man who, like a child in the dark, recoils in reckless terror from loneliness and the phantoms of his own mind.

Eleven o'clock struck. He was busying

himself with a cardboard model, on which he had been trying the effect of certain arrangements, when he heard a knock at his door.

"*Entrez!*" he said in astonishment. At this season of the year the hotel kept early hours, and there was not a light to be seen in the *cour*.

The door opened. On the threshold stood Arthur Welby. Fenwick gazed at him open-mouthed.

"You?—you came to see me?"

He advanced—head foremost—hand outstretched.

"I have something important to say to you." Welby took no notice of the hand. "Shall we be undisturbed?"

"I imagine so!" said Fenwick, fiercely retreating; "but, as you see, I am extremely busy!" He pointed to the room and its contents.

"I am sorry to interrupt you,"—Welby's voice was carefully controlled,—"but I think you will admit that I had good reason to come and find you." He looked round to see that the door was shut, then advanced a step nearer. "You are, I think, acquainted with that lady?"

He handed Fenwick a card. Fenwick took it to the light. On it was lithographed, "Miss Isabel Morrison"; and a written address, "Corso de Madrid, Buenos Ayres," had been lightly scratched out in one corner.

Fenwick put down the card.

"Well," he said sharply—"and if I am—what then?"

Welby began to speak, paused, and cleared his throat. He was standing with one hand lightly resting on the table, his eyes fixed on Fenwick. There was a moment of shock, of mutual defiance.

"This lady seems to have observed the movements of our party here," said Welby, commanding himself. "She followed my wife and me to-day, after we met you in the park. She spoke to us. She gave us the astonishing news that you were a married man—that your wife—"

Fenwick rushed forward and gripped the speaker's arm.

"My God! Tell me!—is she alive?"

His eyes starting out of his head—his crimson face—his anguish, seemed to affect the other with indescribable repulsion. Welby wrenched himself free.

"That was what Miss Morrison wished

to ask *you*. She says that when you and she last met you were not on very good terms; she shrank, therefore, from addressing you. But she had a respect for your wife; she wished to know what had become of her, and her curiosity impelled her to speak to us. She seems to have been in Buenos Ayres for many years. This year she returned—as governess—with the family of a French engineer who have taken an apartment in Versailles. She first saw you in the street nearly a month ago."

Fenwick had dropped into a chair, his face in his hands. As Welby ceased speaking, he looked up.

"And she said nothing about my wife's whereabouts?"

"Nothing. She knows nothing."

"Nor of why she left me?"

Welby hesitated.

"Miss Morrison seems to have her own ideas as to that."

"Where is she?" Fenwick rose hurriedly.

"Rue des Ecuries, 27. Naturally, you can't see her to-night."

"No," said Fenwick, sitting down again, like a man in a dream—"no. Did she say anything else?"

"She mentioned something about a debt you owed her," said Welby, coldly—"some matter that she had only just discovered. I had no concern with that."

Fenwick's face, which had become deathly pale, was suddenly overspread with a rush of crimson. More almost than by the revelation of his long deception as to his wife was he humiliated and tortured by these words relating to his debt to Morrison on Welby's lips. This successful rival, this fine gentleman!—admitted to his sordid affairs.

He rose uncertainly, pulling himself passionately together.

"Now that she has reappeared, I shall pay my debt to Miss Morrison—if it exists," he said haughtily; "she need be in no fear as to that. Well, now then,"—he leant heavily on the mantelpiece, his face still twitching,—"*you* know, Mr. Welby, by this accident, the secret of my life. My wife left me,—for the maddest, emptiest reasons,—and she took our child with her. I did everything I could to discover them. It was all in vain; and if Miss Morrison cannot enlighten me, I

am as much in the dark to-night as I was yesterday whether my wife is *alive*—or dead. Is there anything more to be said?"

"By God, yes!" cried Welby, with a sudden gesture of passion, approaching Fenwick. "There is everything to be said!"

Fenwick was silent. Their eyes met.

"When you first made acquaintance with Lord Findon," said Welby, controlling himself, "you made him—you made all of us—believe that you were an unmarried man?"

"I did. It was the mistake, the awkwardness, of a moment. I had n't your easy manners! I was a raw country fellow, and I had n't the courage, the mere self-possession, to repair it."

"You let Madame de Pastourelles sit to you," said Welby, steadily, "week after week, month after month; you accepted her kindness—you became her friend. Later on, you allowed her to advise you—write to you—talk to you about marrying when your means should be sufficient—without ever allowing her to guess for a moment that you had already a wife and child!"

"That is true," said Fenwick, nodding. "The second false step was the consequence of the first."

"The consequence! You had but to say a word—one honest word! Then, when your conduct, I suppose,—I don't dare to judge you,—had driven your wife away—for twelve years,"—he dragged the words between his teeth,—"*you* masquerade to Madame de Pastourelles; and when her long martyrdom as a wife is at last over, when in the tenderness and compassion of her heart she begins to show you a friendship which—which those who know her"—he labored for breath and words—"can only—presently—interpret in one way—you, who owe her everything—everything!—*you dare* to play with her innocent, her stainless life—you *dare* to let her approach—to let those about her approach—the thought of her marrying you—while all the time you knew—what you know! If there ever was a piece of black cruelty in this world, it is you—*you* that have been guilty of it!"

The form of Arthur Welby, drawn to its utmost height, towered above the man he accused. Fenwick sat, struck dumb. Welby's increasing stoop, which of late had marred his natural dignity of gait;

the slight touches of affectation, of the *petit-maitre*, which were now often perceptible; the occasional note of littleness, or malice, such as his youth had never known,—all these defects, physical and moral, had been burnt out of the man, as he spoke these words, by the flame of his only, his inextinguishable passion. For his dear mistress—in the purest, loftiest sense of that word—he stood champion, denouncing with all his soul the liar who had deceived and endangered her; a stern, unconscious majesty expressed itself in his bearing, his voice; and the man before him, artist and poet like himself, was sensible of it in the highest, the most torturing degree.

Fenwick turned away. He stooped mechanically to the fire, put it together, lifted a log lying in front of it, laid it carefully on the others. Then he looked at Welby, who on his side had walked to the window and opened it, as though the room suffocated him.

"Everything that you say is just," said Fenwick, slowly. "I have no answer to make—except that— No!—I have no answer to make."

He paced once or twice up and down the length of the room, slowly, thoughtfully; then he resumed:

"I shall write to Madame de Pastourelles to-night, and by the first train to-morrow, as soon as these things"—he looked round him—"can be gathered together, I shall be gone!"

Welby moved sharply, showing a face still drawn and furrowed with emotion. "No! she will want to see you."

Fenwick's composure broke down. "I had better not see her," he said—"I had better not see her!"

"You will bear that for her," said Welby, quietly. "The more completely you can enlighten her, the better for us all."

Fenwick's lips moved, but without speaking. Welby's ignorance of the whole truth oppressed him; yet he could make no effort to remove it.

Welby came back toward him.

"There is no reason, I think, why we should carry this conversation further. I will let Miss Morrison know that I have communicated with you."

"No need," said Fenwick, interrupting him. "I shall see her first thing in the morning—"

"And," resumed Welby, lifting a book and letting it fall uncertainly, "if there is anything I can do—with Lord Findon—for instance—"

Fenwick had a movement of impatience. He felt his endurance giving way.

"There is nothing to do!—except to tell the truth—and to as few people as possible!"

Welby winced. Was the reference to his wife?

"I agree with you—of course."

He paused a moment, irresolute, wondering whether he had said all he had to say. Then, involuntarily, his eyes rested questioningly, piercingly on the man beside him. They seemed to express the marvel of his whole being that such an offense could ever be,—they tried to penetrate a character, a psychology, which in truth baffled them altogether.

He moved to the door, and Fenwick opened it.

As his visitor walked away, Fenwick stood motionless, listening to the retreating step, which echoed in the silence of the vast, empty hotel, once the house of Madame de Pompadour.

He looked at his watch. Past midnight. By about three o'clock, in the midst of a wild autumnal storm, he had finished his letter to Madame de Pastourelles, and he fell asleep at his table, worn out, his head on his arms.

BEFORE ten on the following morning Fenwick had seen Bella Morrison. A woman appeared—the caricature of something he had once known, the high cheekbones of his early picture touched with rouge, little curls of black hair plastered on her temples, with a mincing gait, and a manner now giggling and now rude. She was extremely sorry if she had put him out,—really, particularly sorry! She would n't have done so for the world; but her curiosity got the better of her. Also, she confessed, she had wished to see whether Mr. Fenwick would acknowledge his debt to her. It was only lately that she had come across a statement of it among her father's papers. It was funny he should have forgotten it so long; but there—she was n't going to be nasty. As to poor Mrs. Fenwick—no, of course she knew nothing. She had inquired of some friends in the North, and they also knew

nothing. They had only heard that husband and wife could n't hit it off, and that Mrs. Fenwick had gone abroad. It was a pity, but a body might have expected it, might n't they?

The crude conceit and violence of her girlhood had given place, under the pressure of a hard life, to something venomous and servile. She never mentioned her visit to Phœbe; but her eyes seemed to mock her visitor all the time. Fenwick cut the interview short as soon as he could, hastily paid her a hundred pounds, though it left him overdrawn and almost penniless, and then rushed back to his hotel to see what might be waiting for him.

An envelop was lying on his table. It cost him a great effort to open it.

I have received your letter. There is nothing to say, except that I must see you. I wish to keep what you have told me from my father—for the present, at any rate. There would be no possibility for our talking here. We have only one sitting-room, and my sister is there all the time. I will be at the Bosquet d'Apollon by 11.30.

Only that! He stared at the delicate, almost invisible writing. The moment he had dreaded for twelve years had arrived; and the world still went on, and quiet notes like that could still be written!

Long before the hour fixed he was in the Bosquet d'Apollon, walking up and down in front of the famous grotto, on whose threshold the white Apollo, just released from the chariot of the Sun, receives the ministrations of the Muses, while his divine horses are being fed and stalled in the hollows of the rock to either side. No stranger fancy than this ever engaged the architects and squandered the finances of the Builder-King. Reared in solid masonry on bare, sandy ground now entirely disguised, the artificial rock that holds the grotto towers to a great height, crowned by ancient trees, weathered by wind and rain, overgrown by leaf and grass, and laved at its base by clear water. All round, the trees stand close, the lawns spread their quiet slopes. On this sparkling autumn morning, a glory of russet, amber, and red begirt the white figures and the gleaming grotto. The immortals, the championing horses, locked behind their grilles lest the tourists should insult them,—all the queer, crumbling romance of the statuary, all the natural beauty of leaf

and water, of the white clouds overhead and their reflections below,—combined to make Fenwick's guilty bewilderment more complete, to turn all life to dream, and all its figures into the puppets of a shadow-play.

A light step on the grass. A shock passed through him. He made a movement, then checked it.

Eugénie paused at some distance from him. In this autumnal moment of the year, and on week-days, scarcely any passing visitor disturbs the quiet of the Bosquet d'Apollon. In its deep dell of trees and grass they were absolutely alone; the sunlight which dappled the white bodies of the Muses, and shone on the upstretched arm of Apollo, seemed the only thing of life beside themselves.

She threw back her veil as she came near him,—her long widow's veil, which to-day she had resumed. Beneath it, framed in it, the face appeared of an ivory rigidity and pallor. The eyes only were wild and living, as she came up to him, clasping her hands, evidently shrinking from him, yet composed.

"There is one thing more I want to know. If I have ever been your friend!—if you have ever felt any kindness for me, tell me—tell me frankly—why did your wife leave you?"

Fenwick's face fell. Had she come so soon to this point—by the sureness of her own instinct?

"There were many troubles between us," he said hoarsely, walking on beside her, his eyes on the grass.

"Was she—was she jealous"—she breathed with difficulty—"of any of your models,—I know that sometimes happens,—or of your sitters—of *me*, for instance?" The last words were scarcely audible; but her gaze enforced them.

"She was jealous of my whole life—away from her. And I was utterly blind and selfish—I ought to have known what was going on—and I had no idea."

"And what happened? I know so little." Her voice, so peremptorily strange, so remote, compelled him. With difficulty he gave an outline of Phœbe's tragic visit to his studio. His letter of the night before had scarcely touched on the details of the actual crisis, had dwelt rather on the months of carelessness and neglect on his own part, which had prepared it.

She interrupted.

"That was she—the mother in the 'Genius Loci'?"

He assented mutely.

She closed her eyes a moment, seeing, in her suffering, the face of the young mother and her child.

"But go on! And you were away? Please, please go on! When was it? It must have been that spring when—"

She put her hand to her head, trying to remember dates.

"It was just before the Academy," he said reluctantly.

"You were out?"

"I had gone to tell Watson and Cunningham the good news." His voice dropped.

Her hands caught each other again.

"It was that day—that very day we came to you?"

He nodded.

"But why—what was it made her do such a thing?—go—forever—without seeing you—without a word? She must have had some desperate reason."

"She had none!" he said with energy.

"But she must have thought she had. Can't—can't you explain it to me any more?"

He was almost at the end of his resistance.

"I told you—how she had resented—my concealment?"

"Yes—yes! But there must have been something more—something sudden—that maddened her?"

He was silent. She grew whiter than before.

"Mr. Fenwick—I—I have much to forgive. There is only one course of action—that can ever—make amends—and that is—an entire—an absolute frankness!"

Her terrible suspicion, her imperious will, had conquered. Anything was better than to deny her, torture her, deceive her afresh.

He looked at her in a horrible indecision. Then, slowly, he put his hand within the breast of his coat. "This is the letter she wrote me. I found it in my room."

And he drew out the crumpled letter from his pocket-book, which he had worn thus almost from the day of Phœbe's disappearance.

Eugénie fell upon it, devoured it. Not

a demur, not a doubt, as to this!—in one so strictly, so tenderly scrupulous. Even at that moment it struck him pitifully. It seemed to give the measure of her pain.

"The picture?" she said, looking up. "I don't understand—you had sent it in."

"Do you remember—asking me about the sketch—and I told you—it had been accidentally spoiled?"

She understood. Her lips trembled. Returning the letter, she sank upon a seat. He saw that her forces were almost failing her. And he dared not say a word or make a movement of sympathy.

For some little time she was silent. Her eyes ranged the green circuit of the hollow,—the water, the reeds, the rock, and that idle god among his handmaidens. Her attitude, her look, expressed a moral agony, how strangely out of place amid this setting! Through her, innocent, unconscious though she were, the young helpless wife had come to grief, a soul had been risked—perhaps lost. Only a nature trained as Eugénie's had been, by suffering and prayer and lofty living, could have felt what she felt and as she felt it.

Fumbling, Fenwick put back the letter in his pocket-book, thrust it again into his coat. Never once did the thought cross Eugénie's mind that he had probably worn it there through these last days, while their relation had grown so intimate, so dear. All recollection of herself had left her. She was possessed with Phœbe. Nothing else found entrance.

At last, after much more questioning, much more difficult or impetuous examination, she rose feebly.

"I think I understand. Now—we have to find her!"

She stood, her hands loosely clasped, her eyes gazing into the sunny vacancy of sky above the rock.

Fenwick advanced a step. He felt that he must speak, must grovel to her, repeat some of the things he had said in his letter. But here, in her presence, all words seemed too crude, too monstrous. His voice died away.

So there was no repetition of the excuses, the cry for pardon, he had spent the night on, and she made no reference to them.

They walked back to the hotel, talking

coldly, precisely, almost as strangers, of what should be done. Fenwick, whose work indeed was finished, would return to England that night. After his departure Madame de Pastourelles would inform her father of what had happened; a famous solicitor, Lord Findon's old friend, was to be consulted; all possible measures

were to be taken once more for Phœbe's discovery.

At the door of the hotel Fenwick raised his hat. Eugénie did not offer her hand; but her sweet face suddenly trembled afresh, before her will could master it. To hide it she turned abruptly away, and the door closed upon her.

(To be continued)



TOPICS OF THE TIME

ATTENTION

THE fact that the mind of man is easily distracted from any subject in contemplation accounts for the slowness of the development of most minds, and for the extreme slowness of the development of the human mind collectively. There are historical periods when general enlightenment seems to have advanced by leaps and bounds; but when one takes cognizance of the tens of thousands of years that man has been at play in the Kindergarten of Creation, one is aware of the very gradual and deliberate character of human progress as a whole; and this deliberateness of growth, and the remains of ignorance and superstition even in minds regarded as educated, come largely from the inability of men to keep their thoughts employed steadfastly on the various objects and problems of matter, mind, and life. The faculty of attention is strikingly lacking in the savage man; it increases as civilization increases, and is a large factor in the advance of civilization and of culture.

When the power of attention is exceptional in the individual, he is set apart from his fellows: he is a genius in the business world, or perhaps a poet, artist, inventor, discoverer, philosopher, reformer, statesman, or conqueror. When the power of attention in a community has been stimulated by one attentive mind, or by a group of attentive minds, the world passes through periods of great mental activity; great reforms take place; there is great

material or intellectual advance; or there are revivals in letters and in the plastic arts.

The supreme object of the teacher is to cultivate attention in his or her charges. When a child has learned how to pay attention, he has learned how to study and to learn. "Object-lessons" are favorite devices for fixing attention. According to the orthodox theologies, religion has been taught to mankind largely through object-lessons, in the form sometimes of "progressive revelations"; and the systems of symbols in all religions may be called simply devices for fixing the wandering attention of souls, for their sustenance and lasting benefit.

We see, year in and year out, the coming and going of beliefs, customs; popular heroes or mere popular pets; best sellers among books; sports, movements, and fads of all kinds, which figure prominently only as long as they are able to claim the attention of large groups or of the entire community. The whole system of business advertising, and the infinite number of publicity departments,—publicity as to all sorts of wares and all manner of causes,—are nothing but means of securing attention; of spreading information, and inducing action through suggestion. As a phenomenon in connection with public awakenings through revelations that bring reforms, we referred lately to the degree of heat, so to speak, required for an explosion of the gases which permeate the ground beneath the social structure. This is only a way of

indicating that public attention must be attracted before public action takes place.

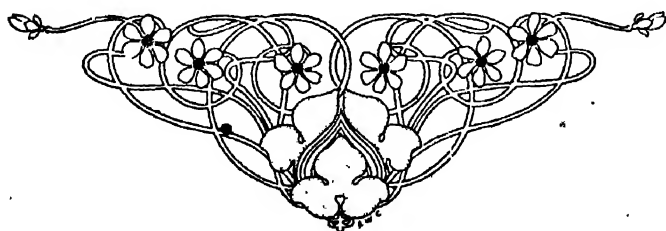
In military drill the first order is "Attention!" After that come the definite orders leading to the actions required. One great unnamed force adhering to the Presidential office is its power of commanding attention to every public utterance of an incumbent of that office. In Mr. Cleveland's famous tariff message he intentionally concentrated this attention upon a single theme, with enormous effect. Lincoln used this force notably in the direction of public opinion throughout his Presidency. No President has understood it better, nor used it more constantly, than President Roosevelt. Not only the statesman and the wise reformer understand the uses of attention, but also the headlong fanatic and the unscrupulous agitator. Assassinations are frequently excused by their perpetrators as means of attracting wide attention to grievances.

Which brings us to the remark that a large part of the world's activity, good and bad alike, resolves itself into attempts to gain the attention needed for the further prosecution of a given work. Some attract attention for themselves or their causes by the simple device of wearing the hair in an unusual manner—a favorite form of originality being brought about through the avoidance of the shears. Others, whose energies are directed toward social success, find that architecture draws attention and attracts guests; they build themselves into society. Others say things. They say them in a way to attract attention; that is, they deliberately shock the public mind into attention. Such self-advertisers are happiest when misunderstood; for then attention is admirably intensified.

Attention works wonderful results in

every department of life and thought. If a preacher of religion can win attention, he is pretty sure to obtain converts. A "sinner" goes through life in a reckless sort of way; when suddenly, by seeming accident, his attention is caught by some utterance of the "word of God," and the man turns a short corner in his life, putting into pious enterprises the energies hitherto expended in acts of pure selfishness. To some the most interesting and suggestive of all of Tissot's drawings, in illustration of the New Testament, is that one in which groups of Orientals are sitting about, with, at first glance, little in progress. A member of one of the groups is speaking to his neighbor, and a man sitting near, but who is not addressed, turns leisurely to listen. The Biblical injunction is fulfilled: he has given ear. The listener hears, gives attention—attention for the first time—to the words of him who spake as never man spake. One seems, in looking at this picture, to be witnessing the foundation of the Christian church.

"Knowledge," it is said, "begins in wonder." But wonder is the result of attention, and by attention the world is moved, beneficently, or madly as in the blind and bloody turmoils of the Russian people, attentive at last to their wrongs and the possibilities of liberty. Without the attention of individual and collective minds, nothing goes forward on an earth so full of objects and ideas that selection must be forced from the outside, or deliberately exercised from the inside, before anything good or bad can be done. It is the business of the good man to study means of attracting attention to good causes, to necessary betterments, and to all that is fair and lovely and wholesome in this distracting, distracted, and multitudinous universe.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

King Solomon was a Black Man

PROFESSOR GADSDEN PROVES THE CASE AGAINST HIM

I MET the professor on Broad street a few days after my interview with him on the subject of the trolley. The old man was sunning himself in the window-sill of the office that he has cleaned out every morning and locked up every evening "sence freedom come een" for the sum of one dollar per week, payable in as many instalments as collectable. He was clad in his "Gin'ral Shumman" overcoat, and he wore upon his ebony features an air of dignified reserve and imperturbable serenity.

"Hello, professor!" I said. "How do you find yourself this morning? Glad to see you looking so spry. What's the news? Have you received that little appointment from President Roosevelt yet?"

"I ain't tarrogated de gent'mun dat totes his letters, furrum dis mawnin'," he replied, "but 't would n't knock me off dis winder-sill ef de 'Publikin 'ministration *wuz* to notification me tuh-day. Dey said in dat letter dey wrote me atter de 'lection dat dey had me on a file, an' jest as soon as de udder fellers stopped pushin' dem so hahd, dey wuz gwine to he'p deir frien's een de Sout'. I tell *yuh*," he said, shaking his head at me, "yuh Democrats is gwine to have to boad' wid yuh frien's mighty soon. I don't call no names, but some o' dese sassy people better biggin to git deir stummicks een trainin', fuh hom'ny is gwine to be mighty sca'ce wid some buckras. Yuh can't fool ol' man Roosevelt, I tell yuh. He's de wisest man de Lawd put cento dis wurl sence old man Solomuns lef' it. Onderstan' me good; I don't class um een de same class wid Solomuns, 'cause Solomuns wuz a cullud gentulmun, an' I don't t'ink Mr. Roosevelt is cullud—leastways, he face stan' w'ite een he pictuh. But ef he face been black, Solomuns hissef 'blige to gi'e way turnum."

"Excuse me, professor," I said, "but did I understand you to say that Solomon was colored?"

"Cullud? Of co'se he wuz cullud. I like to know who say he w'ite. De Bible don't say so. De Bible say he wuz black. Ain't yuh never read yuh Bible? Yuh better go home an' set down an' study um right *now*, 'fo' ol' man Nick come roun' wid his basket an' stow yuh 'way in it. Yuh won't git any mo' chances w'en de toastin' biggins—I tell yuh dat, my frien'!"

"I am sorry I overlooked that part of the Scriptures at Sunday-school," I said, "but if you have got a copy handy, I wish you would show it me where it says King Solomon was black."

The professor looked very sorry for me. Then he slid down off the window-sill, and, without a word, made for the office door and left me to follow him. He led me to a little room at the rear where he kept a piece of a broom stored, and an old shoe-box full of odds and ends, from among which he dug out a very greasy and very dirty and very much tattered copy of the Holy Scriptures.

Then he fished out from the same receptacle a pair of cracked spectacles with rusty frames and cotton strings, which he tied behind his ears, and then began to turn the pages of the Bible, mumbling to himself. Finally he struck it:

"Fust chapter Songs o' Solomuns, de fif' verse: 'I am black, dough comely.'" The professor regarded me with a triumphant air. "I like to see yuh wash *dat* away! Dat mean he is black, don't it? Dat 's too strong for yuh. Yuh can't git 'way from dat!"

"Yuh 's anudder verse," he continued: 'Look not upon me, dough I am black.' W'at? Yuh don't b'lieve dat? Well, w'at yuh t'ink o' dis, een de sixty-eight chapter o' de t'irty-fus verse? 'Princes shill come out o' Egyp', an' Ethiopia shill stretch out his hands todes God'!"

"Now I like to know w'at yuh call dat? Yuh can't wipe dat out. Dat 's got de onderholt on yuh. 'Umph! yuh chillun t'ink yuh know summuch sence de Nunion come een, an' yuh don't know *nuttin'*. Yuh better go back to yuh grumma an' ax him 'bout ol' man Solomuns."

"W'at, yuh satizfy Solomuns wuz a w'ite man? Well, I satizfy he black, jes de same way you satizfy he w'ite. Ef he been w'ite, den I w'ite. Ef I black, he got de bery same complexion. All two o' us paint wid one bresh."

Saying which, the professor crammed his Bible vigorously back into the shoe-box, untied his glasses and put them into his hat, slammed it on his head, and stumped-off out of the office, sniffing the air contemptuously, and pounding the floor triumphantly with his stick.

St. Julien Grimké.

"Step Lively, Please!"

As up and down this world I fare,
And try to get to anywhere,
This startling cry assaults the air:
"Step lively, please!"

If on the trolley-car I seek
My way to find by question meek,
With strident voice conductors shriek:
"Step lively, please!"

If from the ferry-boat I go
To pick my way through mud or snow,
Loud the policeman shouts his "Ho!"
Step lively, please!"

Then into upper air I fly,
To take the "L" and with it try
To flee from that pursuing cry:
"Step lively, please!"

At last I turn my weary feet
Down subway stairs beneath the street—
To hear, alas! the guard repeat:
"Step lively, please!"

I wonder will it be my fate
To hear St. Peter at the gate
Say: "Come, you are a little late."
Step lively, please!"

Edith H. Allen.

A Primer of Success in Letters**LESSON I**

Breathlessness at Any Cost: A Study in Climax

THE sun shot up from the lake. The lake flushed red, turned pale. The wind blew, died down, blew again. The windmill creaked, stopped, creaked again, shuddered, stopped with an ominous jar. I listened to the stillness till I could no longer stand the strain. It was the calm that ushers in a storm. I stirred uneasily, rose from my tumbled couch, fell back in helpless foreboding. That which I had dreaded was upon me. An unearthly clamor smote my quivering ear. The neighboring hills resounded. The hideous din echoed down the fateful valley. My shattered nerves could bear no more. Sultry as it was, I seized a blanket and feverishly wrapped it round my head. The speckled hen had laid an egg.

Margaret Cooper McGiffert.

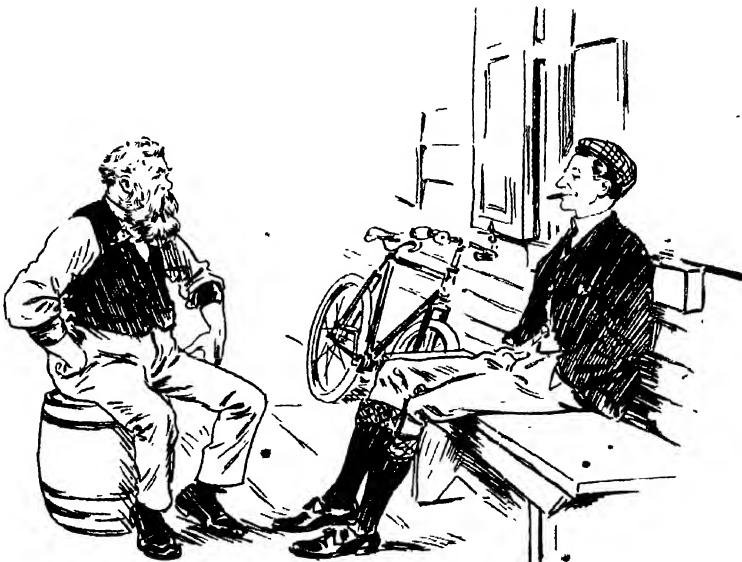
The Yarn of Captain Bill

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

With pictures by Frederic R. Granger

"Now, blast my buttons!" swore the mate,
"and likewise blast my eyes!
There 's one thing I don't never do, and
that is tell no lies:

I never don't prevaricate, and when this
yarn you 've heard,
If it ain't all exactly true, why—you can
doubt my word."



F. R. GRANGER.

"'NOW, BLAST MY BUTTONS!' SWORE THE MATE"



F. J. GAVIN

"THE FORTUNE-TELLER MAN"

"I do not doubt your word the least, so kindly go ahead
And spin the truthful, moral yarn of Captain Bill," I said.

"Well," said the mate, "this Captain Bill he had a sailor's mind,
And unto signs and oracles he mightily inclined;
So every time he made a port, fust thing ashore he rolled
And hunted a' astrologist to git his fortune told.

"And whatsoever," said the mate, "the stars and moon and sun
Predicted unto Captain Bill, that same the captain done.
He done whatever was advised, and done it straight and true,
And when the signs was some unclear, he done the best he knew.

"Well, once when Bill he had his ship tied up at Singapore,
A-takin' pepper on to it as he had did before,
He went on land to find some one, as was his general way,
To post him on to what the stars an' Zodiac might say.

"When Bill come back he shore was glum.
The fortune-teller man

Had told Bill how his end was nigh. 'T was thus the fortune ran—
That this next cruise to Liverpool the good ship *Susan Peck*
Would smash into another ship and be a rotten wreck;

"And how pore Bill would shore be killed while he was homeward bound
In this here same collisioning by being wrecked and drowned,
Unless he took another ship—"
The mate here caught my eye—
"This yarn," he said, "is gospel-truc. I never learned to lie."

"Go on," I cried impatiently; "I do not doubt your word;
It sounds as true as any yarn that I have ever heard."

"Well, Captain Bill he was n't one to quit his ship that way,
He knewed his duty and he done his duty day by day,
But then he thought that 'strologist was right about it, too;
Says Bill, 'What shall a man that wants to do his duty do?'

"Well, Bill he thought about that thing, and by and by he said:
'By ginger, I will sail this ship and not be drowned dead!
I 'll sail this ship to Liverpool, and I have got a plan
To sail her so she 'll not be wrecked and will not lose a man!'

"Then Captain Bill he called all hands on deck to hear the news
Of how he figured out to make a harmless homeward cruise,
And all agreed—' but here the mate looked sternly in my eye
And said, "Shipmate, you 'd ought to know a man like me can't lie."

"I know you would not tell a lie, and if I smile, I pray
You will excuse it, for," I said, "my face is built that way."

"Some people's is," the mate agreed. "Well, Bill he went ashore
An' hunted high an' hunted low all over Singapore,
An' purchased up about a gross of these here rubber wheels .

Like them that you see frequent-like on big
red aut'mobiles.

"He had the ship pulled up on land, and all
along her keel
He rigged them wheels that he had got on
axles made o' steel:
Our carpenter he done it all,—he was a
handy hand,—
And there the good old *Susan Peck* was
fixed to sail on land!

"By ginger,' swore old Cap'n Bill, 'I guess
them stars I 'll fool;
I 'll sail this boat from Singapore spang
into Liverpool.
I 'll sail her home my bloomin' self, as I
have did before;
I won't bunt into many ships a-sailin' her
ashore.'

"So Bill he figured out the course he reck-
oned he would run—
First north, then east by north, then east,
a-follerin' the sun;
He charted it particular, which led us all
to hope
We 'd have a quiet, peaceful cruise through
Asia and Eu-rope.

"Well, on the fourteenth
day of June, the wind
was blowin' gales,
So we up anchor, an'
we up an' set the old
boat's sails,
An' scudded out o'
Singapore, an', ship-
mate, blast my eyes!
If—" Here the mate
asked anxiously,
"You don't think
this is lies?"

"Go on and spin the
yarn," I said; "by
your frank truthful
eye,
I plainly see you are a
man who could not
tell a lie."

"Just 'so," he said.
"Well, Cap'n Bill,
when he was out
three days
An' sailin' calm across
the land in our old
square-rigged chaise,
He called all hand to
lower sail, an' unto
me he said

(Me bein' mate), 'Make things all fast;
there 's rough times on ahead.'

"Rough times?' says I. 'Big waves,' says
he; 'I feel it in the air
There 'll be a big tumultuousness, an' we
will git our share.'
'Aye! aye!' I said, but winked my eye,
a-thinkin' Captain Bill
Was crazy, for the land was flat an' did not
have one hill.

"Well, shipmate, it was not an hour before
an earthquake came
A-heavin' an' a-tossin', and the land it riz
the same
As waves does in a gale at sea, but worse,
for, blast my eye!
Them land waves was continuous an' each
one mountain-high!

"For purty nigh two days and nights they
rolled the ship about,
An' spattered so much land aboard we had
to bail it out,
An' at the worst a mighty wave of land it
fell across
The deck and washed the bo'sun off, an' he,
pore soul, was lost.



'WASHED THE BO'SUN OFF'

"Well, after that we had a calm, for weeks
a-sailin' fair,
A-makin' our ten knots an hour through
Asia's balmy air,
When cap'n took a reckonin' to find where
we were 'at,
An' says he, 'Boys, that hill ahead is old
Mount Ararat!'

"Says he, 'I guess this is the first boat Ara-
rat has met
Since Noah on the ragin' flood went sailin'
o'er the wet.'
Says he, 'If Noah hit that peak, the waters
was quite deep;
And,' says he, 'steer around the base—the
upslant is too steep.'

"With that Bill went off down below, for
havin' laid our path
Around the base, he felt secure, and went
to take a bath.
He was a cleanly man, was Bill, an' did n't
like to lose
His daily bath—this bein' a especial dusty
cruise.

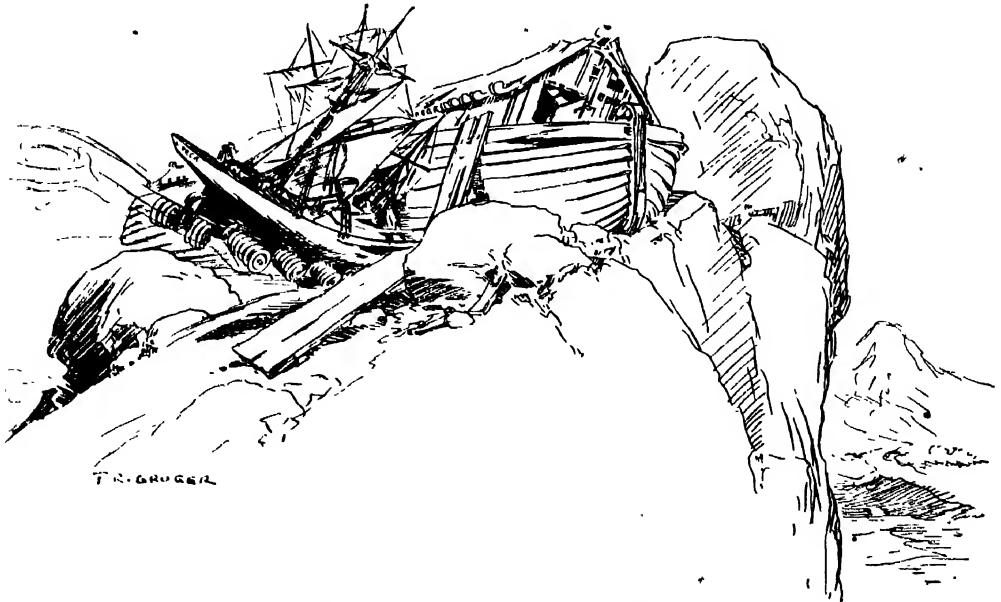
"No more had Bill gone down below then
up there came a squall.
It blowed full ninety miles an hour or did n't
blow at all;
It swung the old ship clean around, an'
'fore you could say 'Scat,'
The *Susan Peck* was dashin' on straight up
Mount Ararat!

"'Port! Port!' I yelled. It was too late!
No one cared what I said;
The lookout up aloft sung out, 'Ahoy! A
ship ahead!'
There was a crack! A ripping roar! A
sound of timber smashed!
And *spang, bang* into Noah's ark the *Susan
Peck* she crashed!

"Some jumped into the ragin' land, and some,
like me, held fast.
The shock had broke the ship in two and
cracked off every mast—
A lot of smashed-up wood and iron that
once was *Susan Peck*.
Was all it left! I never see so thorough
bad a wreck!

"As soon as things had settled down an' got
a little still,
I went below to tell the news to pore old
Captain Bill.
Alas! Alas! That pore old man! dead,
dead, alas! I found!
Crushed down into his tin bath-tub, he lay
'quite peaceful, drowned!'

The mate here wiped his honest eyes.
"Two lessons that learned me:
To keep away from bath-tubs when I 'm
sailin' land or sea;
And, secondly, to be prepared 'most any
time to die—
And that 's one reason, shipmate, that I
never tell a lie."



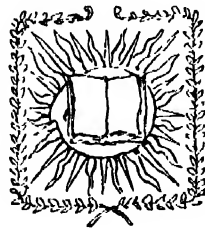
"SPANG, BANG INTO NOAH'S ARK"

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXI

NEW SERIES: VOL. XLIX

NOVEMBER, 1905, TO APRIL, 1906



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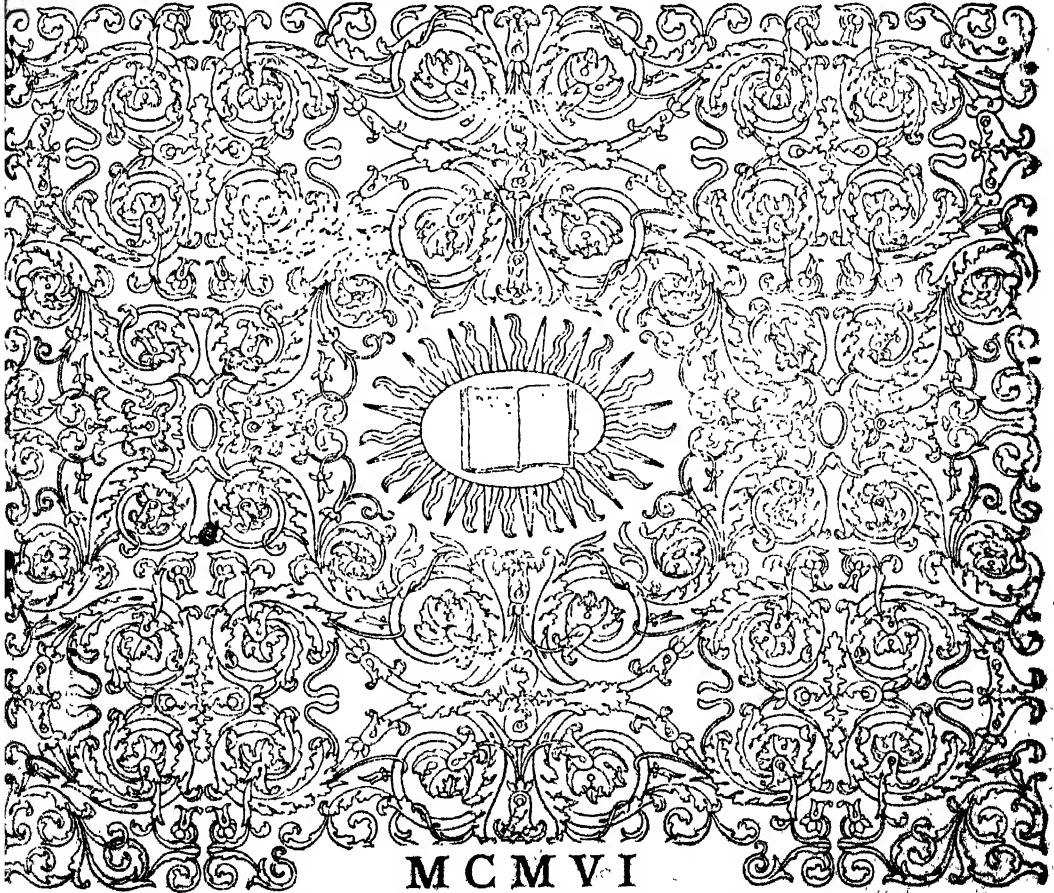
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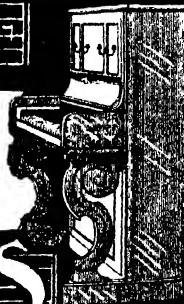
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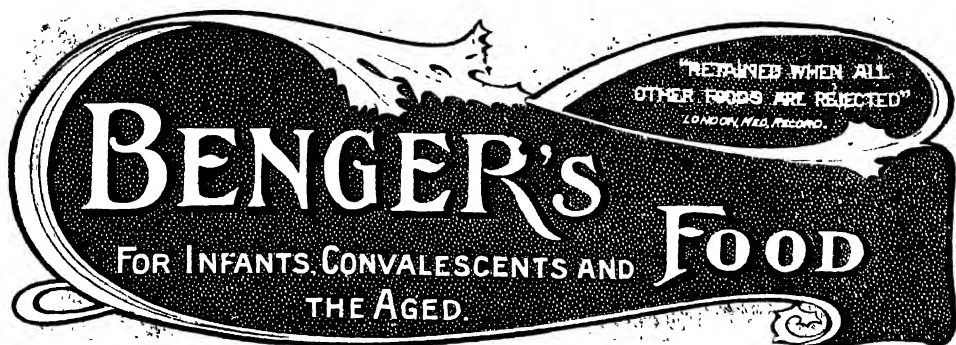
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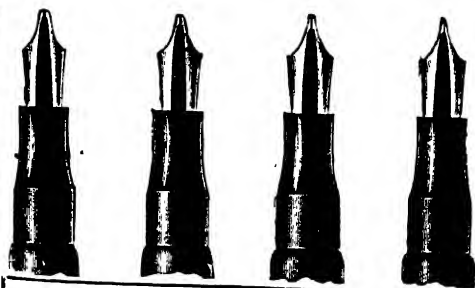
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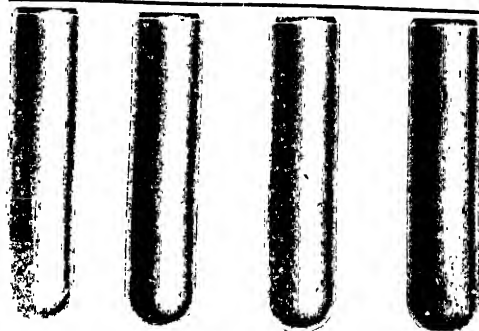
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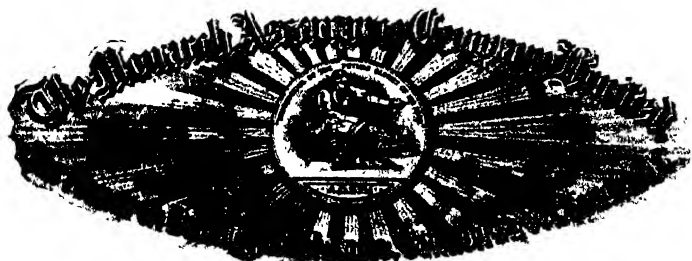
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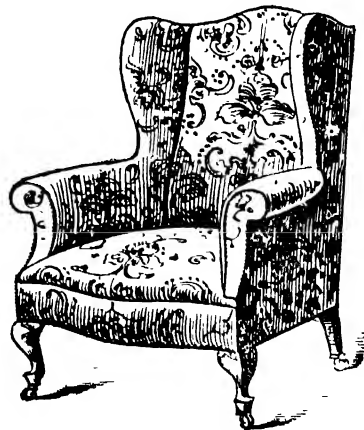
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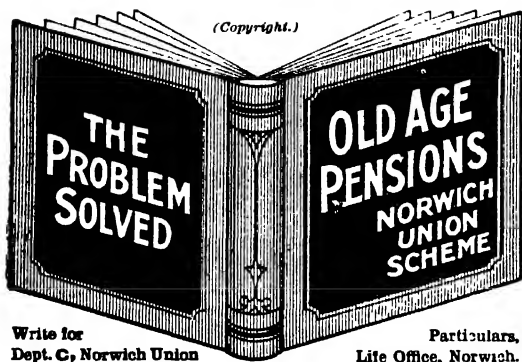
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THE GLOWING ROCK
SITTING IN THE MOUNT VERNON JARD

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXXII

MAY, 1906

No. 1

THE GARDENS OF CORNISH

BY FRANCES DUNCAN



GARDENING in America has reached what one might call the "awkward age." Neither a man nor a country goes a gardening in early youth. "Men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely," as Bacon once said, and as every garden-writing body has repeated until Sir Francis in Elysium must regret he ever made the remark, which none the less is true. Gardening is essentially a middle aged enjoyment, and America being, as nations go, still young, her garden craft has the faults of youth. It has its incongruities, inharmonies, and it often mistakes size and expenditure for excellence.

We are frequently informed that "Mr. — is to have a fine place." And why? "He is spending thousands of dollars on it."

Yet when the rich man pulled down his barns and built greater, he did not necessarily improve the architecture; in fact the Lord said unto him, "Thou fool!"

It is at once the joy and the despair of a gardener that his work is never done. His materials are growing, changing,

ever varying things. This is an endless delight to a man who lives with his garden and can watch his plans grow up; when he makes a garden for another it is a different matter. Then, after spending his best thought and skill, the garden must be turned over into the hands of the Pinchstone, who may—doubtless will—spoil his color effects, make gaudy what before was rich, introduce tawdry display where before was a sensitive delicacy. These are the things that try men's souls and will continue to try them until the owners of large places acquire some degree of sympathy with and understanding of art.

However, though in American gardening sin abounds, yet grace also abounds. There are many clients blest not only with intelligence, but with a willing mind, while, in spite of the client hanging like a millstone about his neck, many a landscape gardener is doing admirable and enduring work.

Yet it is because garden art, more than any other, is at the mercy of the laity, that when one looks for signs of better times he looks not toward those places where the most money has been spent, but rather where the art instinct

is the strongest, and where desecrating and devitalizing standards do not obtain. For this reason one of the most hopeful spots which any believer in the future of American garden art can visit is the little New Hampshire town of Cornish.

It is now twenty years since Augustus Saint-Gaudens rented from Mr. Charles Beaman (of Evarts, Beaman & Choate,) an old, deserted brick inn standing on a bare tract of Cornish pasture. Three

Parrish. Of the Cornish elect are Kenyon and Louise Cox. Mrs. Frances C. Houston was an early comer; at the same time came Miss Annie Lazarus, sister of the poet. Later were Louis Saint-Gaudens, Henry B. Fuller, and his wife, Lucia Fairchild Fuller. Everett and Florence Scovel Shinn are comparatively new arrivals. Though artists predominate, there are also literary folk: Percy Mackaye, the poet;



SHRUBBERY ABOUT HENRY O. WALKER'S HOUSE

years later the sculptor bought both pasture and house. Since that time, one after another, artist after artist came and saw and settled likewise, until this bit of the New Hampshire hills is permanently linked with names that stand for the best in American art.

Among those who early left the Egyptian bondage of the city and followed the sculptor into his Promised Land were men of such worth and note as Herbert Adams, the sculptor, Henry O. Walker, Thomas W. Dewing, and his wife, Maria Oakley Dewing. Later came Stephen Parrish and his son, Maxfield

Louis Evan Shipman, the playwright; Norman Hapgood of "Collier's"; Herbert Croly of the "Architectural Record," and Winston Churchill of "Richard Carvel" fame. Garden-craft (professional, not amateur) is represented by Mr. Charles A. Platt, well known in architecture and garden art, and also by Miss Rose Standish Nichols, of the younger set of landscape-gardeners, who is doubtless most widely known by her scholarly work on "English Pleasure Gardens." Through Arthur Whiting and John Blair, music and the drama are naturalized at Cornish.



MAXFIELD PARRISH'S LOGGIA

Large as Cornish looms in art, known as the home of good architecture and good gardening, it is one of those New England towns through which one may pass without realizing that he has reached the town at all. The Windsor road stretches itself along beside the Connecticut in leisurely fashion. Now on one

side, now on the other, as the stream winds, lie meadows in sunny stretches; but the valley is wilder than the country farther south, where the land descends to the river level in orderly terraces. Across the river, reached by toll-bridge and ferry, is Windsor, the metropolis, post-office, and mart; for into the



THE OAKS AT MAXFIELD PARRISH'S HOUSE



Cornish of the colony naught that defileth has yet entered, and there are neither shops nor trolley cars. East of the river and the road are the hills and steep, rough pasture-lands, broken again and again by wooded ravines, where the white delicacy of the canoe birch and the warmth and color of tawny yellow birches light up rough oaks and shadowy hem-

locks. The woods are not so dense but that the boles of pale-gray beeches stand out clear-cut and sculpturesque against darker tree-trunks, and in the heart of the silence a little brook sings merrily to itself, content with the trees as auditors. Oh, the brooks! Never was there such a country for brooks. Every man has at least two within his



gates, and after each rain they spring up unexpectedly.

Except for Winston Churchill, Dr. Nichols, and the Fullers, who live on the Plainfield road, Cornish folk have wisely taken to the hills, and overlook the valley and Ascutney, each with a view of his own; for there are views and to spare at Cornish. There are acres and acres of pasture-land where, except for a chance

THE TERRACES AT "HIGHCOURT," OWNED BY NORMAN HAPGOOD

THE GATES AT "HIGHCOURT"

THE GARDEN AT "HIGHCOURT"



THE PORCH WITH A BRICK FLOOR, THOMAS W. DEWING'S HOUSE

foot, Cornish cows are in mild possession of a wonderful sweep of country - wide-spreading valley, meadow, and river, and line upon line of deep-blue distant mountains.

Lovely as the country is, its rare, wild

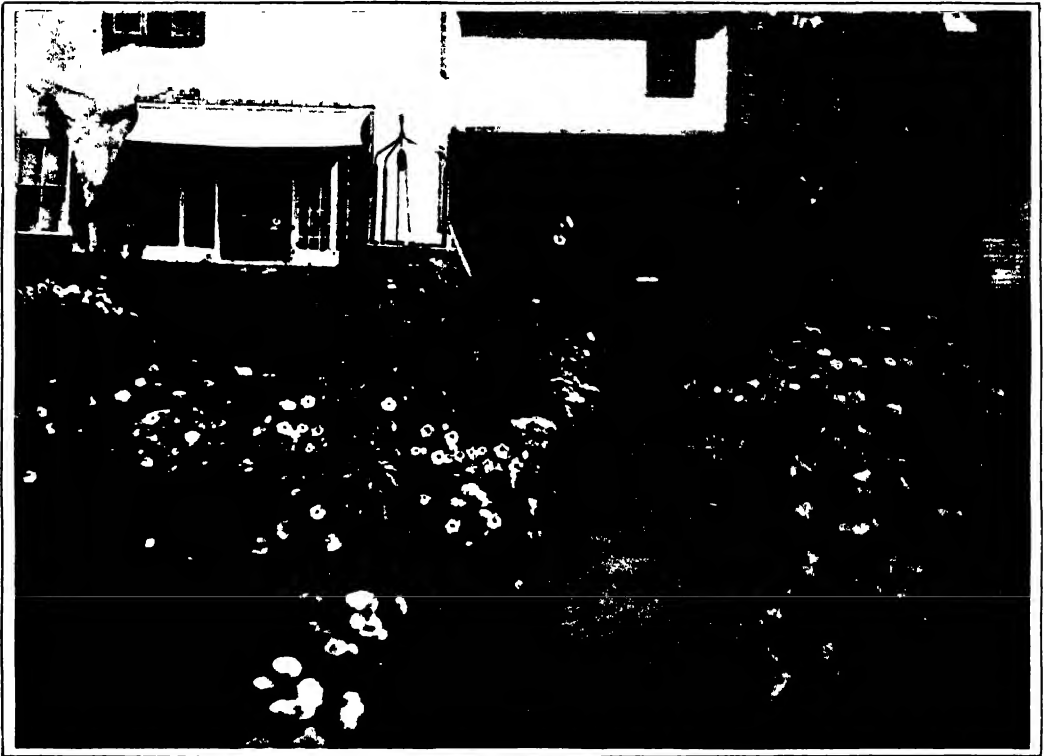
beauty as yet unspoiled by the Philistines, it is not precisely what one might call "gardenable." The hills, in their picturesqueness and charm of outline, though strong in their appeal to an artist, are, as building sites, rather difficult to manage.



THE ENTRANCE TO THOMAS W. DEWING'S GARDEN

In the first place, Cornish hills are bare; and every one knows that any variety of hill-top residence, castle or cottage, should be "bosomed high in tufted trees," and that a house, well enough on a suburban street, when placed on a bare knoll, looks often no more at home than the Ark on Ararat before the animals passed out to enliven the scenery. For, set on a hill as a statue on a pedestal, nothing is hidden: the house must compose well from every point of view.

first house that ever he built, "High-court," erected for Miss Lazarus and now owned by Mr. Norman Hapgood, was almost perfect in this respect. Again and again one catches sight of the low spreading villa, its white walls, red-tiled roof, and tall poplars standing out against the sky, and from no point displeasing. One glimpse of it, for instance, from some three miles away, shows plainly the white curve of the road sweeping around the eastern end of the



THE GARDEN OF LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN

Now, in this matter of "composing" with the site, an artist, thoroughly familiar with the contour of the near-by hills and intensely alive to their beauty, may be less likely to go wrong in placing his house and garden than an office-bound architect. It is for this reason, doubtless, that Mr. Charles A. Platt's work at Cornish has been so satisfying. Mr. Platt was a painter when first he came to Cornish. He had the artist's acquaintance with the Cornish hills long before he took up landscape-gardening. His houses all compose well; in fact, the

villa, and the two groups of Lombardy poplars which stand on each side of the drive are in precisely the right position—almost as if the house and its setting had been planned from that point.

Lombardy poplars have more than once been used with excellent effect by Cornish gardeners, and, what is rarer, with reserve. Mr. Platt has shown great skill in the use of these. The single poplars, which, on Mr. Saint-Gaudens's place, stand one on each corner of the terrace, are planted solely for their architectural value. The house is rather na-

row and high. These tall, slender "Lombardys" seem to belong to the scheme of the house and bring it into better proportion. The placing of two or three trees may appear a slight matter, yet, if instead of these poplars, there had been planted the usual assortment,—one or two Norway maples, a catalpa (probably the golden one), and a red-leaved Japanese maple, with *Hydrangea paniculata* on the lawn,—both distinction and dignity would have been lost.

This fitting of house and garden to the site has been accomplished in a variety of ways by Cornish gardeners. At Mr. Stephen Parrish's place, the house and garden extend along almost to the brink of a steep descent; yet by means of a fifteen-foot grass terrace west of the house, guarded by a tall hedge and chiefly by the single Lombardy poplar which stands at the extreme edge, the house is united to the site, while the extension from the house of a pergola one side of which forms the garden-wall

gives a reason for the wall and a sense of security to the garden.

Mr. Walker's house has not even this terrace between it and the steep ravine on the west. East of the house, however, is a level grass court, its borders gay with old-fashioned flowers, while the house itself is substantial and low-spreading, and the broad porch is almost level with the ground. On the west, the view-side, is an even broader porch, making the house seem securely anchored. Like many Cornish houses, this is of Mr. Platt's designing.

Maxfield Parrish's house, a long, low structure, stretching east and west almost at the top of a steep hill, is set far enough back from a group of fine old oaks to be in the right relation to them. Though the gardening is slight indeed, the broad grass path, bordered by snowy *Spirea Van Houttei*, is wide enough to give a sense of breadth and completion to the loggia. Lombardy poplars are wisely left unplanted; they would have marred the effect of the splendid oaks,



LIVING-ROOM OPENING ON THE GARDEN, KENYON COX'S HOUSE



THE BRICK-PAVED TERRACE AT KENYON COX'S HOUSE

for one thing, and been out of keeping with the style of the house, for another.

Aside from the good garden-craft shown in the harmonious fitting of house and garden to the site, good art is also shown in the almost invariable subordination of the garden to the view. Rare is it in Cornish that the garden runs an

would have seemed almost garish. But stepping from the reception room out into a garden, which is on the same level, with the scent of flowers coming into the room and the color of the tall larkspurs harmonizing with the hangings on the walls, one feels no jarring note.

At another place, although the view from the house is charming, for the best



THE POPLARS AT AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS'S HOUSE

opposition show, or challenges comparison with the loveliness of the mountains. At "Highcourt," especially, where, as one enters from the north, and looks directly through the wide doors to mountains far enough away in the blue distance to be seen in their dreamy, poetic beauty of outline, the wisdom of placing the garden at the east of the house is at once felt; for, after lifting up one's eyes unto such hills, the gay color of flower-beds

sight of valley and mountain one ascends several steps from the little, half-enclosed garden and follows a smooth, shrub-bordered grass path ending at a great pine, a magnificent old tree, gnarled and twisted with the stress and strain of more than a century. From this point one overlooks a wide sweep of country. Near the tree is a wooden seat, simple in design; and there is no attempt by decorative exedra or flower-beds to add



A PATH IN STEPHEN PARRISH'S GARDEN

touch of mistaken prettiness to the noble, massive strength of the old tree.

Aside from the wisdom of showing temperance and occasionally abstinence in the use of Lombardy poplars, Cornish gardeners have made an exceedingly skilful use of material at hand. Mr. Dew-

stinct are plain to see in many a Cornish garden.

The climate of northern New Hampshire is no light thing to reckon with, and many a plant that thrives lustily in Long Island or Philadelphia gardens is very summarily dismissed by a single Cornish



WHERE THE HOUSE AND GARDEN MEET AT STEPHEN PARRISH'S

ing, one of the pioneers in Cornish gardening, did much in the way of horticultural experiments, proving which plants were possible or impossible. His own place passed into the hands of another artist, Mr. W. H. Hyde, and is being remodeled on a more elaborate scale, but the traces of Mr. Dewing's garden-craft and the rare quality of his artistic in-

winter. Therefore, it is interesting to note the skilful use made of those worthy plants which are able to endure severe cold. The usual stand-bys for hedges, privet and box, are impossible, but one sees hedges of the *Spiraea Van Houttei*, a mass of snowy bloom in June, and, after its glory has departed, trimmed, hedge-fashion. In Mr. Parrish's garden it is

even clipped into a square shape after its blossoming is over, and makes a very creditable piece of topiary work. Mr. Platt has used *Berberis* with good effect. At "Aspet" the common white pine, which at Cornish grows serenely in the most barren of windswept pastures, is used as a tall hedge; in which station, having been closely clipped for years, it makes almost as dense a screen as the English yew, serving both as a defence against the chance sight-seer and affording a soft,

suckle and the crimson-rambler roses are impotent things beside so inexpensive a luxury as a wild grape-vine. Elsewhere in Cornish a house wall is completely covered by grape-vines, which afford an admirable background for the color of the garden. Yet another reversion to a simpler, less nurserymanic form of planting is shown in the use of dwarf fruit-trees for the strategic points in a charming garden where they are far more in keeping than bay-trees, which would have re-



POOL AND PERGOLA IN STEPHEN PARRISH'S GARDEN

dark background for the gayety of poppies and the daintiness of delicate sweet-peas. One doubts, however, its permanent vale. Here at St. Gaudens's, wild grape vines run riot over the white-pillared portico of the studio with a gay luxuriance and a beauty of artistic effect that should make a crimson-rambler pergola, beautiful during only the few short weeks of bloom, feel like drooping its vines for very shame. In their purely artistic value, in their contrast of vine-stalk and leaf with white walls and pillars, such vines as the Japanese honey-

quired a more polished formality and a more equable climate. Cornish gardeners, like most formal gardeners, incline to hardy gardening and set out chiefly herbaceous plants. Daffodils, poet's narcissus, Scilla, columbines, phlox, and iris, hardy chrysanthemums, poppies, Michaelmas daisies, and larkspurs in perfection are what one sees. Roses, except the sturdy Japanese Rugosas, which even aphides in hordes like Egyptian locusts cannot dishearten, have a melancholy existence. One is a bit surprised that more use has not been made of the beautiful



IN THE GARDEN OF MISS ROSE STANDISH NICHOLS

native thorns, which abound in the pastures.

Many details of garden device are very interesting, such as the steps made of rough stones, with cement poured in the generous interstices, or of alternate diamonds of brick and cement, tile fashion.

Clever also are the brick gate-posts which should have been crowned with a stone top; but the artist's purse forbade, so he built a mold on top of his four-square post and poured in cement for his capital. The gate-posts of the Dewing garden are also of home manufacture,



THE POOL IN MISS NICHOLS'S GARDEN

the gates themselves are Mr. Dewing's design, executed by a village carpenter.

These are only a few of many points of skilful garden-craft, more deeply interesting to the gardener than to those engaged in less Edenic pursuits. Yet an incongruity in an apparently trifling detail, a single false note, has marred many

to site and prospect, yet the gardens themselves are individual. Mr. Croly's gardening is almost done in miniature. Here the most attractive part of it is hardly more than a strip outside the living-room windows. The long French windows occupy most of the wall of this room on its southeast side, and by them,



THE GARDEN OF HERBERT CROLY

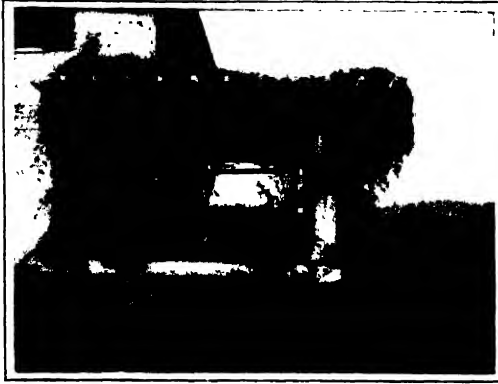
a good garden, and many gardeners who have good ideas and think good thoughts, think them in English or Italian, in terms of yews and ilexes, and are utterly unable to translate their ideas into American horticulture and express their yews and ilexes in American plants which can thrive in a given climate.

Though Cornish gardeners have been of the same mind in showing deference

almost on the same level, is the garden. A narrow brick path runs between the phlox and the tall larkspurs, and the little terrace, with its low wooden balustrade, seems a very integral part of the room.

One of the most satisfying of all Cornish gardens, and one of the most individual, is Mr. Stephen Parrish's. Here house and garden are almost inseparable.

The pergola seems an extension of the porch, and between its outer posts is the garden-wall, with long, low seats making it a charming place in which to lounge or to read. The two house-walls which enclose the garden on the north and east are completely vine-covered. From the time of the earliest crocus



THE PORCH OF HERBERT CROLY'S HOUSE

to that of the deep-purple Michaelmas daisies the garden is a-bloom. Mr. Parrish has inclined more to the use of shrubs than most Cornish gardeners. Leaving the little formal garden and its quiet pool, one follows shrub-bordered grass paths which lead one to unexpected, charming retreats, for the garden has a delightful intricacy of device. Here, also, is the only satisfying planting of the Colorado blue spruce which the present writer remembers having seen. Usually it is to the garden what the plush album is to the parlor table.

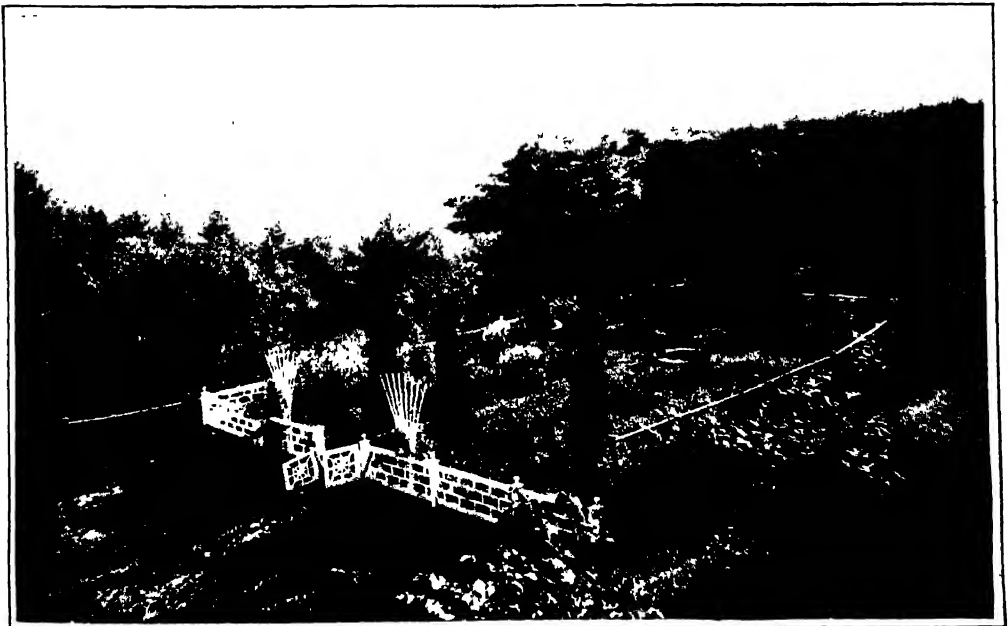
There is an ingenious disposal of the "offices"—a studio and a workshop, a

charming little tool-house and a greenhouse. Instead of being objects which must skulk behind shrubbery, these, while not obtrusive, and not seen unless one happens to walk their way, are yet made a part of the scheme.

Very different from this, but very delightful, is the garden of Miss Nichols.

The house is not of the type to make the architectural accompaniments of balustrades and terraces needful; the garden, therefore, is enclosed in a low stone wall, not of smooth masonry, but built of rough, flat stones, and is separated from the house by a broad grass terrace. Although the paths are laid out with proper regularity, there is yet a charming, half-careless grace in the planting. The color schemes are lovely, and over the pool in the center bend the twisted branches of an old apple-tree, giving a touch of quietness and repose to the whole garden.

Much more closely united to the house



THE HILLSIDE GARDEN OF MRS. FRANCES C. HOUSTON



THE TERRACE OVERLOOKING CHARLES A. PLATT'S GARDEN

is Mr. Croly's garden, which, like the house, is of Mr. Platt's planning. It has far more compactness, with neatness and trimness of finish, as befits its nearness to the very doors of the house. There are delightful little borders of tiny, gayly flowering plants, and the whole place has an air of thrift and prosperity; for Mrs. Croly is a notable gardener, even among Cornishites. Different again is Mrs. Houston's garden. The house is of the English half-timber sort; the studio wall is radiant with *Clematis paniculata*, and against the porch grows a lusty gray-green honeysuckle with excellent effect; but the steep steps lead to the garden, lying on a little terrace some fifteen feet below and guarded by a low wall. At "Highcourt" the architectural arrangement is the garden's chief excellence.

Mr. Platt's own garden is thoroughly characteristic, especially admirable in its proportions in its relation to the house and in its treatment of the view; for by that rarely exercised privilege, judicious thinning, a vista is opened through which one sees the mountains to perfection.

Aside from satisfying the mere liking

of the eye, the Cornish gardens are livable, lovable spots, on very intimate terms with their owners. One sometimes sees rooms wherein art has been so breathlessly pursued that the position of each object is the result of the most careful consideration, the most intense and pious care, until one feels as if no chair or table would dare to move an inch for fear of disturbing the color scheme; and garden and grounds are done in like manner. At Cornish there is nothing of this strained and uncomfortable art. A garden is not sacred and a thing apart, to be gazed at from the drawing-room windows or strolled through occasionally with an admiring visitor. It is simply an outgrowth of the house, an out-of-door living-room, to be used and changed if one pleases, until one finds the best possible arrangement.

Perhaps the intimacy of gardens and owners is due to the fact that no Cornish garden is given over to the care of a hireling. Each is in the keeping of its owner, with merely such lay assistance as may be found in the average "hired man."

Formal gardening has suffered many

things in America. In the first place, any kind of architectural arrangement is eyed as rank heresy by the lovers of "naturalistic" planting. Yet to imitate nature is by no means as easy as it sounds, and a house, superimposed on the brown old earth is not precisely a natural object. It did not spring up like Jonah's gourd, nor was it deposited by a glacier, and to provide for it a suitable setting, to unite it with the site, to "frame" it by a slight architectural setting, does not seem so unlawful a thing even to a nature-lover. In America, divorce between architecture and garden-craft is woefully prevalent: or, if not open divorce, incompatibility of temperament at least is the rule; so that when, as at Cornish, the

two appear in public as a happily married couple, one is apt to wax enthusiastic.

There are other types of gardening in America; there are notable gardens which are well worth attention, and most of them are receiving it. These Cornish gardens are small indeed compared with the great estates; yet a miniature may be as admirable a work of art as that painting of the Primrose family which the good vicar was unable to bring inside the house, and in their adaptation to site and environment and owner, in their sincerity, their rare-found harmony and proportion, these gardens, unpretentious as they are, are yet blessedly indicative of a very definite and hopeful development in American gardening.

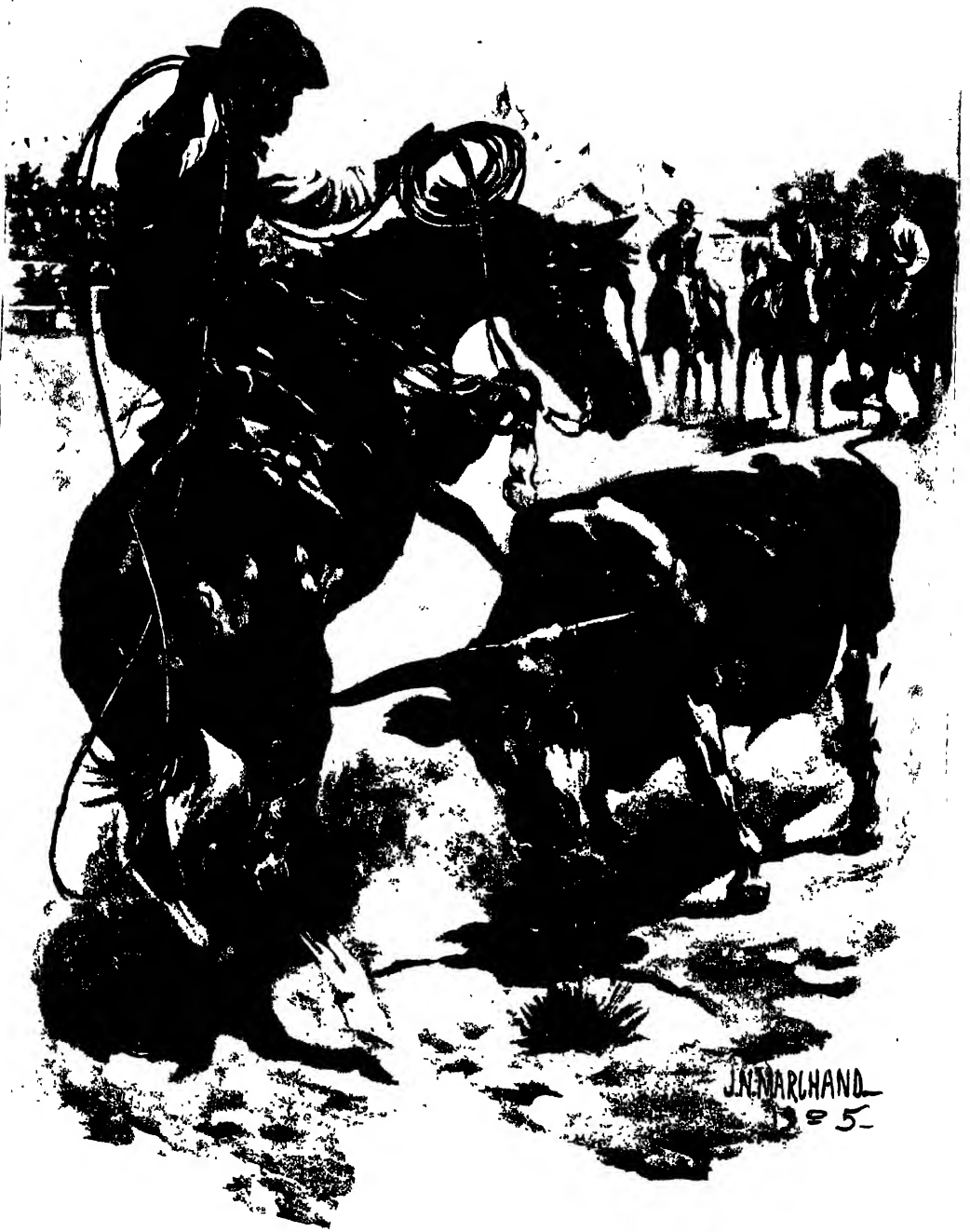


A VIEW IN CHARLES A. PLATT'S GARDEN

IMPERIALISM

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN

AND is power all?—brute lunge of arms,
 The metal crown, the actual earth?
 A little country overseas,
 'Mid strife of tongues and war's alarms,
 Sits calm above the potencies
 And boasts, "To Homer I gave birth,
 And Plato, and Praxiteles."



Drawn by J. N. Marchand. Half tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis.

"HE WHIRLED SUDDENLY UPON THEM"

THE ROPING MATCH AT ANTELOPE

BY ALICE MACGOWAN

UNCLE HANK'S blue eyes twinkled so brightly that Hilda, scudding past with two-year-old Burchie in tow, lingered to listen. The old man was not only manager of The Three Sorrows, and foreman and ranch boss as well, but he was also guardian of the orphan children left there by its last owner, poor Charley Van Brunt, sometime New York clubman, one of those lovable, helpless derelicts which the swift tide of Eastern civilization casts upon the hopeful coasts of the frontier. Hank Pearsall, seasoned cattleman, knowing the cow business, hoofs, horns, and hide, had come to the bewildered, inexperienced Easterner as comes the thing that we must have. Between little Hilda, newly orphaned of her mother, and the great-hearted, childless old cowpuncher, it had been love at first sight. So, when the father, too, was gone—killed by a fall from his pony in a roundup—and Miss Valeria, his maiden sister, the helpless fine lady, weepingly proposed to take the children back to New York and what she alluringly described as "beggary," the ranch manager's assurance that he could and would make a living for them all on The Sorrows was eagerly welcomed; and Miss Val rose to the occasion with the one memorable, sensible proposal of her life, which was that he become legal guardian of the orphans.

"See, here, Shorty," Uncle Hank was saying to his best cowpuncher as Hilda stopped, "they's some things that ort to be did, an' they's some things jest has to be did. This hyer's one of the kind that has to be did."

Shorty O'Meara, perplexed, but ac-

quiescent, nodded his red head energetically. The ranch boss must know, and what he said went.* "Sure," he agreed. "But—"

"They ain't no buts about it," Pearsall broke in. "You plumb p'intedly got to do it—you no-count, wastful cuss, stravin' round ropin' steers an' tyin' 'em down in forty-five or fifty seconds' time all over The Sorrows pasters any day o' the week!"

Taxed with his proficiency, Shorty looked embarrassed, and offered the safe reply: "Sure, Hank, sure. Anything you say. I'll try to make better time, if that's it."

"Your time'll do—hit's the best in the Panhandle," said the old man. "Leastwise, that's what I'm banking on. You jest lope into the match over to the fair at Antelope next week. I've got it fixed in my own mind for you to scoop that kerridge they've put up for the ropin' prize."

"Why, Hank," remonstrated the cowpuncher, dubiously, "I was goin' to try for somethin' else—sorter 'lowed I'd take that silver-trimmed sombrero they've fixed up for the best rider. I can rope better than I can ride, that's a fact; but I hain't got no use for a family carriage—not yet, I hain't. An' that one don't go to the winner, nohow: it goes to the ranch that he works for, you know."

"That's so, Shorty. You hain't got no use for the kerridge—personal; but I know some folks that has," Pearsall said. "Hit's a-comin' right down to this, that Charley's children'll have to ride broncs or hoof it around over this State of Texas 'less'n something's done pretty quick. Charley's old buckboard is a

plumb wreck. The ambulanch is all we 've got to take Miss Val an' the kiddies anywhere in, an' hit's a staggerin' cripple—one leg broke, one arm in a sling, both eyes blacked, an' one year chawed off."

"That's whatever, Hank," agreed O'Meara, accepting the other's description of the ambulance with entire seriousness. "You bet I'll go for that carriage. I'll ketch up Pardner now."

The two passed out of hearing, to put O'Meara's crack cutting pony into the home pasture and carefully prepare him for the great event. And Hilda, carrying Burchie pickaback, gained the *asequia*, the little irrigating ditch, which, on its willow-fringed way from the native spring to do good work in the alfalfa field, left its benignant trail of greenery—grass, tall cottonwoods, bird-haunted, and a charm of coolness and rest—on the face of the hot, open plain. A great limb, leaning low in cosmic gratitude across the little stream, the child pulled down, and with great care wedged the chubby, two-year-old brother into a stout crotch, fastening each dimpled fist firmly around a convenient upstanding twig. Then gently waggling and teetering the equipage, she whispered exultantly: "That's the way the new carriage will ride. An' Uncle Hank said Shorty was to get it for us. Shorty sure has to do it if Uncle Hank says so." The childish voices murmured on in an accompaniment to the lipping water. A king's coach of state would have shown a modest vehicle beside that which Hilda depicted; she had not seen it, not she. It was the radiance of her love for, her trust in, Uncle Hank which lent glitter to the varnish and an adorable softness to the cushions.

A dragon-fly darted out from the obscurity of the other bank, and hung above the water in all its burnished bravery, turning, wheeling, flickering, darting here and there, displaying dazzlingly the blue-black polish on body and wing. Hilda welcomed it as a providential illustration. Her eloquence, satisfying to her own ardent imagination, she had felt to be something short of convincing to the material-minded little male; but here was something concrete, visible, with which to clench her assurances, and she cried out softly:

"It looks just like that, Burchie boy,

only bigger. It's shiny that way, an' it can go 'most as quick; but it'll go the way Uncle Hank wants it to."

Throughout the long, sunny, sleepy summer day, and for six days thereafter, as long and sweet and drowsy, the two happy children rode in that wonderful carriage, the beauties and perfections of which were dwelt upon till it was wholly theirs: they were only going over to the Lane Jones County fair to claim it publicly, formally to prove ownership.

When the wonderful morning dawned at last, the ancient, crippled ambulance was once more "toggled up," as Uncle Hank called it, a pair of quiet ponies put to it, and the old man drove his little household gallantly over the twenty miles of open plain to Antelope. Beside them or ahead, Shorty, Jeff, old Snake Thompson, and the other Three S cowpunchers rode in a brave squad, from which came the sounds of jingling spurs, creaking saddles, and that deep, satisfying music of big bass voices.

It was a customary caravan. Sometimes as Hilda rode so, she was a Persian princess in her palanquin, with her retinue of slaves; or a prisoner, torn from some indefinitely splendid home, her cruel captors galloping beside, exchanging callous jest and laughter across her delicious, silken-robed despair. And her elders never guessed that the quiet, dutiful child was riding in a world, splendid, hideous, marvelous, of her own.

But to-day all such imaginings were thrust aside by the more practical and specific appeal of the new carriage. She neglected to make sounds of pursuit or rescue out of the thudding hoofs of the led horses behind the ambulance, where trotted Shorty's "gilt-edged cutting pony," and a sober buckskin-colored mount from the back of which Uncle Hank purposed later to view the races and the contest. So, by natural and usual steps, they came to Antelope and to the fair grounds, where the little girl had eyes, ears, and thoughts for nothing of all the gay show—the horses, the cattle, the patchwork quilts, buttonholes, preserves, tidies, and hand-painted pin-cushions. Uncle Hank, guessing her secret, found a comfortable seat for Miss Val, and then, carrying Burchie, led Hilda to where stood the special prize

for the roping contest—the graceful, shiny, cozy little vehicle. Nobody knew that the carriage was Hilda's very own, and, with a good child's outward docility, she listened, mute, to the eager speculations concerning its probable fortunate winner. Grown people were curiously addicted to these transparent fictions. Perhaps they were the grown-up equivalent of Persian princesses, weeping captive, and the like. At any rate, the civil thing was to let them pass unchallenged; and now the time was at hand when, Shorty having roped his steer, they could openly take possession of their own.

Life went by, with little flavor or meaning, while the many products of nature, and of man's and woman's skill, were sampled, judged, and the awards made. It still crept on feeble wing while the gentlemen rode for the bullion-trimmed sombrero, which Frosty McQueen won; and the ladies rode for a resplendent Texas cow-girl side-saddle, which fell to Miss Tommie Lee. It made little better progress during the races, and the bestowal of the purse and the cup, the giving of the various first, second, and third prizes. Yet it did pass. The moment did arrive when one said, and truly, that the roping contest was the only event now remaining. At the words Hilda's heart beat fast, then seemed to stop with a vicious buck. Her dilated eyes quested almost wildly for Uncle Hank among the groups of horsemen. He was gone. She slipped away in search, and presently found him at the corrals with Shorty. The young Irishman stood nursing upon his broad breast, with his left hand, something wrapped in a bloody handkerchief. And that something? Oh, no, no, it could not be, God would not let it be, Shorty's own right hand—the hand which could cast the swiftest, cunningest lariat in western Texas; the only one which could write, with the twirl of the looped rope, the children's formal deed to the dear little carriage! Yet it must be so, for Shorty, a grown man, was crying.

Yes, down O'Meara's sanguine cheeks the big tears of anger and humiliation and disappointment were following each other, and he groaned: "Oh, durn a fool—they ain't worth raisin'! Pearsall, just fire me; I wish you'd kick me, too.

Had to go and git a drink ahead. I'd never 'a' broke into that there scrimmage ef I had n't tuck a drink—ye know that, Hank. An' now—" he choked —"now they's no one to ride for The Sorrers; nobody to git that little carriage for the kiddies."

He gave up and went openly, sheltered from the crowd by Uncle Hank's tall frame. The old man's back was to Hilda; unseen, unsuspected, the child stood there, paralyzed with dismay. Here, at one blow, all hope and delight were struck out of life. But upon the numbness of her despair fell the quiet tones of Uncle Hank's big voice, saying:

"Nobody to ride for The Sorrers? Well, I don't hardly know; but—I—I guess they's a' old yap—hain't so very old neither—a' old yap by the name of Pearsall that's a-gwine to ride for The Sorrers. Them there kiddies of mine don't stand much show to git that ker-ridge now, I reckon; but I'm shore a-gwine to make a turrable set at it. Hit sha'n't never be said they was nobody to so much as try for my little girl."

Hilda's small frame had ado at all times to contain the great heart of the child, and Uncle Hank was the special object of that heart's worship. Now the carriage must, in the nature of things, be saved to her, since he said he should contest for it; and the revelation of that "my little girl" swelled the tumultuous heart till it threatened to rend its inadequate envelop. Quite blind with love and the rapture of relief, she crept back to the grand stand, squeezing into her place beside Aunt Val, carefully drawing her dusty little feet as far as possible away from that lady's voluminously flounced skirts, and breathed a long sigh.

At the corral Shorty was crying out: "My Lord, Hank, that's a fact! Why did n't we think of that before?" The "drink ahead" that had been his undoing still warmed his view of things. "Barrin' me, you're 'way yonder the best man on The Sorrers—ef you don't brag, nor make bets, and ain't never tamin' yourself on a throw. Thank the Lord! Go on and enter, Hank—go right along! Take my pony—"

But the old man made answer: "I reckon I could n't rope nary lick on any other hoss than my Buckskin, Shorty."

hasty dallies had made it insufficiently fast to the horn. With the first impact it tautened, gave, gave yet again, and, at the final vicious lunge, came off the saddle entirely, the white steer going over and over sidewise, Nigger Boy falling backward, just as young Dawson was getting to his feet.

A roar of amusement went up from the crowd; for nobody was hurt, and it would have been hard to say which of the three looked most sheepish, the white steer, the vainglorious Kid, or the clever little pony, which had been nowise at fault. Hilda laughed and trembled and cried all together. She prayed, too, a little under her breath and doubtfully, fearing it might not be altogether respectful to approach God in such a connection; yet to refrain entirely she could not.

The next man was a rider of the C Bar C, Champe Capadine's ranch. He missed his throw repeatedly, and time was finally called upon him from the judge's stand. Hilda hastily, nervously protested to the Heavenly Powers that she had neither meddled nor made in the matter.

There followed MacGregor's rider from the Cross K, Lefty Adams, on a fine little blue roan. He was at the steer's heels in good time, and, after half a dozen of those quick, aimless-looking turns which cattle pursued will nearly always make, finally succeeded in roping him. But the pony was light, the steer heavy; Lefty failed to seize just the right moment for throwing him, and when the attempt was made, with a tremendous plunge ahead he jerked horse and rider forward, Blue Dick coming down hard upon his knees, Lefty striking on the top and back of his head.

Exclamation and cries of distress sounded across the big concourse. Sobs were heard from women, as pony and steer struggled to their feet, and the two animals, connected by the fifty-foot lariat, ran and pulled and dragged back and forth, seemingly all about and over the prostrate form. At sight of Lefty lying there, Hilda reproached herself for desiring failure for the others that the path of glory might be smoothed before the feet of Uncle Hank and Buckskin, yet pleaded that she had asked for nobody's ruin to upbuild that dear success, and

joined shrilly in the wavering cheer as several mounted men rode out to the rescue and Lefty was observed to rise first to one knee, then to his feet.

While they were bringing the defeated one in, all eyes were attracted once more to Blue Dick, who had by no means given up the fight. He manœvered shrewdly, ran forward, sidewise, and back. The big steer bolted; Blue Dick loped quietly at his quarter; then, watching a chance when the lariat trailed beneath the big animal, he suddenly "set back on the rope," and the steer went over in a somersault.

They had brought Lefty to the Cross K group, and the word had gone forth that he was not injured at all. Now, when Blue Dick made his play so gallantly and so successfully, delighted shouts greeted him. The air was full of relieved laughter, the clapping of hands and cheering. The pony meant to leave no room for unpleasant accidents; he continued to move slowly backward, keeping the rope taut, dragging the prostrate steer inch by inch, until, amid prolonged cheering, MacGregor himself rode out and tied the animal's feet. Here was a *succès d'estime* which the child could praise with a light heart. She clapped her small hands and shouted happily till Aunt Valeria fretfully bade her be still.

Zack Pardon of the Circle Six rode next; and there was much noisy enthusiasm at the announcement of his record of fifty seconds, which bettered Jim Tazewell's time by two seconds. After him, Billy Andrews of the A Bar K made it in fifty-five, young Snow of the Alamositas in fifty-three, and the two lawyers in fifty-seven and sixty-seven seconds respectively. Frosty Tadlock, a sort of local wag, having failed three times in his cast, plainly gave up trying, and set to work to play clown—a part in which he was well practised and eminently successful. The pony he rode, the very steer he pursued, seemed to catch the genial hint, and to lend themselves to his jocular purpose. Ludicrous postures, absurd threats, complaints, and adjurations, and all sorts of cowboy horse-play, kept the big concourse in good humor until the judges called "Time!"

Now, standing strained up on her tip-toes, looking over the heads of those in

front, Hilda could see that there was just one steer in the pen; she had already noted, with wildly beating pulses, that only one rider remained. In Lane Jones County's great roping contest, with Zack Pardon's time of fifty seconds so far the best, there remained only one round to be fought: old Hank Pearsall on Buckskin, the party of the first part; a lean, long-horned, wild-eyed, brindled steer of the original Texas type, fleet, savage, knowing, the party of the second part.

Pardon's record of fifty seconds was so good that the idea of this last contestant bettering it seemed almost a joke; and when the tall, gaunt, brindled steer, with a toss of the spreading horns, leaped from the open bars and across the chalk-line, Pearsall, a little delayed in getting his start after the animal, was received as a jest. It was undeniable that both Buckskin and his rider bore a touch of the antiquated, which, despite old Hank's heroic stature and his look of the thoroughbred cow-man, was irresistibly suggestive of humor in such a connection—a graybeard at the Olympian games.

Hilda's chest swelled and pinched in erratically. Her throat seemed to close up altogether. A dimness was over her vision as she watched Uncle Hank, who, with his long loop swinging free from his right hand, the rein hanging as free in the left, leaned forward, very upright and at an angle with his saddle, murmuring beneath his breath to Buckskin, while that worthy made for the flying steer.

"Hit's up to us, Buckskin. Hup! Hup! Eepy-up! E-e-eepy-up, here! Oop-a-daisy, now!" The big sombrero, turned squarely up off the forehead, revealed the deeply lined, kindly, weather-beaten face, and Hilda saw Uncle Hank's lips move in the recorded adjuration. She wondered if he, too, were praying.

This steer was a notorious outlaw, which had made more than one roping match interesting. As Buckskin and Uncle Hank drew toward his left quarter, he whirled suddenly upon them. Hilda cried aloud, and was not aware of it. She instantly trafficked with Heaven in a desperate panic of love and terror, proferring back all hope of the precious, much-needed, long-desired carriage, if Uncle Hank were only permitted to return safely to her. A carriage one might

forego; that any little girl could get along without some sort of Uncle Hank was not to her conceivable.

But Hilda had not reckoned with Buckskin, just as the brindled steer had not. If the latter was a survivor of numerous encounters, Buckskin was no less experienced a warrior. Seasoned cow pony that he was, trained by the ablest cattle-man in the Panhandle, and veteran of many a round-up, sagacious, alert, as quick as a cat, and of an indomitable spirit, able to whirl where he stood almost like a man, Buckskin, whose eyes had never left the steer, and whose subtle instinct had warned him in advance of the big brute's intended manœuvre, made of the apparent check his rider's opportunity.

The movements were too quick for the eye to follow, but when again Hilda saw the group clearly, Buckskin had evaded those long, sharp horns, and was once more upon the steer's quarter, well back of him. Uncle Hank's right arm lifted, the swinging coil of rope rose to the horizontal, sang round and round, and out of it a line darted forward, exactly as the serpent sends forth his length from the spring of his coil. The noose opened like a sentient thing, dropped, clutched, and fastened upon the savage, spreading horns. Buckskin swerved in behind the furiously running steer; Uncle Hank allowed the rope's length to drop to the ground, and the steer in his stride ran over it, so that it trailed back to the rider's hand from between the galloping hind feet.

Instantly Buckskin "set back on the rope," with crouched haunches and braced forefeet. The rope tautened; the brindled nose shot to earth; the galloping hindfeet cut through the air in a half-circle, and the beast, having turned a somersault, lighted upon his back with such a thump that it seemed his spine must have cracked.

Amid a hesitant cheering, Uncle Hank slipped from the saddle and ran to tie those four motionless feet. A sea of gratitude submerged Hilda. The steer, which had been stunned for a moment, recovered breath and consciousness just as the old man's weight was precipitated upon him, and reared tumultuously. But no cock-sureness had been Uncle Hank's.

It he failed this day, please Heaven, it should be because he could not possibly win through the best that he and Buckskin could do. The rope had been made firmly fast to the saddle-horn—the rope which, prepared for Shorty's use, they had tested and tried for this very exigency. With the creature's first wild plunge, Buckskin heaved himself backward, while Uncle Hank's strong hands grappled the big horns and all his weight was flung upon the rearing head, which once more went down flat upon the plain, the long bridled neck stretched out to Buckskin's zealous pull.

Once more the clapping and cheering broke out, but this time with no assistance from Hilda. She was past speech. The sudden relief had left her weak. To an accompaniment of friendly applause Uncle Hank tied his steer's feet, sprang erect, and threw up his hands. The cheerful noise held for a moment, then all was intensely still as Colonel Peyton was seen to half rise, stop-watch in hand.

Judge Eldredge leaned across and spoke to the colonel. There was a moment of uncertainty during which Hilda was sure she aged rapidly. Several voices were heard making unofficial statements, which cleft the child's heart like so many swords.

"Fifty-two seconds, I make it," announced one. "It's a tie with Tazewell's time."

"Better 'n that," declared another. "Pearsall made it in exactly—"

Old man Morrison broke in with: "Oh, no, you're 'way off. Hank's time is only sixty seconds—jest one plumb minute. My watch—"

"Sssh!" cried the crowd as one man, for Colonel Peyton was on his feet.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, as he advanced smiling to the rail—"friends and fellow-citizens of our new county, I think we have all been given a surprise."

A vague murmur arose. The smiling speaker waited a moment, then continued:

"I am proud to tell you that the best time made to-day is forty-eight seconds—so far as any of us present in the judge's stand know, the best time ever made in the Panhandle. The winner distanced all other contestants by just two seconds. Ladies and gentlemen—"

The speaker's dark eyes enjoyingly swept the mute, expectant faces before him. None knew better than Colonel Peyton of Kentucky how to heighten an effect by dramatic delay.

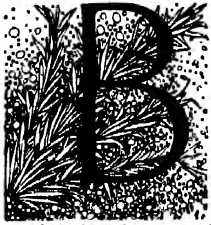
"Ladies and gentlemen, I have great pleasure in announcing to you that the prize goes to Mr. Henry J. Pearsall, riding for The Ranch of the Three Sorrows."

Colonel Jack Peyton, smiling more than ever, sat down. The surprise and approval which he had bespoken, bubbling up in broken words and phrases, soon swelled to a deep voiced roar. Hats were taken off, waved frantically, and pitched far into the dusty air. Uncle Hank, quietly leading Buckskin back toward the stand, old man and old pony seeming to wear a demure smile, was met by a shouting, laughing, gesticulating crowd, headed by most of the contestants over whom he had triumphed. They seized him, hoisted him from his feet, and bore him upon their heaving shoulders, as upon a troubled sea, toward the grand stand and a little black-eyed girl who stood up on the seat and unconsciously cried aloud her inmost heart.



THE STRENUOUS REFEREE

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER



EN DARWIN listened thoughtfully to the speech of the labor leader.

"We hold the balance of power," the latter was saying with enthusiastic confidence, "and if union labor acts as a unit, it can force any concession desired. Let us not be satisfied with glittering generalities and indefinite promises, but let us demand unequivocal pledges from the party we support. Let us unite and say to these people, 'Here is the solid labor vote, which goes to the party that makes the best bid for it. What will you bid?' That's the way to talk to them, men! We're not after a financial bid, of course, but we want to know what kind of legislation the next administration will give us and what use will be made of the police power. Are the policemen that we help to pay to be used to club us into submission when we are battling for our rights? Are they to do the bidding of monopoly when monopoly tries to grind us down? That's what we want to know, and we can throw our strength to the party that gives the right answer."

"We want an administration," declared another speaker at this meeting, "that will put the responsibility for any interruption of business where it belongs. We are tired of having capital, when it lacks the necessary men for its business during a strike, send out a few hoodlums to make trouble and then declare that riotous conditions alone prevent the complete resumption of operations. We want an administration that can't be bluffed, that has the nerve to enforce the law to the letter."

"It looks to me," commented Darwin, "as if the politicians were going to have

trouble in this campaign. The conditions are just right for a united labor vote."

Being deeply impressed with the importance of what he had heard, Darwin went to his club to find some one with whom to talk it over. Darwin was one of the younger members of a club that had a number of solid citizens on its rolls, although the young man himself had nothing except a reasonably good salary.

Finding none of his intimates there, he settled himself comfortably in the reading-room, and presently became aware of the fact that three influential business men were having an animated discussion near him.

"I tell you, it's time to act concertedly," said one of them. "If we don't, we might just as well turn our affairs over to the labor unions at once. For one, I shall not contribute a cent to the campaign fund of either party until there is a definite declaration of principles and policy that satisfies me. If capital would unite in such a stand, it would find that it held the balance of power and could compel local legislation that would protect its interests."

Darwin reflected idly that the balance of power seemed to be a very easy and popular thing to hold.

"Maddern is right," asserted another of the men. "We contribute the campaign funds, but the politicians cater to the labor vote. We are expected to pay for the election of a lot of demagogues. If we stick together, we can force one or the other of the parties to go on record unequivocally for the strict enforcement of the law."

The third nodded gravely.

"There is virtually no protection for us in times of labor disturbances," he said. "Officials are altogether too anx-

ious to please the unions. Let us agitate this matter and demonstrate our strength."

"The interests of labor must be protected," mused Darwin, "and the interests of capital must be protected, but where do I come in? Both hold the balance of power, according to their own statements, but what about me? I don't belong to either class, and I seem to be overlooked."

Then Darwin, having a sense of humor, laughed to think of the distress of the politicians; for the politicians of both parties wanted the contributions of capital and the votes of labor, and the conditions never before had been so puzzlingly unsatisfactory. Capital and labor had been disagreeing for some time. There had been numerous strikes, some of them involving public and semi-public utilities, and capital and labor accused each other of the responsibility. Each demanded the enforcement of the law, but each meant the enforcement of such features of the law as would bear hardest on the other. And now it seemed likely that both would formulate detailed demands that would have to be met by each of the great parties.

"This fight," remarked Darwin, "is going to be worth watching. I think I'll watch it a little more closely than usual. It's going to be a fight to find out who 'the people' are, and I'd rather like to learn that myself. I've heard a good deal at different times about what the people want, but it's been mighty confusing and conflicting. If I could just get that straightened out once, it might do some good. Anyhow, some wide-awake fellow ought to be on hand to act as referee."

In accordance with this plan, Darwin made a careful study of the situation, and the more he saw of it the more interested he became. Darwin previously had made a study of local politics in a quiet way, but he was not known as a politician, although he had occasionally been of some help to men who were thus known. Anything unusual could claim his attention, and he liked to understand things. Thus, curiosity had taken him to the meeting at which union labor first declared itself in the matter of the approaching mayoralty election. Then, keeping in touch

with the other movement, he had discovered that the existing conditions promised to make that a real force. Capital was very much in earnest. He fully understood this when he happened to see the chilly reception that was given to a solicitor for campaign contributions by the head of a great corporation.

"I have no desire to contribute to the election of a labor demagogue," he said.

"You have always contributed without question before," it was urged.

"Well, conditions are a little different this time," he replied. "It looks to me as if this would be a fight between capital and labor, rather than between Republicans and Democrats, and there are a few of us who would like to know where we stand before we put up any money. If labor is to control, we might as well quit now; if we are not to be allowed to manage our own affairs and to have the necessary protection to enable us to do it, we can't know it too soon. The efforts of the politicians to keep on the right side of labor, even at the expense of property, have cost us a lot of money already, and we are not anxious to pay any one for the privilege of making conditions worse."

"I think we have always shown a disposition to see that capital has fair treatment and all the protection that the law gives," persisted the politician.

"But you never before have been confronted by a solid labor vote to warp your judgment and force pledges that will be anarchistic in their effects," was the reply. "You'll have to go on record before you can do business with us this time."

Darwin, waiting to see the capitalist on a business matter, smiled grimly as he heard this.

"There's surely going to be a lot of fun," he told himself, "and there ought to be an opportunity to do something worth while, if a fellow keeps his eyes open. I can't get it out of my head that there is a point that's being overlooked by all these astute people."

Another incident, quite as significant, claimed his attention at a political meeting a little later. He attended meetings of both parties, and he did not fail to note that the speakers were having a hard time of it. The mayoralty candidates were of about equal merit, but the very nature

of the situation made them and the party managers unusually noncommittal and evasive, and somehow the "glittering generalities" that had so often proved effective did not bring the usual response. In fact, it was a very disconcerting interruption that Darwin heard and treasured for further consideration.

"Let's get down to facts!" cried a man in the audience during a speech in a labor district. "If we elect your man, what is he going to do with the police?"

"Enforce the law," declared the speaker.

"Rats!" was the reply. "What do you mean by that? Will they be corporation employees as they are now?"

Darwin pondered this as deeply as he had other developments of this strange campaign, and he was sorely puzzled.

"It seems to me," he mused, "that there is a very decided difference of opinion as to who 'the people' are. Suppose that neither party to the controversy should prove to be right!"

As the campaign became more acrimonious and the lines were more closely drawn, Darwin found the problem becoming clearly defined in his mind, but he failed to find a solution to it.

"Capital demands its rights and labor demands its rights, but how about me?" he asked. "I don't seem to count at all. I just stand between capital and labor and— By thunder!" he exclaimed suddenly, "if I can dodge the blows, I'm in a bully good position to referee the fight."

It seemed to him a happy thought, and he became even more interested than previously in the developments. Incidentally, he formulated a plan, which he later presented to a few men who were not allied with either capital or union labor. He said that "the people" at last had a real opportunity. For years they had bowed meekly to one master or another, because they did not know their own strength, but now they could assert themselves effectively. Capital and labor, fighting each other bitterly, were so evenly matched that the wise onlooker was in a position to dictate the terms upon which either could have victory.

"Nothing to it," retorted one of the men. "The situation naturally worries both political parties, but both will bow

to labor in the end. The contributions of capital are mighty convenient, but capital has n't the numerical strength to elect anybody in such a fight as this. Why, in the matter of votes, when the lines are drawn like this, labor can smother it."

"Don't you believe it," returned Darwin. "I happen to know something about the situation, and capital is stronger numerically than you imagine. The enthusiastic unification of labor has alarmed all local investors. The capitalists have secured the stockholders' lists of virtually all local concerns, including the street railways, and they have thus been able to reach the small investors. These are people that no one thinks about as a general thing, but they constitute a small army, and the possibility of further labor dictation has alarmed them. They don't figure very much in the world of finance, but the little money they have is invested in stocks of one kind or another. If you don't think this movement means business, come with me to the meeting that has just been called of those who have large or small financial investments that they believe to be in jeopardy. I tell you, labor and the politicians have made the mistake of thinking that only millionaires are in the ranks of capital."

The other parties to the conference were sufficiently interested to pursue the investigation, so they attended the meeting that had been called as an offset to the great labor demonstration. And it proved to be a revelation. The gathering was big and demonstrative, and the small investors, who never before had been identified with capital in the minds of the practical, were out in full force.

"What we want to know," one of the speakers asserted, "is whether we are to be ruled by law or by labor unions and walking delegates. Is our property to be wrecked whenever some dictator decides that wages ought to be raised? Are we to suffer because a lot of politicians want to get the labor vote? You know what has happened, for you have suffered. Your incomes have been curtailed and the value of your stocks depressed. You are not allowed to manage your own affairs. You are not allowed to employ men who are willing to work for the wages you can afford to pay, and when you try to do so

your property is destroyed, while the police stand supinely by. Labor has combined and will dictate absolutely, if you don't combine to thwart it. You will not even get the small protection that you get now; the police will be withdrawn from the scene of any strike, the mob will rule; you will be powerless in the hands of unscrupulous demagogues. If labor says, 'We want ten per cent. or twenty per cent. or fifty per cent. more pay,' you will have to grant it or go out of business. Are you prepared to submit to this? Are you, the small investors, willing to have the little you have accumulated confiscated?"

There was no mistaking the answer. These people would vote for the party that promised to protect their interests: they would not be sacrificed to political expediency. They saw the danger of labor domination, and they were prepared to act as a unit in combatting it.

"You are right," Darwin's companions admitted. "Capital is strong, and the fight is going to be a hot one, but where do we come in?"

"That's the question I've been asking myself for two or three weeks," replied Darwin, "and I've just got the answer. We're going to referee this fight. It's a foregone conclusion that the Republican party will surrender to capital and the Democratic to labor, for it is already working out that way. We'll just superintend the whole thing and dictate the terms. If they resent our interference, we'll do the strenuous referee act and whip both parties into submission."

"An impossible task," it was urged.

"Nonsense!" retorted Darwin. "There's a mighty big bunch of the population that lies between capital and labor, and I'll undertake to make it a cohesive force if you'll hire a hall for me. I'm just getting waked up to the job. I confess it puzzled me for a long time, but I see my way clear now. The referee class is so disgusted with this scrap, in which it receives no consideration whatever, that it is in the right humor to be harmonized. Talk it up and hire a hall,—a big one,—and I'll do the rest."

Now, the great middle class has no union fund to draw upon for expenses, and it has no one member who could pay the rent of a big hall without feeling it,

but in the aggregate it has money and lots of it. While it does not invest, except possibly in its own small business (when it is not on salary), it lives reasonably well and does not lack a little spending-money on occasions—that is, in most instances. Some there are who are fairly close to poverty, but others have incomes of very good proportions. So, when a few became interested in the experiment, the hiring of the hall was far from an impossibility.

"Make it a big one," said Ben, "the biggest in the city, and let me write the announcement of the meeting."

The details being arranged, this announcement appeared in all the papers for several days in succession:

LET US HAVE PEACE!

Capital and Labor Being Lined Up
for Battle, It Devolves upon the
Great Middle Class to

REFEREE THE FIGHT!

All who are Not Allied in Any Way
with Labor Unions and who have
No Investments to Color Their Views
are Invited to Attend the Great
Mass-Meeting to Be Held Saturday
Night.

STOCKHOLDERS BARRED!

To say that this created a sensation would be to put it mildly. But there was also laughter. It seriously complicated the situation, but it was amusing. There was something absurd in the great middle class daring to demand consideration for itself, but it might prove troublesome. It had played the part of the spoils of victory for so long that no one had thought to reckon with it, and no one was quite sure that it was entitled to any recognition now. Still, there was something disconcerting about the movement.

When the leaders of it were interviewed, they merely stated that a union card or a share of stock entitled the bearer to be summarily fired out of the hall. This meeting was for those who had no sort of personal interest in either side to the controversy that had raged for so long a time, to the great discomfort of all. But they wanted the pres-

ence of every man who was entitled to be there.

And so great was the interest created by the advertisements and the interviews that the hall was filled and two overflow meetings were held. Ben Darwin addressed all three meetings, and these were among the points he made:

"Capital and labor have been battling intermittently for a long time, and who has paid the bills? We have. When labor has won, who has paid the additional wages? We have. When capital has won, who has paid the cost of the fight? We have. We have caught it coming and going. If labor got a ten-per-cent. increase, capital has added five, and we have paid the bill. When labor and capital disagree in a little street-railway matter, they say to us, 'Walk, you tarriers, walk!' And we walk and try to pretend we like it. Our comfort has been nothing; our rights have been nothing: labor and capital can't see beyond their own little interests. Both sides make long statements of their grievances, but what about ours? With them there is a chance to win; with us the best we can get is the worst of it. Whichever side gains the victory, we will pay for it and pay high. We walk at one time, we tote home our own goods at another, our supplies are shut off at still another; we climb to our offices, we go without coal, we are turned away from our favorite restaurants; and then we pay the bills. Is n't it about time for this to stop? Just think over the conflicts, in which you have had no personal interest, that have resulted in great discomfort or loss to you, and then tell me if you are willing to stand it any longer."

There had been frequent interruptions, but at this point the audience, in every case, rose to yell its defiance at the warring factions and declare that its rights must be respected.

"Capital and labor are now lined up for control of the city government," Ben continued. "Shall we let them have it? If we do, what will be the cost to us? If either gets it, who will be saddled with the expense? There will be profit for the winner, but who will pay that profit? Why, fellow-citizens of the great middle class, these people are fighting for us: we are the spoils of war. We've thought we

were neutrals, but we're nothing but Korea between Russia and Japan: we're playing the insignificant rôle of mere booty. And now we have our chance to stop it, for we hold the balance of power. We can referee this fight between capital and labor, if we will, and we can decide on just what terms it shall be settled. Shall we do it?"

The answer was unanimously and vociferously in the affirmative in every case. Then the voters were asked to pledge themselves specifically to vote for that candidate or that party that went on record unequivocally and specifically to enforce the law to the letter against both capital and labor, and printed pledge-forms were passed out with the request that they be signed and mailed to Darwin's office. He promised in the meantime, with the aid of a lawyer, to put candidates and party managers on record in written statements that should cover every possible contingency that could be foreseen, and that should guarantee that the rights of the great middle class should receive first consideration in the future. Under this, there should be no dallying with capital when charters should be revoked and no dallying with labor when the law was violated: there should be absolute and impartial protection for all, and no more than that did the great middle class ask.

The politicians received the reports with dismay; the labor leaders began to wonder if they were "so many" after all; the leaders of capital looked solemnly at one another when they met at their clubs. All admitted deep down in their hearts that they had labored under a misconception as to who "the people" were. Here was a class that ordinarily said nothing, that ordinarily was used by warring factions of one kind or another, that never before had been cohesive; but it not only held the balance of power, it was the power: it could elect a candidate of its own without regard to those who always before had demanded the utmost consideration. It had been wheedled and ignored and spurned, as occasion seemed to dictate, but never really consulted. It was so unobtrusive that it had received scant attention, except when it was called upon to pay the bills.

Both Republicans and Democrats had

men on hand to see how much mail Darwin received. These men reported that it was brought over from the post-office in a wheelbarrow, and that more was coming. Darwin was promptly requested to call at both headquarters. He might easily have insisted that the Democratic and Republican leaders should come to him, but he was after results merely, so he went.

"What do you want?" asked the manager of the Republican campaign, whom he visited first.

"I want a statement from you, in your own handwriting, covering these points," said Darwin, laying some type-written sheets on the table, "and I want another from your candidate for mayor."

The manager scowled. There was no dodging the issue, for the thing was explicit on every point, covering every possible favor of omission or commission to either capital or labor. It would satisfy neither, and yet it asked nothing but the absolute enforcement of the law, to the end that the public should not suffer without punishment being meted out to whoever was derelict.

"Suppose I refuse to sign," said the Republican.

"Then I shall take it to the Democrats."

"And if I do sign?"

"I shall take it to the Democrats just the same. We're not playing politics in this: we're merely refereeing the fight and settling the terms of it."

"Take it to the Democrats first," said the Republican.

"If I take it to them, and they sign, I shall not come back," said Darwin. "I shall simply publish their pledges in

every paper in the city, in accordance with the arrangement made at the meeting, and that will be notice how the votes are to be cast."

"Suppose both parties make satisfactory pledges?"

"They will be published, and the referee party will split and vote as it pleases," said Darwin. "That was the understanding. But this is your only chance."

"I'll write out a statement that can't be misunderstood and have our candidate for mayor do the same," sighed the manager, "but it will lose us a good many of the votes of capital."

"Well, you'll get some of the labor vote, won't you?"

"I suppose so."

At Democratic headquarters capitulation was prompt, as soon as it was learned that the Republicans had surrendered.

"But it will lose us a lot of labor votes," grumbled the Democratic manager.

"Well, you'll get some of the silk-stocking vote, won't you?" asked Darwin.

"I suppose so."

"Well, the split of these factions is one of the things the referee wants," said Darwin.

With facsimiles of the pledges he published this strange statement:

The fight was referred to a point where the antagonists have become so mixed up and entangled that it is no longer possible to tell which is which, so vote as you please. But don't forget that "the people" have been at last discovered, all previous claims to the contrary notwithstanding. And theirs is the power whenever they wish to exercise it.



THE ARCHITECTURAL TREATMENT OF A SMALL GARDEN¹

JOHNN SEDDING, in pleading for the garden-rights of the architect, urged that "the house is his child: he knows what is good for it"—for its outer adornment as for its interior planning.

Yet it is not so long since, in America, that the architect's concern ended with the house walls. All without was purely the affair of the gardener, or of the owner who planted or did not plant as the spirit moved, and rare indeed is the architect who carries not with him as a thorn in the flesh the sight of some house of his own devising which lacks that balustrade or terrace or scheme of planting which, if executed as he had planned, would have united it with the site and made a complete and harmonious whole. But just here the client "balked." Thus far would he go and no farther. While the architect could only feel with Browning:

"Oh, the little more, and how much it is!"

If the garden be but small, or if the available land is only a strip of ground between house and street, a formal treatment is especially necessary, since, in such a situation, the house dominates the garden, and, in order to be in harmony, the lines of the latter must assume a certain architectural severity. In fact, the smaller the space, the greater the need that all its details be treated with a strict regard to proportion, the house and its surroundings being taken as one artistic whole.

The best examples that we have of such wholeness and symmetry of treatment are the Italian gardens of the early Renaissance, which were an outcome of the revived study of the classics. People then planned their pleasure-grounds accord-

ing to the hints found in Pliny and in the later Latin poets. With these, the garden was an extension of the house; in the smaller places, near Rome, where every foot of ground had to be turned to the greatest advantage, it was sometimes little more than an unroofed conservatory, where statues of bronze or marble were relieved against the somber green of bays, and rare flowers were potted about a fountain or banked in marble boxes, rank above rank, against the bounding wall. The wall itself was often painted with trellises and vines to give an effect of perspective.

Setting aside such extremes as the last, let us consider what may be done, first, with a small plot of ground separating a building from the street, and, next, with a garden of one or two acres. That it may be treated without regard to the scale of neighboring objects, the place should be, as far as possible, inclosed or framed in with walls or hedges.

The first consideration, however, is the site—its possibilities and impossibilities. If there is an undesirable view, a high wall is the obvious remedy. This need have no architectural adornments, but, covered with ampelopsis, wistaria, *Euonymus radicans*, or other creepers, will serve as a background for the flowers. If, on the other hand, the garden affords the luxury of a fine prospect, a low wall is naturally required, since its function is simply to serve as a frame to the garden without preventing a view of it, and a balustrade or cresting gives this boundary the necessary importance. If the ground slopes abruptly, every inch of it can still be utilized by means of terraces, which must be carefully planned that they be not out of scale with the house.

The treatment of the small "front

¹ This article was originally written by the late Roger Riordan, after conversations with Mr. Charles A. Platt. It has since been re-shaped by Miss Frances Duncan.

plot" should be, first of all, simple. Crowding or complicity of design is a thing to be avoided in a small garden, as in a small room. The paths, which may be bordered with low shrubs or with flowers, should lead straight to the house. The spaces between paths and wall will look best laid down with grass, which gives an air of spaciousness and freedom that a more elaborate planting, however carefully designed, cannot yield. The garden-wall should be clad with vines, the trellised portion may be gay with climbing roses or trumpet-creeper. In fact, the smaller the garden, the more should be made of this wall and trellis gardening, keeping the grass-plots open. The portico of the house may well be the principal feature of the plan to which everything should lead up.

Taking, now, the garden of an acre or two, a space still relatively small, but which may properly be dignified by the name of garden, here much greater variety is permissible both in the natural and artificial elements of the scene. Here the house is not so dominating an element, but the garden must be on the same axis as the house: it must also be in harmony with it. An elaborate Italian garden attached to a Queen Anne or "conglomerate" dwelling is no more natural than the gathering of grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. The bounding wall, if low, may be topped by a balustrade, perhaps of wood, interrupted by low piers which will serve as pedestals for statues or vases. To add to the sense of privacy, there may be alleys, bordered by clipped hedges; for this purpose privet may be used, or, if the climate prove too rigorous for that, Japanese barberry or *Spiræa Van Houttei* will serve. Water adds greatly to the charm of a garden, whether in a simple pool, or in a more ambitious fountain. There will also be room for seats shaded by greenery, ("roosting-

places," in the Duke of Buckingham's phrase); statues and terminal figures may flank the entrance to a path or the foot of a flight of steps; for the garden may be as ornate as one pleases, and in the setting up of statues, the habit as costly as one's purse can stand. But the gardener must ever watch against the artistic sin of letting his garden, in richness of architectural device, outgrow his house. In Mr. Charles Platt's garden at Cornish, the terminal figures are of terra-cotta. Instead of these, the large water-jars, Spanish or Italian may be used, but if new, it will be well to subject them to the sand-blast to roughen the glaze a little and make it less crudely lustrous. Glazed terra-cotta, similarly treated is very effective for the capitals and bases of columns. The shafts may be of wood which, if protected at the extremities by the terra-cotta, will be virtually imperishable.

The plants suitable to such a garden do not enter into the purpose of this paper. Soil, climate, and exposure determine to a great extent the selection, and the gardener will experiment for himself. The architect's work is to furnish a suitable frame for an ever-changing picture. The chief delight of gardening is its vast variety. Even the shape and disposition of the flower-beds may be changed from year to year, the color schemes vary from month to month or even from week to week. It is only the permanent features—the walks, hedges, rows, and boundaries—that are here in view.

It is true that the first cost of a garden so laid out will be greater, but its cost of maintenance will be less. Also, a little care and expense in the beginning to secure a harmonious whole, may save the amateur much future labor and sorrow, and—what is of immense importance to Americans—loss of time.



THE GARDEN OF THE SUN¹

ROUTE NOTES IN SICILY

BY WILLIAM SHARP

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

PART II



THE two great ruined glories of western Sicily are Segesta and Selinunte. The one can best be reached from Palermo, the other more conveniently from Marsala.

It would be easy to indulge in hyperbole as to the imposing mass and grandeur of these vast ruins: it is not easy to give the untraveled reader any idea of the magnificence, or any sense of the majesty and beauty, which must have characterized the forgotten cities which stood here. To see Segesta among the wild mountains of the interior, to see Selinunte in its desolate immensity by the lonely shores of the southwestern coasts, to see Pantalica, the City of the Dead, near the forlorn sources of the Syracusan Anapo, will impress the imagination as much as the greatest ruins of Egypt or of India.

Most visitors to Segesta reach the site of the ancient city by way of Calatafimi, a station on the Palermo-Trapani line some five and a half miles distant. Perhaps the Albergo Centrale is now more tolerable: till recently sojourn there and martyrdom would be interchangeable terms. Happy the traveler who can visit Segesta and other such outlying places in a motor-car. But most of us must be content with the railway as far as it will take us, and then do the rest on foot or on mule-back or in a rickety carriage.

No historian has yet revealed to us the date of Segesta's birth, and, what is more surprising, none has disclosed the date of its disappearance, though that happened between the fourth and eleventh centuries. Even its name as a great Elymian city is not known. To the Greeks familiar as Egesta, its first historical appearance is as the ally of the Phenicians against its lifelong rival and foe, Selinus, the city whose ruins now rival its own. That between four and five hundred years B.C. it was a place of great importance is obvious from the fact that the Athenians entered into alliance with it. After the collapse of the Athenian power subsequent to the disastrous war against Syracuse, Egesta was threatened with extinction, and so fell back upon the invariable ancient method by calling on the strongest available power to step in, smash the enemy, and make their own terms. As usual in all internecine Greek conflict in Sicily, Carthage was the power invoked. Hannibal, the son of Gisco, came with one hundred thousand men, and in eight days made a clean sweep of the city and territory of Selinus. The Selinuntians were made a memory. A hundred years later, however, and the equally usual turn of fortune happened to triumphant Egesta. The tyrant Agathocles laid waste its territories, annihilated its troops, and sacked the city; then, having with fire and sword and indiscriminate tortures massacred or

¹ See the first paper in the CENTURY for March

driven out every inhabitant with a drop of Elymian blood, he repeopled it with Greeks, Syracusan and continental, and, in a whim of savage irony, renamed it Dicæopolis, the City of Righteousness. When, in course of time, the Romans became masters, they transposed the name to Segesta. Slowly the city shrank to a town, to a ruined village, to a hamlet among ruins, and for a long period is last heard of in the fourth century A.D. At the coming of the Normans in the eleventh century there was not a trace of Segesta.

It is still a lonely site, the hawk, the hill-wind, and the passing clouds being its most frequent visitors. The traveler coming from Calatafimi (the scene of Garibaldi's first victory in Sicily) will, whether versed in the classics or Bædeker-primed, be endeavoring to recall Vergil's words about Trojan Æcetes and the second Ilium which was bidden to rise here in these remote Sicilian highlands, when suddenly all else will be forgotten by the sight of a vast gray temple rising in solitary majesty. Then in a moment all thought of the Æneid or of Cicero (and never was the great orator more eloquent than in the Segesta section of his famous indictment of Verres) will go off on the wind. If he remembers any words at all, they will not be those of Vergil or Cicero or Goethe, but of Cardinal Newman, who found here "the genius of ancient Greek worship." Although not the largest, this temple of Diana is the most complete and the most beautiful in Sicily. Its remote hill-set position, its great lonely strath, its superbly harmonious grace and strength, make it one of the finest of all Greek remains. Then there is the lovely Greco-Roman theater cut from the bed-rock, one of the finest in Sicily, though smaller than that of Syracuse, with views of noble, if somber, beauty. Altogether the sympathetic visitor is likely to echo the words of Cardinal Newman (in his "Correspondence," Vol. 1): "In all Sicily the chief sight has been Segesta. . . . Oh, wonderful sight!—full of the most strange pleasure. . . . It has been a day in my life to have seen Egesta!"

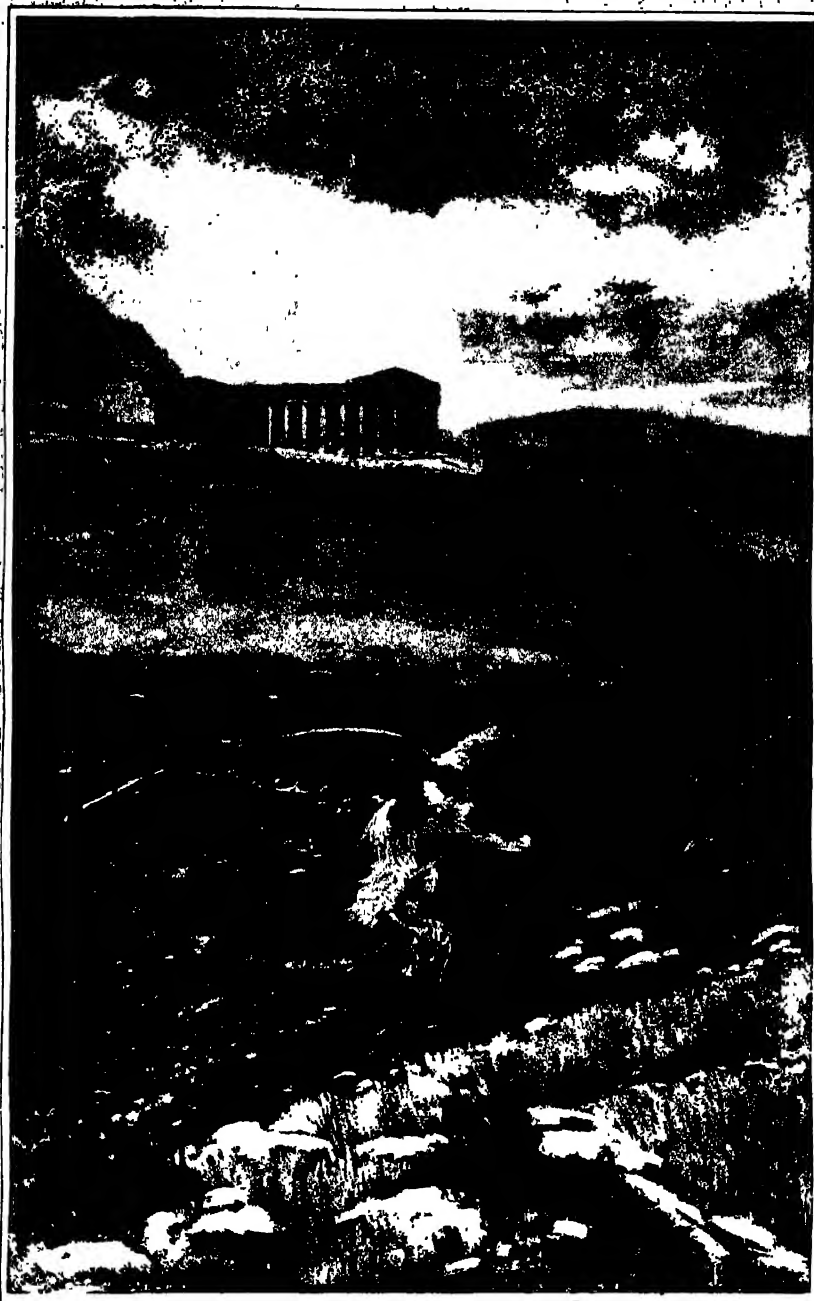
Not less impressive, though in a different way, is Selinunte. This vast ruin of the past, in actual area of fallen majesty, has no rival in Europe, perhaps in the world. Nor is any city of desolation more

impressive in approach, whether by the wild and barren valley of the Madiuni or from the malaria-haunted shores.

The traveler coming from Marsala or Palermo will find tolerable accommodation at the Albergo Bixio at Castelvetro, a town the extent and prosperity of which will be a surprise to him, for the city, though of over fifty thousand inhabitants, is little known by repute, and is situated in the least-visited part of Sicily. Carriages can be hired at the Bixio to drive the six or seven miles to Selinunte.

The City of Wild Parsley (for the name of the ancient Selinus, *pace* Freeman, who says it is the wild celery, is generally identified with this famous Greek herb, which to this day is found in great quantities in the vicinage of the ruins) has been referred to as the paradise of the archaeologist and the antiquarian. No idea is to be had of the vast extent and fallen magnificence of the ruins of Selinus from knowledge of other ruined sites. It is unique. I recall the deep impression of the buried city of Selinus in Tunisia, but there little is to be seen, as the grass and desert sand have covered most of the ruins. Nor is there any ruined beauty to excel that of Selinunte in spring. I have seen Olympia when spring is at its loveliest in the Peloponnesus, and a wave of flowers has spread over the ruins till they have broken like surf against the leafy walls of the Hill of Cronos: but the Greek wave at Olympia becomes a Sicilian flood at Selinus. In March and April one might well believe that, in the words of a Sicilian poet, here is the spot where every spring Persephone is reborn "in supreme beauty, in perfect womanhood, and with all the flowers of all the world." Some idea, however, may be had of the amazing wealth of antiquarian treasure-trove from such facts as that, on one occasion, eight thousand antique Greek lamps were dug up in a single day, and that over fifty thousand had been disinterred by 1900, besides great numbers of bronzes, busts of terra-cotta figurines, and even unmutated figures, ancient jewelry, Phœnician beads and amulets, and so forth.

Vast in size as well as in extent these temples must have been. Professor Middleton speaks of the Apollonion, or, as generally called, the temple of Olympian



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half the plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT SEGESTA

Zeus, as the largest peripteral temple of the whole Hellenic world. "For vastness, magnificence, and solidity, it was excelled by only two temples in Greece, Italy, Egypt, and Asia Minor, that of Diana at Ephesus and that of Jupiter Olympius at Girgenti."

Unlike Olympia in the Peloponnesus, Selinunte will never become a place of even temporary residence. Malaria is its curse to-day, as it was of old, when the great Empedocles tried to improve it by constructing a sea-drain beneath the Acropolis. In summer and autumn, and on sirocco days in spring, the visitor will have to be very careful against chill from over-heating or hunger or fatigue.

From Selinunte one can reach Girgenti either by way of Sciacca (by carriage from Castelvetro or by arrangement from Selinunte) and thence, if preferred and if the sailing-times are opportune, by steamer to Porto Empedocle; or, as is generally done, by returning to Palermo, and by a fresh start thence through the vast, lonely, somberly beautiful highlands of central Sicily. The Girgenti line diverges at Roccapalumba, and enables the traveler to reach this famous city—with Taormina, Syracuse, and Palermo, one of the four goals of the great majority of those who come to Trinacria. The town, of course, is also easily to be reached from the south by express from Catania and its connections.

Very few travelers take the shore road from Selinunte by Sciacca. Nor is it to be recommended save to the fortunate few who can travel by motor, or who know Sicily and the ways of Sicilians well, and all the drawbacks to independent travel in the south and southwest. There is no place en route where accommodation can be had, and even at Ribera or Siciliana, the chief townlets by the way, milk, bread, or other provision is likely to be sought in vain.

The only place of special antiquarian interest to visit between Sciacca and Girgenti are the ruins of Heraclea Minoa, reputed to be the birthplace of Zeuxis, the most famous of Greek painters. Little is to be seen here, however, and the ordinary traveler will be more interested in the bold cliff and headland scenery of the coast, or in the small, picturesque village-town of Cattolica-Eraclea isolated among

gaunt gypsum hills on a height circled by the shallow Platani, or (one of the great possibilities for the first artist in Sicily who makes his way to this remote place) the village of Montallegro, or Angiò, as it is sometimes called, an all but deserted alabaster town, abandoned for want of water, and of which a French traveler has written as the skeleton of a town occupied only by aloes and prickly-pears, which lean from its cavernous windows and doors. After rain, the walls and houses gleam with iridescent light, and the blue-green of the agave or yellow-green of the spurge glow as though aflame.

No doubt Girgenti is most impressive when approached by sea. The Syracusan boat service, however, is neither frequent nor punctual, so that one should ascertain full particulars before leaving the port or joining the steamer at Terranova or Licata.

Every one has heard of Girgenti, as of Syracuse, before coming to Sicily. The most beautiful city of antiquity has left an enduring name, and if the Girgenti of to-day be far from the Agrigentum of Roman splendor, and still further from the Acragas of Greek beauty and magnificence, it is still nobly worth seeing. Even the least responsive imagination can hardly fail to apprehend some idea of what this town must have been of old, when Acragas, with its vast extent and over two hundred thousand inhabitants, looked out across the dark-blue waters of the Greek Sea, or Mare Africano, from a lordly wilderness of superb temples and magnificent buildings of all kinds. To-day it is worth a pilgrimage from the ends of the earth. There is perhaps no place of ruin in the whole world more beautiful than this. To see it, as the present writer last saw it, in a golden sunset glow, with the great temples gleaming like yellow ivory, and the town itself of a dusky gold, and the sea beyond, and uplands and mountains behind, irradiated with a serene glory of light, is to see what will be for life an unforgettable impression, an ever deeply moving remembrance. To localize the three loveliest views in Sicily (and I fancy that most travelers would agree with me), I should specify that from the terrace of the Hotel Timeo at Taormina, that from the monastery-hotel of Madonna del Tindaro over Tyn-



Drawn by Jay Hambridge. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

HARVESTING WHEAT IN FRONT OF THE TEMPLE OF OLYMPIAN ZEUS AT SELINUNTE

daris and the Æolian Isles, and that from the terrace of the Hotel Belvedere on the south wall of Girgenti, looking out on the lovely temples, the beautiful uplands and slopes, and the blue sea washing Porto Empedocle below. But there is one material drawback to Girgenti from which Taormina is free: the people are of a surly and often sullen and disagreeable temper, and the ill-bred boys are not infrequently a serious nuisance to travelers unfamiliar with Italian, or to ladies going about unaccompanied. No doubt the town-manners are slowly improving, though the Sicilian saying, "*Girgenti—male gente*," still holds as disagreeably apt. Again, apart from a serious drawback such as this, Girgenti is not a healthy place for foreigners to remain in long, except from December till March. Even in the latter part of April, though a beautiful flower-month, malaria in prolonged sirocco weather, as may well happen at this time, is apt to attack the sensitive and the heedless.

A week, if possible, should be allowed here. It is a common mistake to suppose that there is little of interest beyond the Greek temples. The town has many attractions, and above all to the archæologist and student of art and architecture; and if only the city were somewhat more civilized and the people as a whole more agreeable, no doubt the day-visitors would no longer be in so overwhelmingly a majority. The time is not far distant when foreign loungers in the charming public garden of the Villa Garibaldi on the Rupe Atenea will be as habitual a sight as on the terrace of the Timeo or in the gardens of San Domenico at Taormina. The fine ancient Greek house; the Latomie, or great quarries like those at Syracuse; the Greek and Roman necropolis; the many churches (one or two of them, like S. Biagio on the Rupe Atenea, on the site of ancient temples); the tombs; the cave-dwellings; the walls; and many more objects of interest chronicled in the guide-books of Murray and Baedeker and Douglas Sladen (whose dictionary of Sicily affords the most convenient epitome of all that is to be seen here and elsewhere throughout the island), invite a more prolonged stay than that commonly allotted to the city of Empedocles—a city that even now does not seem a mockery when

one recalls Pindar's famous "the splendor-loving city, most beautiful of all cities."

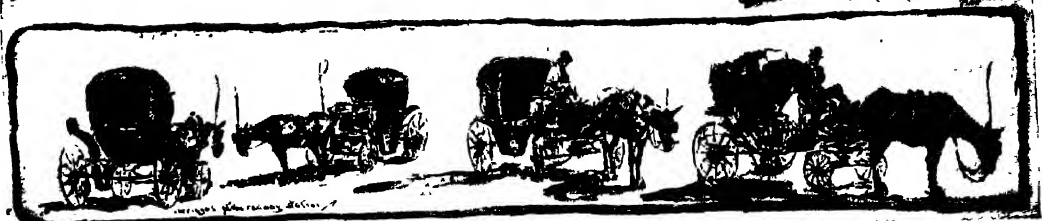
Of the superb temple of Olympian Zeus, which was not only the largest in Sicily, but in the world; the lovely temple of Concordia, admitted (apart from the Parthenon) to be the finest Doric temple extant after the Theseion at Athens, and, seen some distance off, much more impressive, dwarfed as the Theseion is by its position and environment; the many-columned temple of Juno Lacinia, or, rather, of Minerva; the rock-set temple of Juno, so nobly beautiful in design and so majestic in harmonious ruin (still bearing the marks of the fire when Gellias, the Vanderbilt or Rockefeller of Acragas, immolated himself and his household and treasures on the night, 406 years B.C., when the Carthaginians took the city); the temple of Vulcan, which tradition associates with orations and teachings of Empedocles (possibly on its steps the great philosopher uttered that famous satire of his on his luxurious fellow-citizens: that the people of Acragas had built their houses as though they were to live forever, but gave themselves up to luxury as if they were to die on the morrow)—of these, and the others, no need to write here. No one will go to Girgenti, without having read up the essential part at least of what the guide-books have to offer, to say nothing of Freeman and other writers.

Few tourists travel by the slow, inconvenient, and, for the most part, monotonous and uninteresting south-coast line from Girgenti via Licata. Archæologists and historians will visit, or wish to visit, Terranova, the ancient Gela, the later home of Æschylus, who died here, and the city of that magnificent warrior-brigand, Gelon, Tyrant of Gela and Syracuse; but to the ordinary traveler the two days' journey would be a weariness with little relief.

Modica and Ragusa are of course well worth going to see, but they can conveniently be visited from Syracuse. Modica makes up in picturesqueness of aspect and in the cordiality of its citizens what it lacks in cleanliness and general pleasantness; and if it has few entertainments of the kind customary for a town of its size (it is a rival of Trapani, with its



Drawn by Jay Hambrooke. H. C. Stone plate engraved by C. W. Chodwick.
THE TEMPLE OF CASTOR AND POLLUX AT GIRGENTI



Drawn by Jay Hambidge Half one plate engraved by G. W. Chadwick

OLIVE-TREES AT GIRGENTI AND "THE MANY-COLUMNED TEMPLE OF JUNO LACINIA"

sixty thousand inhabitants), it can often manage a flood or an earthquake. It is worth while putting up a night at the Stella d'Italia if there is a *festa* imminent, for there is no place in Sicily to surpass Modica or Ragusa in picturesqueness of costume; and it is again worth while (barring plague, earthquake, or flood, which the country-people say are what one may expect at Modica, as in November one thinks a shower of rain likely) to remain yet another night here, in order to make a trip to the intensely interesting Val d'Ispica, a valley with great rock-walls full of the cave-tombs of troglodytes, the ancient cave-dwellers and later refugees, one of the vastest collections of prehistoric tombs in Sicily. Then, if possible, the short journey to Ragusa—to the two Ragusas, rather—should be made by carriage from Modica, as thus the traveler will have a vision of Sicilian towns such as Turner would have been impassioned to paint. Tens of thousands of people in London and New York have unwittingly



Drawn by Jay Hambidge

THE SO-CALLED TOMB OF ARCHIMEDES AT SYRACUSE

had cause to thank Ragusa, for from here comes the Pietra Pece which has revolutionized asphalt-paving. Many of us know the trade-sign "Val di Traversers." This great asphalt company has its headquarters in Ragusa, and asphalt, as politics with the Athenians and missionary-steak in certain South Sea isles, is the absorbing topic for Ragusans.

Between Modica and Syracuse there is no place of particular interest except Noto, which is very well worth seeing as an example of what Sicilians of to-day can do when they set out to build a handsome city and make it a prosperous trading center as well. One so often hears that Sicily is too hopelessly poor to have any energy in its towns, except Messina, Syracuse, and Palermo. Let those who believe these statements visit towns such as Trapani, Marsala, Castelvetro, Ragusa, or Noto, and they will modify their opinions.

Syracuse calls itself the capital of the south, but it has no cause to dispute pride



Drawn by Jay Hambidge

THE ALTAR OF HIERO II AT SYRACUSE

of place with Palermo. The metropolitan city is superior in population; wealth, and much else, but it is deficient in what its ancient and glorious rival has in such abundance. For Syracuse has the supreme charm of Greece in a way that no other city except Athens has. Not even

Sicilian Greeks, a city as great in power and wealth and beauty as Athens herself, and victor at last in the long and fatal rivalry which indirectly involved the passing of the Hellenistic dominion of all the lands washed by the Ionian and Mediterranean seas.



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

THE FOUNTAIN OF ARETHUSA AT SYRACUSE

in Corinth, nowhere in Hellas from Messana or Sparta in the south to Thebes in the north, is there any Hellenic town to compare with "the Queen of Sicily." As a sanctuary, Delphi is far more impressive than anything in Sicily, as a national meeting-place Olympia has no rival; but nowhere except at Athens is a Greek city to be seen to-day which has the proud record of the marvelous metropolis of the

This city, which was great enough to found colonies in the sixth and seventh centuries B.C., is still existent, is still a great town, with Syracusans busy sea-traders as of yore, and even taking their pleasure at times in the same vast open theater as that in which the plays of Sophocles and Euripides were so often heard, where Æschylus saw his own dramas produced, and where the great

Plato himself found reflected the light and genius of sovereign Athens. The chosen city of Pindar, greatest of Greek poets; the place where Simonides, that prince of the lyric, came to die; the city to which Æschylus voluntarily came from Athens; the beautiful town which gave birth to Theocritus—well it deserves its name, the City of the Poets.

To-day, however, Syracuse is a small place compared with the ancient city with its five quarters, Achradina, Neapolis, Tyche, Epipolæ, and the island of Ortygia.

With Freeman, Gregorovius, and a score of other authorities and eloquent writers down to those master-compilers, Augustus Hare and Douglas Sladen, the visitor will be sufficiently primed before he comes. He will know what a vast area

of divers interests lies before him, and what he does not bring with him in remembrance from the Greek poets and historians, and from Vergil to Freeman, he will find supplied in apt and illustrative form. These modern *ciceroni*, like their great prototype, have discovered so much that the wisest Syracusans are as babes and sucklings in wisdom compared with them. When Cicero was quaestor in Sicily, he discovered here the tomb of the once famous Archimedes, of whom Syracusans at that date seemed to have no knowledge, and of whose tomb they had neither remembrance nor record. But the great Roman persevered, and at last convinced the doubters. "Thus," he writes, "one of the noblest cities of Greece, and one at one time celebrated for learning, had known nothing of the monument of



Drawn by Jay Harbidge. Engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE LATOMIA CAPPUCCINI AT SYRACUSE



Drawn by Jay Hambidge Half tone plate engraved by R. Varley

SIDE OF THE CATHEDRAL AT SYRACUSE

its greatest genius if it had not been discovered to them by a native of Arpinum." The Syracusans of to-day regard historians like Freeman and commentators like Hare or Sladen as "natives of Arpinum." They are convinced, are quite uninterested, but are very well content if it brings wealthy quæstors and amateurs and free-handed tourists to their good town.

How fascinating Syracuse is! What inexhaustible interest, if one cares for the history of the past! And what past is more wonderful than that of ancient

Greece, and, except Athens, what city of ancient Greece can vie with Syracuse? But amid this amazing, this almost paralyzing, wealth of interest, there is also a great melancholy. So habitual a sojourner in Italy and so enthusiastic an antiquarian as Ferdinand Gregorovius, that most vivid of all the historians of central and southern Italy, could not restrain the despondency which overcame him on Ortigia, that matrix of Syracuse. John Addington Symonds felt it even by the fountain of Arethusa; but

here it was the sadness of a mind filled with Hellenic dreams of beauty face to face with the somewhat sordid disillusionment of the unromantic actuality of the day. One of the chief living writers on Greek subjects told me that in the beautiful Latomic, those flower-hung, precipitous imprisoning gorges where happened one of the most harrowing tragedies of the ancient world, but which to-day are the delight and wonder of all who visit Syracuse,—whose fame, indeed, attracts strangers from every part of the world,—his depression was so overwhelming that he had to leave the Villa Politi and return to Taormina, where he was staying, because of the obsession by the terrible events which had happened more than two thousand years ago in that lovely Latomica Capuccini, whose flower- and heath-clad brows open within a stone's throw of the Villa-Politi windows.

Freeman himself, for all his control, was aware of a pervasive melancholy when, on the ruined height of Euryalus, he looked across what had once been beautiful and superb Syracuse, and saw at the moment no sign of life so far as Augusta itself—nothing but a hawk hovering in the still, blue air over against the white, dreamlike cone of Etna, seeming so remotely far. In truth, no imaginative nature could long be in Syracuse without in some degree yielding to a more or less acute, a more or less enduring, despondency. The contrast between what was and what is comes too clearly home to one. The sense of dust and ashes overcomes for a time the sense of eternal beauty, and the things, of the spirit that do not fade, the remembrance of great names, great deeds, terrible

events, monumental heroisms, monumental sorrows. "I could not have believed," wrote to me a friend, "that the wild rose would grow and the thrush and nightingale sing in these divinely lovely but most undivinely horrifying Latomias."

Apart from those enthralling interests of the past, Syracuse is a delightful place to sojourn for a week or so. There are many excursions to be made; some near, as to Plemmyrion, still, as in Vergil's time, "surf-beaten Plemmyrium," and to

be reached either by boat or carriage, and interesting for its own picturesque sake and for the sea-plunge that can readily be enjoyed from one of its many rocky little bays, as well as for all its ancient associations; or the boat-trip up the Anapo, not to be confused with the short sail up the papyrus-edged Cyane. How lovely both the Cyane and the Anapo in spring, with the narrow river-course winding through slow-moving avenues of papyrus and the lofty donax or bamboo rising from wildernesses of clustered yellow iris! Again, those who do not



Drawn by Jay Hambridge

THE EAR OF DIONYSIUS AT SYRACUSE

object to the slight swell which even in calm weather prevails off the sea-walls of Ortygia should take a boat to the picturesque caverned rock (a magnificent spot for a swim) known as the Due Fratelli, whence may be enjoyed one of the loveliest views of Etna to be had from the south of Sicily, sheer from sea-base to white summit. Farther afield are excursions such as that to Augusta, an ancient city with a magnificent harbor, the scene, in later days, of the victory of the French fleet under Duquesne over the great Dutch admiral De Ruyter, who was slain dying to Syracuse—not so ready for willing to lie there, poor man, as an-

other famous Teuton, the German poet Count von Platen, "the Horace of Germany, whose happiest thought was to die in Syracuse"; or as that to Lentini, the ancient Leontinoi colonized by Greeks as far back as between 700 and 800 B.C., with its immense malaria-haunted lake, whence one may drive in a day to and

voyage, this lava-desolated and lava-rebuilt town would no doubt seem a place both of beauty and charm. But after Palermo and Trapani on the north, Girgenti in the west, Syracuse in the south, and Taormina in the east, it has but indifferent appeal. To see it at its best, go there early in February, when the almond-



Drawn by Jay Hambridge

GUIDE TEARING PAPER AND TOURISTS LISTENING TO THE ECHO WITHIN "THE EAR OF DIONYSIUS"

from Pantalica, the City of the Dead, in whose wild gorge are thousands and thousands of rock-tombs and caves of the vanished troglodytes, a vast, indescribably impressive city of the remains of Greek and Sikel and Sicanian.

After Syracuse, Catania is a dull place, indeed. At its best, it is the least attractive city in Sicily. If one had never seen the island, and landed here after a severe

blossoms are out and in many parts cover the dreary bleak masses of lava; at, say, the Festa of St. Agatha, one of the most picturesque and delightful festivals to be seen in Sicily, when the townspeople and the countryfolk stream up the great street of Stesichorus, and a myriad colors gleam in the sunlight in brilliant relief against the immense snowy height of Etna rising gigantically at the far end. For the

most part the city is uninteresting, and the popular life here seems at a drearier stage, at a lower ebb, than in any other large Sicilian town. It can be drearily cold in winter and is always hot and arid and dusty in spring, and in summer is a blazing furnace. Having said all this, I am willing to add that I am prejudiced, and that both the town and its attractions may be as well worth a stay as indicated by Murray and other guide-books.

"I like Dublin better than London because I can get out of it more easily," said an Irishman of my acquaintance; and I like Catania best for this, that one can so easily get away from it, and by what avenues of escape! There is that southward flight to Syracuse, whence we have but just come. There is the northward flight through the lemon-groves and orange orchards of beautiful Aci-Reale, past the Rocks of Polyphemus and under the majesty of Etna, to hill-set Taormina. There is that unique, that unforgettable mountain journey, best started on from here, around the high slopes of Etna, up through Edens of blossom and golden

fruit and flowery paradises to Paterno and Aderonò, where once was the great fane of Hadranum, guarded by a thousand dogs, and round by hill-set, semi-barbaric Bronte, and so through Nelson's wonderful duchy to medieval Randazzo and Castiglione, like a nested white eagle on a lonely peak, and down at last, from an elevation of over three thousand feet, through the terrible dead lands of lava, past Linguaglossa, to where Giarre lies by the shore of the great bay overlooked by Taormina from her spur of Monte Venero. Finally there is that westward flight through central Sicily to majestic, magnificently situate Castrogiovanni, the Enna so revered by countless millions of the Hellenic peoples in all ages, the sanctuary of Demeter and Persephone, the Enna so identified with much of what is noblest and loveliest in the literature of both North and South.

Still farther afield, and best perhaps to be reached from Aderonò, are Troina on its mountain summit, and lovely Centuripe, where, after Selinunte, more "remains" are continually being found than



Drawn by Jay Harbridge. Half-tone engraving by G. M. Lewis

ROPE-MAKERS IN THE "GROTTA DEI CORDE" OLD MARBLE QUARRIES OF SYRACUSE



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

VIEW FROM THE GREEK THEATRE, TAORMINA

at any other spot in Sicily; desolate Agira; and many another citadel of ancient renown and present beauty and interest.

It is to Taormina, however, when all is said and done, that one returns as the loveliest goal in Sicily. Here the worlds meet, and in eternal beauty. Naxos lies below, its dark fangs of lava churning into foam the Greek sea, although no longer is to be seen the white temple of Apollo Archagêtes. A railway-line bisects its site, and one does not heed it. The dream is unbroken. The lovely mountains of Calabria gleam from across the straits of Messina, and a steamer with a trail of smoke lies between Reggio at their base and the picturesque castle-crowned peak of Capo San Alessio. It seems as natural as though it were a Greek galley coming from Zancle to Tauromenion. Down in the lovely bay below the crags which support the Castello-a-Mare, beside Isola Bella, where the swallows dart above the clustered euphorbia and yellow-waving genesta, and around the tiny shores of which the green-blue sea breathes with a long, slow, drowsy breath,

lies a tourist yacht at anchor. What then? The tourists are scrambling among these lovely ruins of the Greek theater, looking entranced upon Etna, or gazing up at that marvelous background of Monte Ziretto and Monte Venere, the like of which is nowhere else to be seen; and from the great green-white yacht itself come siren screeches of recall. Again, what then? The boat will sail away, the tourists will depart, and Taormina will be itself again, the same unchanging, most lovely coign where Pythagoras himself once taught, where the dark, searching eyes of St. Paul wandered seeking for some sign of the Unknown God, where the Greek adventurers of old landed and founded a city and raised a great fane to Apollo, and where, in the dim, impenetrable past, a mysterious race worshiped a mysterious goddess of the sea whose very name has passed from the memory of man. As it was then, as it **has** been through all the changing years, **so** it is now. These things that people **complain** of do not matter. They are **accidents**. The railway-train, the steamer, the strident screech—they all go out upon the

tid upon which they came. Naxos itself is gone, drowned in the sea, swallowed up in lava. In the great silence of time, the Taormina of hotels and tourist trips and the inevitable *funicolare* is only a thing of the hour. Long ago the unknown town built on the scarps of Taurus merged into Tauromenion, and Tau-

its inexpressible, its ineffable charm. Here we may truly feel the soul of Sicily, the soul of Italy, the soul of Greece,—not, as in Syracuse, among the labeled remnants of a living sepulcher; not, as in Selinunte, among the silent wilderness of nameless ruin: but as a spirit, a presence, a Past that is the Present, a Present that



Drawn by Jay Hambidge

AN OLD BEGGAR AT TAORMINA

romenion has known the Sikel, the Greek, the Carthaginian, the Roman, the Saracen, the Norman, the Moor, the Spaniard, the Neapolitan, the Italian of the North. But the change is less than our history-books pretend. These races, these dynasties, these triumphs and disasters, pass away like the dust of storms. Taormina remains.

It is this meeting of the worlds that gives this most lovely of mountain towns

is the Past. But the eternal soul of Greece it is, above all else, that survives here, that soul whose name is Immortal Beauty. Gregorovius, watching the Syracusan panorama by moonlight from the fountain of Arethusa, uttered words which, with equal truth, one may say here in the very heart of "modernized" Taormina: "What one feels here supremely is love for Hellas, the fatherland of every thinking soul."

FENWICK'S CAREER¹

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Author of "The Marriage of William Ashe," "Lady Rosa's Daughter," "Eleanor," etc.

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AFTER a moderately bright morning, that after-breakfast fog, which we owe to the British kitchen and the domestic hearth was descending on the Strand. The stream of traffic, on the roadway and the pavements, was passing to and fro under a yellow darkness; the shop lights were beginning to flash out here and there, but without any of their evening cheerfulness; and on the passing faces one saw written the inconvenience and annoyance of the fog,—the fear, too, lest it should become worse and impenetrable.

Fenwick was groping his way along, eastward; one moment feeling and hating the depression of the February day, of the grimy, overcrowded street; the next, responsive to some dimly beautiful effect of color or line, some quiver of light, some grouping of phantom forms in the gloom. Half-way towards the Law Courts he was hailed and overtaken by a tall, fair-haired man.

"Hallo, Fenwick!—just the man I wanted to see!"

Fenwick, whose eyes—often very troublesome of late—were smarting with the fog, peered at the speaker, and recognized Philip Cuninghame. His face darkened a little as they shook hands.

"What did you want me for?"

"Did you know that poor old Watson had come back to town—ill?"

"No!" cried Fenwick, arrested. "I thought he was in Algiers."

Cuninghame walked on beside him, telling what he knew. Fenwick all the time dumbly vexed that this good-looking, prosperous fellow, this academician in his new fur coat, breathing success and con-

missions, should know more of his best friend's doings than he.

Watson, it appeared, had been seized with hemorrhage at Marseilles, and had thereupon given up his winter plans and crawled home to London as soon as he was sufficiently recovered to bear the journey. Fenwick, much troubled, protested that it was madness to have come back to the English winter.

"No," said Cuninghame, looking grave. "Better die at home than among strangers. And I'm afraid it's come to that,—dear old fellow!"

Then he described—with evident self-satisfaction—how he had heard, from a common friend, of Watson's arrival, how he had rescued the invalid from a dingy Bloomsbury hotel and settled him in some rooms in Fitzroy Square, with a landlady who could be trusted.

"We must have a nurse before long—but he won't have one yet. He wants badly to see you. I told him I'd look you up this evening. But this'll do instead, won't it? You'll remember?—23 Fitzroy Square. Shall I tell him when he may expect you? Every day we try to get him some little pleasure or other."

Fenwick's irritation grew. Cuninghame was talking as though the old relation between him and Richard Watson were still intact; while Fenwick knew well how thin and superficial the bond had grown.

"I shall go to-day," he said, rather shortly. "I have two or three things to do this morning, but there'll be time before my rehearsal this afternoon."

"Your rehearsal?" Cuninghame looked amiably curious. Fenwick explained, but with fresh annoyance. The papers had been full enough of this venture on which

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he was engaged; Cuningham's ignorance offended him.

"Ah, indeed!—very interesting," said Cuningham, vaguely. "Well, good-by. I must jump into a hansom."

"Where are you off to?"

"The Goldsmiths' Company are building a new hall, and they want my advice about its decoration. Precious difficult, though, to get away from one's pictures this time of year, is n't it?" He hailed a hansom as he spoke.

"That 's not a difficulty that applies to me," said Fenwick, shortly.

Cuningham stared—frowned—and remembered.

"Oh, my dear fellow, what a mistake that was!—if you 'll let me say so. Can't we put it right? Command me at any time."

"Thank you. I prefer it as it is."

"We 'll talk it over. Well, good-by. Don't forget old Dick."

Fenwick walked on, fuming. Cuningham, he said to himself, was now the type of busy, pretentious mediocrity, the type which eternally keeps English art below the level of the Continent.

"I say—one moment! Have you had any news of the Findons lately?"

Fenwick turned sharply, and again saw Cuningham, whose hansom had been blocked by the traffic, close to the pavement. He was hanging over the door and smiling.

In reply to the question, Fenwick merely shook his head.

"I had a capital letter from her ladyship a week or two ago," said Cuningham, raising his voice and bringing himself as near to Fenwick as his position allowed. "The old fellow seems to be as fit as ever. But Madame de Pastourelles must be very much changed."

Fenwick said nothing. It might have been thought that the traffic prevented his hearing Cuningham's remark. But he had heard distinctly.

"Do you know when they 'll be home?" he asked reluctantly, walking beside the hansom.

"No—have n't an idea. I believe I 'm to go to them for Easter. Ah!—now we go on. Ta-ta!" He waved his hand, and the hansom moved away.

Fenwick pursued his walk, plunged in disagreeable thought. "Much changed."

What did that mean? He had noticed no such change before the Findons left London. The words fell like a fresh blow upon a wound.

He turned north, towards Lincoln's Inn Fields, called at the offices of Messrs. Butlin and Forbes, the well-known solicitors, and remained there half an hour. When he emerged from the old house he looked, if possible, more harried and cast down than when he had entered it.

They had had a letter to show him, but in his opinion it contributed nothing. There was no hope!—and no clue! How could there be? He had never himself imagined for a moment that any gain would come of these new researches. But he had been allowed no option with regard to them. Immediately after his return to London from Versailles he had received a stern letter from Lord Findon, insisting—as his daughter had already done—that the only reparation he, Fenwick, could make to the friends he had so long and cruelly deceived, was to allow them a free hand in a fresh attempt to discover his wife, and so to clear Madame de Pastourelles from the ridiculous suspicions that Mrs. Fenwick had been led so disastrously to entertain. "Most shamefully and indefensibly my daughter has been made to feel herself an accomplice in Mrs. Fenwick's disappearance," wrote Lord Findon; "the only amends you can ever make for your conduct will lie in new and vigorous efforts, even at this late hour, to find and to undeceive your wife."

Hence, during November and December, constant meetings and consultations in the well-known offices of Lord Findon's solicitors. At these meetings both Madame de Pastourelles and her father had been often present, and she had followed the debates with a quick and strained intelligence, which often betrayed to Fenwick the suffering behind. He painfully remembered with what gentleness and chivalry Eugénie had always treated him personally on these occasions, with what anxious generosity she had tried to curb her father.

But there had been no private conversation between them. Not only did they shrink from it: Lord Findon could not have borne it. The storm of family and personal pride which the disclosure of Fenwick's story had aroused in the old

man, had been of a violence impossible to resist. That Fenwick's obscure and crazy wife should have dared to entertain *jealousy* of a being so far above his ken and hers, as Eugénie then was; that she should have made a ridiculous tragedy out of it; and that Fenwick should have conduced to the absurd and insulting imbroglio by his ill-bred and vulgar concealment—these things were so irritating to Lord Findon that they first stimulated a rapid recovery from his illness at Versailles, and then led him to frantic efforts on Phœbe's behalf, which were in fact nothing but the expression of his own passionate pride and indignation, resting no doubt ultimately on those weeks at Versailles when even he, with all the other bystanders, had supposed that Eugénie would marry this man. His mood, indeed, had been a curious combination of wounded affection with a class arrogance stiffened by advancing age and long indulgence. When, in those days, the old man entered the room where Fenwick was, he bore his gray head and sparkling eyes with the air of a teased lion.

Fenwick, a man of violent temper, would have found much difficulty in keeping the peace under these circumstances, but for the frequent presence of Eugénie and the pressure of his own dull remorse. "I too—have—much to forgive!"—that, he knew well, would be the only reference involving personal reproach that he would ever hear from her lips, either to his original deceit, or to those wild weeks at Versailles (that so much ranker and sharper offense!), when, in his loneliness and craving, he had gambled both on her ignorance and on Phœbe's death. Yet he did not deceive himself. The relation between them was broken; he had lost his friend. Her very cheerfulness and gentleness somehow enforced it. How natural!—how just! None the less, his bitter realization of it had worked with crushing effect upon a miserable man.

About Christmas, Lord Findon's health had again caused his family anxiety. He was ordered to Cannes, and Eugénie accompanied him. Before she went she had gone despairingly once more through all the ingenious but quite fruitless inquiries instituted by the lawyers; and she had written a kind letter to Fenwick, begging to be kept informed, and adding at the

end a few timid words expressing her old sympathy with his work, and her best wishes for the success of the pictures that she understood he was to exhibit in the spring.

Then she and her father departed. Fenwick had felt their going as perhaps the sharpest pang in this intolerable winter. But he had scarcely answered her letter. What was there to say? At least he had never asked her or her father for money, had never owed Lord Findon a penny. There was some small comfort in that.

Nevertheless it was of money that he thought—and must think—night and day.

After his interview with the magnificent gentlemen in Lincoln's Inn Fields, he made his way wearily to a much humbler office in Bedford Row. Here was a small solicitor to whom he had often resorted lately, under the constant pressure of his financial difficulties. He spent an hour in this man's room. When he came out, he walked fast towards Oxford Street and the west, hardly conscious in his excitement of where he was going. The lawyer he had just seen had for the first time mentioned the word "bankruptcy." "I scarcely see, Mr. Fenwick, how you can avoid it."

Well, it might come to that,—it might. But he still had his six pictures, time to finish two others that were now on hand—and the exhibition.

It was with that he was now concerned. He called on the manager of a small gallery near Hanover Square, with whom he had already made an arrangement for the coming May—paying a deposit on the rent—early in the winter. In his anxiety, he wished now to make the matter still clearer, to pay down the rest of the rent, if need be. He had the notes always in his breast pocket, jealously hidden away, lest any other claim, amid the myriads which pressed upon him, should sweep them from him.

The junior partner in charge of the gallery and the shop of which it made part received him very coldly. The firm had long since regretted their bargain with a man whose pictures were not likely to sell, especially as they could have relet the gallery to much better advantage. But their contract with Fenwick, clinched by the deposit, could not be evaded; so they were advised.

All therefore that the junior partner could do was to try to alarm Fenwick as to the incidental expenses involved,—hanging, printing, service, etc. But Fenwick only laughed. "I shall see to that!" he said contemptuously. "And my pictures will sell, I tell you," he added, raising his voice. "They 'll bring a profit both to you and to me."

The individual addressed said nothing. He was a tall, well-fed young man, in a faultless frock-coat; and Fenwick, as they stood together in the office,—the artist had not been offered a chair,—disliked him violently.

"Well, shall I pay you the rest?" said Fenwick, abruptly, turning to go, and fumbling at the same time for the pocket-book in which he kept the notes.

The other gave a slight shrug.

"That 's just as you please, Mr. Fenwick."

"Well, here 's fifty, anyway," said Fenwick, drawing out a fifty-pound note and laying it on the table.

"We are not in any hurry, I assure you." The young man stood looking at the artist, in an attitude of cool indifference; but at the same time his hand secured the note and placed it safely in the drawer of the table between them.

He wrote a receipt, and handed it to Fenwick.

"Good day," said Fenwick, turning to go.

The other followed him, and as they stepped out into the exhibition-rooms of the shop, hung in dark purple, Fenwick perceived in the distance what looked like a fine Corot and a Daubigny, and paused.

"Got some good things since I was here last?"

"Oh, we 're -always getting good things," said his companion, carelessly, without the smallest motion towards the pictures.

Fenwick nodded haughtily, and walked towards the door. But his soul smarted within him. Two years before, the owners of any picture-shop in London would have received him with *empressement*, have shown him all they had to show, and taken flattering note of his opinion.

On the threshold he ran against the academician with the orange hair and beard, who had been his fellow-guest at the Findons' on the night of his first din-

ner-party there. The orange hair was now nearly white; its owner had grown to rotundity; but the sharp, glancing eyes and pompous manner were the same as of old. Mr. Sherratt nodded curtly to Fenwick, and was then received with bows and effusion by the junior partner standing behind.

"Ah, Mr. Sherratt!—*delighted* to see you! Come to look at the Corot? By all means! This way, please."

Fenwick pursued his course to Oxford Street in a morbid self-consciousness. It seemed to him that all the world knew him by now for a failure and a bankrupt; that he was stared and pointed at.

He took refuge from this nightmare in an Oxford-street restaurant, and as he ate his midday chop he asked himself, for the hundredth time, how the deuce it was that he had got into the debts which weighed him down. He had been extravagant on the building and furnishing of his house; but, after all, he had earned large sums of money. He sat gloomily over his meal, frowning, and trying to remember. And once, amid the foggy darkness, there opened a vision of a Westmoreland stream, and a pleading face upturned to his in the moonlight—"And then, you know, I could look after money! You 're *dreadfully* bad about money, John!"

The echo of that voice in his ears made him restless. He rose and set forth again—towards Fitzroy Square.

On the way his thoughts recurred to the letter he had found waiting for him at the lawyers'. It came from Phœbe's cousin, Freddy Tolson. Messrs. Butlin had traced this man anew—to a mining town in New South Wales. He had been asked to come to England and testify, no matter at what expense. In the letter just received—bearing witness in its improved writing and spelling to the prosperous development of the writer—he declined to come, repeating that he knew nothing whatever of his Cousin Phœbe's whereabouts, nor of her reasons for leaving her husband. He gave a fresh and longer account of his conversation with her, as far as he could remember it at this distance of time; and this long account contained the remark that she had asked him questions about other colonies than Australia, to which he was himself bound. He thought Canada had been mentioned—

the length of the passage there, and its cost. He had n't paid much attention to it at the time. It had seemed to him that she was glad, poor thing, of some one to have a "crack" with—"for I guess she'd been pretty lonesome up there." But she might have had something in her head—he could n't say. All he could declare was that if she were in Canada, or any other of the colonies, he had had no hand in it, and knew no more than a "born baby" where she might be hidden.

So now, on this vague hint, a number of fresh inquiries were to be set on foot. Fenwick hoped nothing from them. Yet as he walked fast through the London streets, from which the fog was lifting, his mind wrestled with vague images of great lakes and virgin forests and rolling wheat-lands, of the streets of Montreal or the Heights of Quebec; and amongst them, now with one background, now with another, the slender figure of a fair-haired woman with a child beside her. And through his thoughts, furies of distress and fear pursued him—now as always.

"WELL, this is a queer go, is n't it?" said Watson, in a half-whispering voice. "Nature has horrid ways of killing you. I wish she'd chosen a more expeditious one with me."

Fenwick sat down beside his friend, the lamplight in the old paneled room revealing, against his will, his perturbed and shaken expression.

"How did this come on?" he asked.

"Of itself, my dear fellow," laughed Watson in the same hoarse whisper. "My right lung has been getting rotten for a year past, and at Marseilles it happened to break. That's my explanation, anyway; and it does as well as the doctor's.—Well, how are you?"

Fenwick shifted uneasily, and made a vague answer. Watson turned to look at him.

"What pictures have you on hand?"

Fenwick gave a list of the completed pictures still in his studio, and described the arrangements made to exhibit them. He was not as ready as usual to speak of himself; his gaze and his attention were fixed upon his friend. But Watson probed further—into the subjects of his recent work. Fenwick was nearing the end, he explained, of a series of rustic "Months,"

with their appropriate occupations, an idea which had haunted his mind for years.

"As old as the hills," said Watson, "but none the worse for that. You've painted them, I suppose, out of doors?"

Fenwick shrugged his shoulders.

"As much as possible."

"Ah, that's where those French fellows have us," said Watson, languidly. "One of them said to me in Paris the other day, 'it's bad enough to paint the things you've seen—it's the devil to paint the things you've not seen.'"

"The usual fallacy," said Fenwick, firing up. "What do they mean by 'seen'?"

He would have liked this time to go off at score. But a sure instinct told him that he was beside a dying man; and he held himself back, trying instead to remember what small news and gossip he could, for the amusement of his friend.

Watson sat in a deep arm-chair, propped up by pillows. The room in which they met had been a very distinguished room in the eighteenth century. It had still some remains of carved paneling, a graceful mantelpiece of Italian design, and a painted ceiling half effaced. It was now part of a lodging-house, furnished with shabby cheapness; but the beauty, once infused, persisted, and it made no unworthy setting for a painter's death.

The signs of desperate illness in Richard Watson were indeed plainly visible. His shaggy hair and thick, unkempt beard brought into relief the waxen or purple tones of the skin. The breath was labored, and the cough frequent. But the eyes were still warm, living and passionate, the eyes of a Celt, with the Celtic gifts, and those deficiencies, also, of his race, broadly and permanently expressed in the words of a great historian—"The Celts have shaken all states, and founded none!" No founder, no achiever, this,—no happy, harmonious soul,—but a man who had vibrated to life and Nature in their subtler and sadder aspects, through whom the nobler thoughts and ambitions had passed, like sound through strings, wringing out some fine tragic notes, some memorable tones.

"I can't last more than a week or two," he said presently, in a pause of Fenwick's talk, to which he had hardly listened,— "and a good job too. But I don't find

myself at all rebellious. I'm curiously content to go. I've had a good time."

This, from a man who had passed from one disappointed hope to another, brought the tears to Fenwick's eyes.

"Some of us may wish we were going with you," he said in a low voice, laying his hand a moment on his friend's knee.

Watson made no immediate reply. He coughed, fidgeted, and at last said:

"How 's the money?"

Fenwick hastily drew himself up. "All right."

He reached out a hand to the tongs and put the fire together.

"Is that so?" said Watson. The slight incredulity in his voice touched some raw nerve in Fenwick.

"I don't want anything," he said almost angrily. "I shall get through."

Cunningham had been talking, no doubt. His affairs had been discussed. His morbid pride took offense at once.

"Mine 'll just hold out," said Watson presently with a humorous inflection; "it 'll bury me, I think,—with a few shillings over. But I could n't have afforded another year."

There was silence awhile, till a nurse came in to make up the fire. Fenwick began to talk of old friends and current exhibitions, and presently tea made its appearance. Watson's strength seemed to revive. He sat more upright in his chair, his voice grew stronger, and he dallied with his tea, joking hoarsely with his nurse, and asking Fenwick all the questions that occurred to him. His face, in its rugged pallor and emaciation, and his great head, black or iron-gray on the white pillows, were so fine that Fenwick could not take his eyes from him; with the double sense of the artist, he saw the *subject* in the man, a study in black and white hovered before him.

When the nurse had withdrawn, and they were alone again, in a silence made more intimate still by the darkness of the paneled walls, which seemed to isolate them from the rest of the room, inclosing them in a glowing ring of lamp- and fire-light, Fenwick was suddenly seized by an impulse he could not master. He bent towards the sick man.

"Watson!—do you remember advising me to marry when we met in Paris?"

"Perfectly."

The invalid turned his haggard eyes upon the speaker, in a sudden sharp attention. There was a pause; then Fenwick said, with bent head, staring into the fire:

"Well, I *am* married."

Watson gave a hoarse "Phew!" and waited.

"My wife left me twelve years ago, and took our child with her. I don't know whether they are alive or dead. I thought I'd like to tell you. It would have been better if I had n't concealed it from you—and—other friends."

"Great Scott!" said Watson, slowly, bringing the points of his long, emaciated fingers together, like one trying to master a new image. "So that 's been the secret—"

"Of what?" said Fenwick, testily; but as Watson merely replied by an interrogative and attentive silence, he threw himself into his tale—headlong. He told it at far greater length than Eugénie had ever heard it; and throughout, the subtle instinctive appeal of man to man governed the story, differentiating it altogether from the same story told to a woman.

He spoke impetuously, with growing emotion, conscious of an infinite relief and abandonment. Watson listened with scarcely a comment. Midway a little pattering, scuffling noise startled the speaker. He looked round and saw the monkey, Anatole, who had been lying asleep in his basket. Watson nodded to Fenwick to go on, and then feebly motioned to his knee. The monkey clambered there, and Watson folded his bony arms round the creature, who lay presently with his weird face pressed against his master's dressing-gown, his melancholy eyes staring out at Fenwick.

"It was madame she was jealous of?" said Watson, when the story came to an end.

Fenwick hesitated, then nodded reluctantly. He had spoken merely of "one of my sitters." But it was not possible to fence with this dying man.

"And madame knows?"

"Yes."

But Fenwick sharply regretted the introduction of Madame de Pastourelles's name. He had brought the story down merely to the point of Phœbe's flight and the search which followed, adding only—

with vagueness—that the search had lately been renewed without success.

Watson pondered the matter for some time. Fenwick took out his handkerchief and wiped a brow damp with perspiration. His story, added to the miseries of the day, had excited and shaken him still further.

Suddenly Watson put a hand and seized his wrist. The grip hurt.

"Lucky dog!"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"You've lost them—but you've had a woman in your arms—a child on your knee! You don't go to your grave—*ἀπράκτος*—an ignorant, barren fool—like me!"

Fenwick looked at him in amazement. Self-scorn, a bitter and passionate regret, transformed the face beside him. He pressed the fevered hand. "Watson!—dear fellow!"

Watson withdrew his hand, and once more folded the monkey to him.

"There are plenty of men like me," he muttered. "We are afraid of living—and art is our refuge. Then art takes its revenge, and we are bad artists because we are poor and sterilized human beings. But you"—he spoke with fresh energy, composing himself,—“don't talk rot!—as though *your* chance was done. You'll find her—she'll come back to you—when she's drunk the cup. Healthy young women don't die before thirty-five; and, by your account, she was n't bad, she had a conscience. The child'll waken it. Don't you be hard on her!”—he raised himself, speaking almost fiercely,—“you've no right to! Take her in—listen to her—let her cry it out. My God!”—his voice dropped as his head fell back on the pillows—“what happiness—what happiness!”

His eyes closed. Fenwick stooped over him in alarm, but the thin hand closed again on his.

"Don't go. What was she like?"

Fenwick asked him whether he remembered the incident of the sketch-book at their first meeting, the drawing of the mother and child in the kitchen of the Westmoreland farm.

"Perfectly. And she was the model for the big picture, too? I see. A lovely creature! How old is she now?"

"Thirty-six—if she lives."

"I tell you she *does* live! Probably more beautiful now than she was then. Those Madonna-like women mellow so finely. And the child? *Vois-tu Anatole!*—something superior to monkeys!"

But he pressed the little animal closer to him as he spoke. Fenwick rose to go, conscious that he had stayed too long. Watson looked up.

"Good-by, old man! Courage! Seek—till you find. She's in the world—and she's sorry. I could swear it."

Fenwick stood beside him, quivering with emotion and despondency. Their eyes met steadily, and Watson whispered:

"I pass from one thing to another. Sometimes it's Omar Khayyam—'One thing is certain and the rest is lies—The flower that once is born forever dies'—and the next it's the Psalms, and I think I'm at a prayer-meeting—a Welsh Methodist again." He fell into a flow of Welsh, hoarsely musical.

Then, with a smile, he nodded farewell;—and Fenwick went.

FENWICK wrote that night to Eugénie de Pastourelles at Cannes, inclosing a copy of the letter received from Freddy Tolson. It meant nothing; but she had asked to be kept informed. As he entered upon the body of his letter, his eyes still recurred to its opening line:

"Dear Madame de Pastourelles."

For many years he had never addressed her except as "My dear friend."

Well, that was all gone and over. The memory of her past goodness, of those walks through the Trianon woods, was constantly with him. But he had used her recklessly and selfishly, and she had done with him. He admitted it now, as often before, in a temper of dull endurance, bending himself to the task of his report,

EUGÉNIE read his letter, sitting on a bench above the blue Mediterranean, in the pine-woods of the Cap d'Antibes. She had torn it open in hope, and the reading of it depressed her. In the pine-scented, sun-warmed air she sat for long, motionless and sad. The delicate greenish light fell on the soft brown hair, the white face and hands. Eugénie's deep black had now assumed a slight "religious" air which disturbed Lord Findon and kindled the

Protestant wrath of her stepmother. That short moment of a revived *mondanité* which Versailles had witnessed was wholly past; and for the first and only time in her married life, Eugénie's natural gaiety was quenched. She knew well that in the burden which weighed upon her there were morbid elements; but she could only bear it, she could not smile under it.

Fenwick's letter led her thoughts back to the early incidents of this fruitless search. Especially did she recall every moment of her interview with Daisy Hewson, Phœbe Fenwick's former nursemaid, now married to a small Westmoreland farmer. One of the first acts of the lawyers had been to induce this woman to come to London to repeat once more what she knew of the catastrophe.

Then, after the examination by the lawyers, Eugénie had pleaded that she might see her—and see her alone. Accordingly, a shy and timid woman, speaking with a broad Westmoreland accent, called one morning in Dean's Yard.

Eugénie had won from her many small details the lawyers had been unable to extract. They were not, alack, of a kind to help the search for Phœbe; but, interpreted by the aid of her own quick imagination, they drew a picture of the lost mother and child which sank deep, deep, into Eugénie's soul.

Mrs. Fenwick, said Mrs. Hewson, scarcely spoke on the journey south. She sat staring out of window, with her hands on her lap, and Daisy thought there was "soomat wrang," but dared not ask. In saying good-by at Euston, Mrs. Fenwick had kissed her, and given the guard a shilling to look after her. She was holding Carrie in her arms as the train moved away. The girl had supposed she was going to join her husband.

And barely a week later, John Fenwick had been dining in St. James's Square, looking harassed and ill, indeed—it was supposed, from overwork; but, to his best friends, as silent as that grave of darkness and oblivion which had closed over his wife.

Yet, as the weeks of thought went on, Eugénie blamed him less and less. Her clear intelligence showed her all the steps of the unhappy business. She remembered the awkward, harassed youth, as she had first seen him at her father's table,

with his curious mixture of arrogance and timidity; now haranguing the table, and now ready to die with confusion over some social slip. She understood what he had told her, in his first piteous letter, of his paralyzed, tongue-tied states, of his fear of alienating her father and herself. And she went deeper. She confessed the hatefulness of those weakening timidities, those servile states of soul, by which our social machine balances the insolences and cruelties of the strong,—its own breeding also; she felt herself guilty because of them; the whole of life seemed to her sick, because a young man, ill at ease and cowardly in a world not his own, had told or lived a foolish lie. It was as though she had forced it from him; she understood so well how it had come about. No, no!—her father might judge it as he pleased. She was angry no longer.

Nor—presently—did she even resent the treachery of those weeks at Versailles, so quick and marvelous was the play of her great gift of sympathy, which in truth was only another aspect of imagination. In recoil from a dark moment of her own experience, of which she could never think without anguish, she had offered him a friend's hand, a friend's heart,—offered them eagerly and lavishly. Had he done more than take them, with the craving of a man, for whom already the ways are darkening, who makes one last clutch at "youth and bloom, and this delightful world"? He had been reckless and cruel, indeed. But in its profound tenderness and humility and self-reproach her heart forgave him.

Yet of that forgiveness she could make no outward sign,—for her own sake, and Phœbe's. That old relation could never be again; the weeks at Versailles had killed it. Unless, indeed, some day it were her blessed lot to find the living Phœbe, and bring her to her husband! Then friendship, as well as love, might perhaps lift its head once more. And as during the months of winter, both before and since her departure from England, the tidings reached her of Fenwick's growing embarrassments, of his increasing coarseness and carelessness of work, his violence of temper, the friend in her suffered profoundly. She knew that she could still do much for him. Yet there, in the way, stood the image of Phœbe, as

Daisy Hewson described her,—pale, weary, desperate,—making all speech, all movement, on the part of the woman, for jealousy of whom the wife had so ignorantly destroyed herself and Fenwick, a thing impossible.

Eugénie's only comfort, indeed, at this time, was the comfort of religion. Her soul, sorely troubled and very stern with itself, wandered in mystical, ascetic paths, out of human ken. Every morning she hurried through the woods to a little church beside the sea, filled with fishing folk. There she heard mass and made the spiritual communion which sustained her.

Once, in the medieval siege of a Spanish fortress, so a Spanish chronicler tells us, all the defenders were slaughtered but one man; and he lay dying on the ground, across the gate. There was neither priest nor wafer; but the dying man raised a little of the soil between the stones to his lips, and so, says the chronicler, "communicated in the earth itself," before he passed to the Eternal Presence. Eugénie would have done the same with a like ardor and simplicity; her thought differing much, perhaps, in its perceived and logical elements, from that of the dying Spaniard, but none the less profoundly akin. The act was to her the symbol and instrument of an Inflowing Power; the details of those historical beliefs with which it was connected mattered little. And as she thus leant upon the old, while conscious of the new, she never in truth felt herself alone. It seemed to her, often, that she clasped hands with a vast invisible multitude, in a twilight soon to be dawn.

XII

A FORTNIGHT later Dick Watson died. Fenwick saw him several times before the end, and was present at his last moments. The funeral was managed by Cuningham; so were the obituary notices; and Fenwick attended the funeral and read the notices, with that curious mixture of sore grief and jealous irritation into which our human nature is so often betrayed at similar moments.

Then he found himself absorbed by the later rehearsals of "The Queen's Necklace"; by the completion of his pictures

for the May exhibition; and by the perpetual and ignominious hunt for money. As to this last, it seemed to him that each day was a battle in which he was forever worsted. He was still trying in vain to sell his house at Chelsea, the house planned at the height of his brief prosperity, built and finely furnished on borrowed money, and now apparently unsalable because of certain peculiarities in it which suited its contriver and no one else. And meanwhile the bank from which he had borrowed most of his building money was pressing inexorably for repayment; the solicitor in Bedford Row could do nothing, and was manifestly averse to running up a longer bill on his own account; so that, instead of painting, Fenwick often spent his miserable days in rushing about London, trying to raise money by one shift after another, in an agony to get a bill accepted or postponed, borrowing from this person and that, and with every succeeding week losing more self-respect and self-control.

The situation would have been instantly changed, if only his artistic power had recovered itself. And if Eugénie had been within his reach, it might have done so. She had the secret of stimulating in him what was poetic, and repressing what was merely extravagant or violent. But she was far away; and as he worked at the completion of his series of "Months," or at various portraits which the kindness or compassion of old friends had procured for him, he fell headlong into all his worst faults.

His handling, once so distinguished, grew steadily more careless and perfunctory; his drawing lost force and grip; his composition, so rich, interesting, and intelligent in his early days, now meant nothing, said nothing. The few friends who still haunted his studio during these dark months were often struck with pity; criticism or argument was useless; and some of them believed that he was suffering from defects of sight, and was no longer capable of judging his own work.

The portrait commissions, in particular, led more than once to disaster. His angry vanity suspected that while he was now thought incapable of the poetic or imaginative work in which he had once excelled, he was still considered—"like any fool"—good enough for portraits. This

alone was enough to make him loathe the business. On two or three occasions he ended by quarreling with the sitter. Then for hours he would walk restlessly about his room, smoking enormously, drinking—sometimes excessively—out of a kind of excitement and *désœuvrement*, his strong, grizzled hair bristling about his head, his black eyes staring and bloodshot, and that wild, gipsyish look of his youth more noticeable than ever in these surroundings of what promised soon to be a decadent middle age.

One habit of his youth had quite disappeared. The queer tendency to call on Heaven for practical aid in any practical difficulty,—to make of prayer a system of "begging letters to the Almighty,"—which had often quieted or distracted him in his early years of struggle, affected him no longer. His inner life seemed to himself shrouded in a sullen numbness and frost.

And the old joy in reading, the old plenitude and facility of imagination, were also in abeyance. He became the fierce critic of other men's ideas, while barren of his own. To be original, successful, happy, was now in his eyes the one dark and desperate offense. Yet every now and then he would have impulses of the largest generosity; would devote hours to the teaching of some struggling student and the correction of his work, or draw on his last remains of credit or influence—pester people with calls, or write reams to the newspapers—on behalf of some one, unduly overlooked, whose work he admired.

But through it all, the shadows deepened, and a fixed conviction that he was moving towards catastrophe. In spite of Watson's touching words to him, he did not often let himself think of Phœbe. Towards her, as towards so much else, his mind and heart were stiffened and voiceless. But for hours in the night—since sleeplessness was now added to his other torments—he would brood on the loss of his child, would try to imagine her dancing, singing, sewing, or helping her mother in the house. Seventeen! Why, soon, no doubt, they would be marrying her; and he, her father, would know nothing, hear nothing. And in the darkness he would feel the warm tears rise in his eyes, and hold them there, proudly arrested.

The rehearsals in which he spent many hours of the week generally added to his distress and irritation. The play itself was, in his opinion, a poor, vulgar thing, utterly unworthy of the "spectacle" he had contrived for it. He could not hide his contempt for the piece, and indeed for most of its players; and was naturally unpopular with the management and the company. Moreover, he wanted his money desperately, seeing that the play had been postponed, first from November to February, and then from February to April; but the actor-manager concerned was in somewhat dire straits himself, and nothing could be got before production.

One afternoon, late in March, a rehearsal was nearing its completion, everybody was tired out, and everything had been going badly. One of Fenwick's most beautiful scenes—carefully studied from the Trianon gardens on the spot—had been, in his opinion, hopelessly spoiled in order to bring in some ridiculous "business," wholly incongruous with the setting and date of the play. He had had a fierce altercation on the stage with the actor-manager. The cast meanwhile, dispersed at the back of the stage or in the wings, looked on maliciously or chatted among themselves; while every now and then one or other of the antagonists would call up the leading lady, or the conceited gentleman who was to act *Count Fersen*, and hotly put a case. Fenwick was madly conscious all the time of his lessened consideration and dignity in the eyes of a band of people whom he despised. Two years before, his coöperation would have been an honor, and his opinion law. Now, nothing of the kind; indeed, through the heated remarks of the actor-manager there ran the insolent implication that Mr. Fenwick's wrath was of no particular account to anybody, and that he was presuming on a commission he had been very lucky to get.

At last a crowd of stage-hands, setting scenery for another piece in the evening, invaded the stage, and the rehearsal was just breaking up, when Fenwick, still talking in flushed exasperation, happened to notice two ladies standing in the wings, on the other side of the vast stage, close to the stage entrance.

He suddenly stopped talking, stammered, looked again. They were two

girls, one evidently a good deal older than the other. The elder was talking with the assistant stage-manager. The younger stood quietly, a few yards away, not talking to any one. Her eyes were on Fenwick, and her young, slightly frowning face wore an expression of amusement,—of something besides, also,—something puzzled and intent. It flashed upon him that she had been there for some time, that he had been vaguely conscious of her, that she had, in fact, been watching from a distance the angry scene in which he had been engaged.

"Why!—whatever is the matter, Mr. Fenwick?" said the actor beside him, startled by his look.

Fenwick made no answer, but he dropped a roll of papers he was holding, and suddenly rushed forward across the stage, through the throng of carpenters and scene-shifters who were at work upon it. Some garden steps and a fountain just being drawn into position came in his way; he stumbled and fell, was conscious of two or three men coming to his assistance, rose again, and ran on blindly, pushing at the groups in his way, till he ran into the arms of the stage-manager.

"Who were those ladies?—where are they?" he said, panting, and looking round him in despair; for they had vanished, and the stage entrance was blocked by an outgoing stream of people.

"Don't know anything about them," said the man, sulkily. Fenwick had been the plague of his life in rehearsals. "What?—you mean those two girls? Never saw 'em before."

"But you must know who they are—you must!" shouted Fenwick. "What's their name? Why did you let them go?"

"Because I had finished with them."

The manager turned on his heel, and was about to give an order to a workman, when Fenwick caught him by the arm.

"I implore you," he said in a shaking voice, his face crimson, "tell me who they are, and where they went."

The man looked at him astonished, but something in the artist's face made him speak more considerably.

"I am extremely sorry, Mr. Fenwick, but I really know nothing about them. Oh, by the way"—he fumbled in his pocket. "Yes—one of them did give me a card. I forgot—I never saw the name

before." He extracted it with difficulty and handed it to Fenwick, who stood trembling from head to foot.

Fenwick looked at it.

"Miss Larose." Nothing else. No address.

"But the other one!—the other one!" he said, beside himself.

"I never spoke to her at all," said his companion, whose name was Fison. "They came in here twenty minutes ago, and asked to see me. The doorkeeper told them the rehearsal was just over, and they would find me on the stage. The lady I was talking to wished to know whether we had all the people we wanted for the ball-room scene. Some friend with whom she had been acting in the country had advised her to apply—"

"Acting *where*?" said Fenwick, still gripping him.

The stage-manager rubbed his nose in perplexity.

"I really can't remember. Leeds—Newcastle—Halifax—was it? It's altogether escaped my memory."

"For God's sake, remember!" cried Fenwick.

The stage-manager shook his head.

"I really did n't take notice. I liked the young lady very well. We got on, as you may say, at once. I talked to her while you were discussing over there. But I had to tell her there was no room for her,—and no more there is. Her sister—or her friend—whichever it was—was an uncommonly pretty girl. I noticed that as she went out—which reminds me, she asked me to tell her who you were."

Fenwick gazed at the speaker in passionate despair.

"And you can't tell me any more?—can't help me!"

His voice rose again into a shout, then failed him.

"No, I really can't," said the other, decidedly, pulling himself away. "You go and ask the doorkeeper. Perhaps he'll know something."

But the doorkeeper knew only that he had been asked for "Mr. Fison" by two nice-spoken young ladies, that he had directed them where to go, and had opened the stage door for them. He had n't happened to be in his "lodge" when they went out, and could n't say in which direction they had gone.

"Why, Lor' bless you, sir, they come here in scores every week!"

Fenwick rushed out into the Strand, and walked from end to end of the theatrical section of it several times, questioning the policemen on duty. But he could discover nothing.

Then, blindly, he made his way down a narrow street to the Embankment. There he threw himself on a bench, almost fainting, unable to stand.

What should he do? He was absolutely convinced that he had seen Carrie, his child—his little Carrie!—his own flesh and blood. It was her face—her eyes—her movement,—changed, indeed, but perfectly to be recognized by him, her father. And by the cruel, the monstrous accidents of the meeting, she had been swept away from him again into this whirlpool of London, before he had had the smallest chance of grasping at the little form as it floated past him on this aimless stream of things. His whole nature was in surging revolt against life, against men's senseless theories of God and Providence. If it should prove that he had lost all clue again to his wife and child, he would put an end, once for all, to his share in the business,—he swore, with clenched hands, that he would. The Great Potter had made sport of him long enough; it was time to break the cup and toss its fragments back into the vast, common heap of ruined and wasted things. "Some to honor—and some to dishonor"—the words rang in his ears, mingling with that deep bell of St. Paul's, whereof the echoes were being carried up the river towards him on the light southeasterly wind.

But first he tried to make his mind follow out the natural implications and consequences of what had happened. Carrie had asked his name. But clearly, when it was given her, it had meant nothing to her. She could not have left her father there, knowing it was her father, without a word. No; Phœbe's first step, of course, would have been to drop her old name, and the child would have no knowledge of it.

But Phœbe? If Carrie was in England, so was Phœbe. He could not believe that she would part with the child. And supposing Carrie spoke of the prating, haranguing fellow she had seen—mentioned the name, which the stage-manager had

given her—what then? Could Phœbe still have the cruelty, the wickedness, to maintain her course of action—to keep Carrie from him? Ah! if he had been guilty towards her in the old days, she had wrung out full payment long ago; the balance of injury had long since dropped heavily on his side. But who could know how she had developed?—whether towards hardness, or towards repentance. Still—to-night, probably—she would hear what and whom Carrie had seen. Any post might bring the fruits of it. And if not, he was not without a clue. If a girl, whose name is known, has been playing recently at an English provincial theater, it ought to be possible somehow to recover news of her. He looked at his watch. Too late for the lawyers. But he roused himself, hailed a cab, and went to his club, where he wrote at length to his solicitor, describing what had happened and suggesting various lines of action.

Then he went home, got some charcoal and paper, and by lamplight began to draw the face which he had seen,—a very young and still plastic face, with delicate lips open above the small teeth, and eyes—why, they were Phœbe's eyes, of course!—no other eyes like them in the world. He drew them with an eager hand, knowing the way of them. He put the light—the smile—into them; a happy smile!—as of one to whom life has been kind. No sign of fear, distress, or cringing poverty,—rather an innocent sovereignty, lovely and unashamed. Then the brow, and the curly hair, in its brown profusion; and the small neck; and the thin, straight shoulders. He drew in the curve of the shady hat, the knot of lace at the throat, the spare young lines of the breast.

So it emerged; and when it was done he put it on an easel, and sat staring at it, his eyes blind with tears.

Yes, it was Carrie,—he had no doubt whatever that it was Carrie. And behind her, mingling with her image—yet distinct—a veiled, intangible presence, stood Phœbe,—Phœbe, so like her, and yet so different. But of Phœbe, still, he would not think. It was as when a man, mortally tired, shrinks from some fierce contest of brain and limb, which yet he knows may some day have to be faced. He put his wife aside, and sank himself in the covetous, devouring vision of his child.

Next day there was great activity among the lawyers. They were confident of recovering the clue; and if Fenwick's identification was a just one, the search was near its end.

Only, till they really *were* on the track, better say nothing to Lord Findon and Madame de Pastourelles. This was the suggestion of the Findons' solicitor, and Fenwick eagerly indorsed it.

Presently inquiry had been made from every management in London, as to the touring companies of the year; confidential agents had been sent to every provincial town that possessed a theater; long lists of names had been compiled and carefully scanned. Fenwick's drawing of the girl whom he had seen had been photographed; and some old likenesses of Phœbe and Carrie had been reproduced and attached to it, for the use of Messrs. Butlin's provincial correspondents. The police were appealed to; the best private detectives to be had were employed.

In vain! The smiling child of seventeen had emerged for that one appearance on the stage of her father's life, only, it seemed, to vanish again forever. No trace could be found anywhere of a "Miss Larose," either as a true or a theatrical name; the photographs suggested nothing to those who saw them; or if various hints and clues sometimes seemed to present themselves, they led to no result.

Meanwhile, day after day, Fenwick waited on the post, hurrying for and scanning his letters with feverish, ever-waning hope. Not a sign, not a word from Phœbe. His heart grew fierce. There were moments when he felt something not unlike hatred for this invisible woman, who was still able to lay a ghostly and sinister hand upon his life. And yet, and yet!—suppose, after all, that she were dead?

During these same weeks of torment "The Queen's Necklace" was produced; it was a pretentious failure, and after three weeks of difficult existence flickered to an end. The management went into bankruptcy, and the greater part of Fenwick's payment was irrecoverable. He could hardly now meet his daily living expenses, and there was an execution in his house, put in by the last firm of builders employed.

Close upon this disaster came the open-

ing of his private exhibition. Grimly, in a kind of dogged abstraction, he went through with it. He himself, with the help of a lad who was his man-of-all-work in Chelsea, nailed up the draperies, hung the pictures, and issued the invitations for the private view.

About a hundred people came to the private view. His reputation was not yet dead, and there was much curiosity about his circumstances. But Fenwick, looking at the scanty crowd, considering the faces that were there and the faces that were not there, knew very well that it could be of no practical assistance to him. Not a picture sold; and next day there were altogether seven people in the gallery, of whom five were the relations of men to whom he had given gratuitous teaching at one period or other of his career.

And never, alack, in the case of any artist of talent, was there a worse "press" than that which dealt with his pictures on the following morning. The most venomous article of all was the work of a man whom Fenwick had treated with conceit and rudeness in the days of his success. The victim now avenged himself, with the same glee which a literary club throws into the blackballing of some evil tongue, some too harsh and too powerful critic of the moment. "Scamped and empty work," in which "ideas not worth stating" find an expression "not worth criticism." Mannerisms grown to absurdity; faults of early training writ dimly large; vulgarity of conception and carelessness of execution—no stone that could hurt or sting was left unflung, and the note of meditative pity in which the article came to an end marked the climax of a very neat revenge. After reading it, Fenwick felt himself artistically dead and buried.

A great silence fell upon him. He spoke to no one in the gallery, and he avoided his club. Early in the afternoon he went to Lincoln's Inn Fields, only to hear from the lawyers that they had done all they could with the new scent, and it was no use pursuing it further. He heard what they had to say in silence, and after leaving their office he visited a shop in the Strand. Just as the light was waning, about seven o'clock on a May evening, he found himself again in his studio. It was now absolutely bare, save for a few empty

easels, a chair or two, and some tattered portfolios. The two men representing the execution were in the dining-room. He could hear the voices of a charwoman and of the lad who had helped him to arrange the gallery, talking in the kitchen.

Fenwick locked himself into the studio. On his way thither he had recoiled, shivering, from the empty desolation of the house. In the general disarray of the ticketed furniture and stripped walls, all artistic charm had disappeared. And he said to himself, with a grim twist of the mouth, that if the house had grown ugly and commonplace, that only made it a better sitting for the ugly and commonplace thing which he was about to do.

ABOUT half an hour later a boy, looking like the "buttons" of a lodging-house, walked up to the side entrance of Fenwick's ambitious mansion, which possessed a kind of courtyard, and was built round two sides of an oblong. The door was open, and the charwoman just inside; so that the boy had no occasion to ring. He carried a parcel carefully wrapped in an old shawl.

"Is this Mr. Fenwick's?" asked the boy, consulting a dirty scrap of paper.

"Ay," said the woman.—"Well, who's it from? is n't there no note with it?"

The boy replied that there was no note, and his instructions were to leave it.

"But what name am I to say?" the woman called after him, as he went down the path. The boy shook his head. "Don't know—give it up!" he said impudently, and went off whistling.

"Silly lout," said the woman, crossly; and taking up the package, which was not very large, she went with it to the studio, reflecting, as she went, that, by the feel of it, it was an unframed picture, and that if some one would only take away some of the beastly, dusty things that were already in the house—that would n't, so the bailiffs said, fetch a halfpenny—it would be better worth while than bringing new ones where they were n't wanted.

There was at first no answer to her knock. She tried the door, and wondered to find it locked. But presently she heard Fenwick moving about inside.

"Well, what is it?" His voice was low and impatient.

"A parcel for you, sir."

"Take it away."

"Very well, sir." She turned obediently and was half-way down the passage which led to the dining-room, when the studio door opened with a great crash, and Fenwick looked out.

"Bring that here. What is it?"

She retraced her steps.

"Well, it's a picture, I think, sir."

He held out his hand for it, took it, and instantly withdrew into the studio and again locked the door. She noticed that he seemed to have lit one candle in the big studio, and his manner struck her as strange. But her slow mind followed the matter no further, and she went back to the cooking of his slender supper.

Fenwick meanwhile was standing with the parcel in his hand. At the woman's knock, he had risen from a table, where he had been writing a letter. A black object, half covered with a painting-rag, lay beside the inkstand.

"I must make haste," he thought, "or she will be bothering me again."

He looked at the letter, which was still unfinished. Meanwhile he had absently deposited the parcel on the floor, where it rested against the leg of the table.

"Another page will finish it. Hôtel Bristol, Rome—till the end of the week?—if I only could be *sure* that was what Butlin said!"

He paced up and down, frowning in an impotent distress, trying to make his brain work as usual. On his visit of the afternoon he had asked the lawyers for the Findons' address; but his memory now was of the worst.

Suddenly he wheeled round, sat down, and took up a book which had been lying face downwards on the table. It was the *Memoirs of Benjamin Haydon*, and he opened it at one of the last pages.

"'About an hour after, Miss Haydon entered the painting-room, and found her father stretched out dead, before the easel on which stood, blood-sprinkled, his unfinished picture. A portrait of his wife stood on a smaller easel facing his large picture—'"

The man, reading, paused.

"He had suffered much more than I," he thought; "but his wife had helped him, stood by him—"

And he passed on to the next page—to the clause in Haydon's will which runs:

"My dearest wife, Mary Haydon, has been a good, dear, and affectionate wife to me—a heroine in adversity and an angel in peace."

"And he repaid her by blowing his brains out," thought Fenwick, contemptuously. "But he was mad—of course he was mad. We are all mad—when it comes to this."

And he turned back, as though in fascination, to the page before, to the last entry in Haydon's Journal.

"21st. Slept horribly. Prayed in sorrow and got up in agitation.

"22nd. God forgive me. Amen."

"Amen!" repeated Fenwick aloud, as he dropped the book. The word echoed in the empty room. He covered his eyes with his right hand, leaning his arm on the table.

The other hand, as it fell beside him, came in contact with the parcel which was propped against the table. His touch told him that it contained a picture—an unframed canvas. A vague curiosity awoke in him. He took it up, peered at the address; then began to finger with and unwrap it—

Suddenly he bent over it. What was it!

He tore off the shawl and some brown paper beneath it, lifted the thing upon the table, so that the light of the one candle fell upon it, and held it there.

Slowly his face, which had been deeply flushed before, lost all its color; his jaw dropped a little.

He was staring at the picture of himself which he had painted for Phœbe in the parlor of the Green Nab Cottage, thirteen years before. The young face, in its handsome and arrogant vigor, the gipsy-black hair and eyes, the powerful shoulders in the blue-serge coat, the sun-burnt neck exposed by the loose turn-down collar above the greenish tie,—there they were, as he had painted them, lying once more under his hand. The flickering light of the candle showed him his signature and the date.

He laid it down, and drew a long breath. Thrusting his hands into his pockets, he stood staring at it, his brain, under the sharp stimulus, beginning to work more clearly. So Phœbe, too, was alive—and in England. The picture was her token. That was what it meant.

He went heavily to the door, un-

locked it, and called. The charwoman appeared.

"Who brought this parcel?"

"A boy, sir."

"Where 's the note?—he must have brought something with it."

"No, he did n't, sir—there was no note."

"Don't be absurd!" cried Fenwick.

"There must have been."

Mrs. Flint, outraged, protested that she knew what she was a-saying of. He questioned her fiercely, but there was nothing to be got out of her rigmarole account, which Fenwick cut short by retreating into the studio in the middle of it.

This fresh check unhinged him altogether—seemed to make a mere fool of him—the sport of gods and men. There he paced up and down in a mad excitement. What in the devil's name was the meaning of it? The picture came from Phœbe—no one else. But it seemed she had only sent it to him to torment him—to punish him yet more? Women were the cruellest of God's creatures. And as for himself—idiot!—if he had only finished his business an hour ago, both she and he would have been released by this time. He worked himself up into a wild passion of rage, stopping every now and then to look at that ghost of his youth which lay on the table, propped up against some books, and once at the reflection of his haggard face and gray hair as he passed in front of an old mirror on the wall.

Then, suddenly, the tension gave way. He sank on the chair beside the table, hiding his face on his arms in an utter exhaustion, while yet, through the physical weakness, something swept and vibrated, which was in truth the onset of returning life.

As he lay there, a cab drove up to the front door, and a lady dressed in black descended from it. She rang, and Mrs. Flint appeared.

"Is Mr. Fenwick at home?"

"He is, ma'am," said the woman, hesitating—"but he did say he was n't to be disturbed."

"Will you please give him my card, and say I wish to see him at once? I have brought him an important letter."

Mrs. Flint, wavering between her dread of Fenwick's ill-humor, and the impression produced upon her by the gentle decision of her visitor, retreated into the house. The lady followed.

"Well, if you 'll wait there, ma'am,"—the charwoman opened the door of the dismantled sitting-room,—"*I 'll speak to Mr. Fenwick.*"

She shuffled off. Eugénie de Pastourelles threw back her veil. She had only arrived that morning in London after a night journey, and her face showed deep lines of fatigue. But its beauty of expression had never been more striking. Animation—joy—spoke in the eyes, quivered in the lips. She moved restlessly up and down, holding in one hand a parcel of letters. Once she noticed the room,—the furniture ticketed in lots,—and paused in concern and pity. But the momentary cloud was soon chased by the happiness of the thought which held her. Meanwhile Mrs. Flint knocked at the door of the studio.

"Mr. Fenwick!—Sir! There's a lady come, sir; and she wishes to speak to you, pertickler."

An angry movement inside.

"*I 'm busy. Send her away.*"

"*I 've got her card here, sir,*" said Mrs. Flint, dropping her voice. "*It's a queer name, sir,—somethin' furrin—Madam somethin'.* She says it's *most* pertickler. I was to tell you she'd only got home to-day from abroad."

A sudden noise inside. The door was opened.

"Where is she? Ask her to come in."

He himself retreated into the darkness of the studio, clinging, so the charwoman noticed, to the back of a chair, as though for support. Wondering "what was up," she clattered back again down the long passage which led from the sitting-room to the studio.

But Eugénie had heard the opening door, and came to meet her.

"Is anything wrong?" she asked anxiously. "Is Mr. Fenwick ill?"

"Well, you see, ma'am," said Mrs. Flint, cautiously, "it's the sheriff's horficers—though they do it as kind as they can."

Eugénie looked bewildered.

"A hexecution, ma'am," whispered the charwoman, as she led the way.

"Oh!" It was a cry of distress, by the sight of Fenwick, who stood in the door of his studio.

"*I am sorry you were kept waiting,*" he said hoarsely. She made some commonplace reply, and they shook hands. Mrs. Flint looked at them curiously and withdrew again into the back premises.

Fenwick turned and walked in front of Eugénie towards the table from which he had risen. She looked at him in sudden horror,—arrested,—the words she had come to speak stifled on her lips. Then a quick impulse made her shut the door behind her. He turned again, bewildered, and raised his hand to his head.

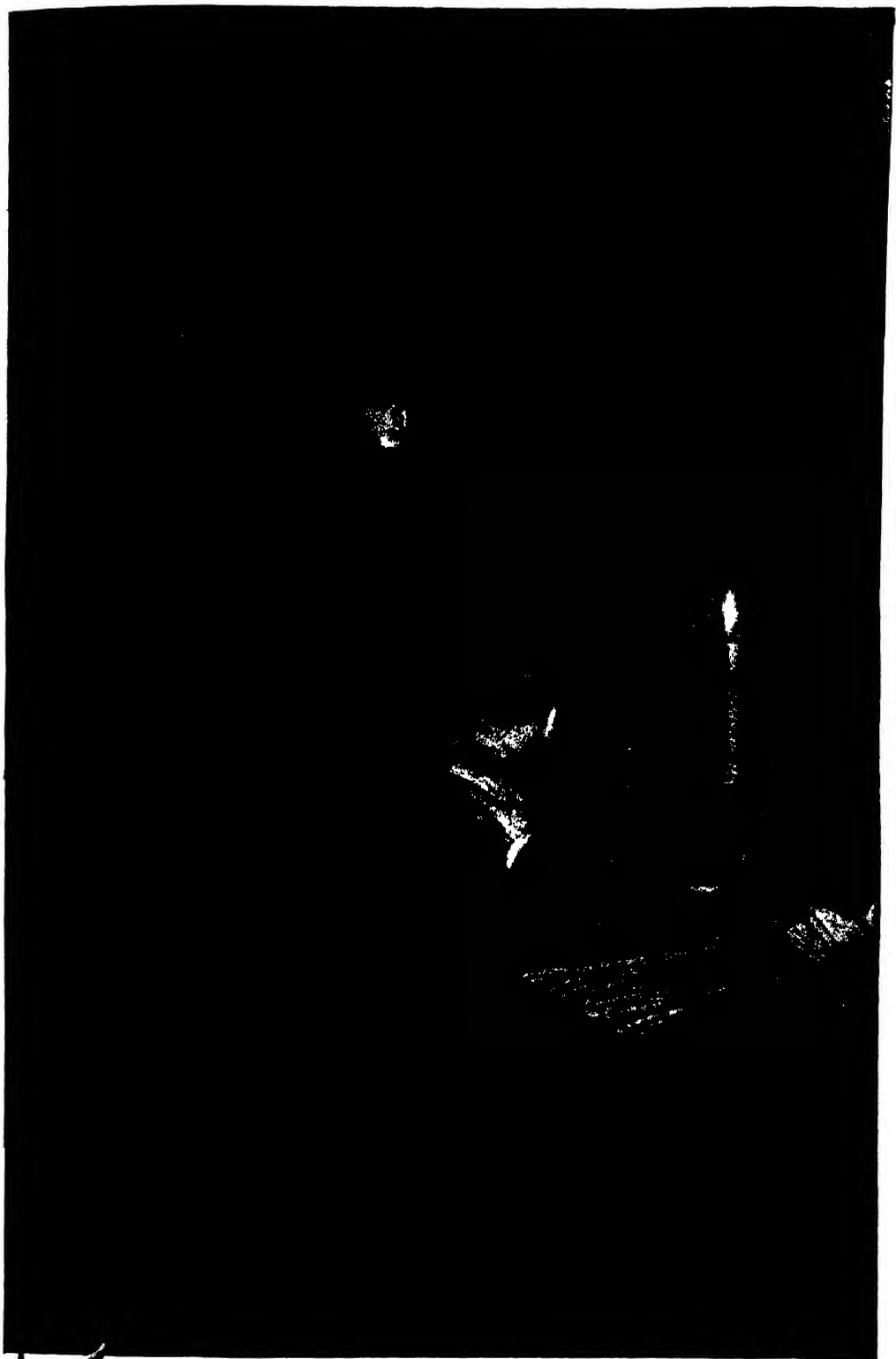
"My God!" he said in a low voice, "*I ought n't to have let you come in here. Go away—please go away.*"

Then she saw him totter backward, raise an overcoat which hung across the back of a chair, and throw it over something lying on the table. Terror possessed her; his aspect was so ghastly, his movements so strange. She flew to him, and took his hand in both hers. "No, no—don't send me away! My friend—my dear friend—listen to me. You look so ill—you've been in trouble! If I'd only known! But I've thought of you always—I've prayed for you. And listen—*listen!*—I've brought you good news."

She paused, still holding him. Her eyes were bright with tears, but her mouth smiled. He looked at her, trembling. Her pale charm, her pleading grace, moved him unbearably; this beauty, this tenderness,—the sudden apparition of them, in this dark room,—unmanned him altogether.

But she came nearer.

"We only got home this morning. It was a sudden wish of my father's—he thought Italy was n't suiting him. We came straight from Rome. I wrote to you by this morning's post. Then—this afternoon—after we'd settled my father—I drove to Lincoln's Inn Fields. And I found them so excited—just sending off a messenger to you. A letter had arrived by the afternoon post—an hour after you left the office. I have it here—they trusted it to me. Oh! dear Mr. Fenwick, listen to me! They are on the track—it's a *real* clue this time! Your wife has been in Canada—they know where she was three months ago—it's only a question of



Drawn by Albert Sterner. Hi-fi-tonc plate engraved by H. Davidson

"'BE MY MESSENGER' HE SAID, JUST BREATHING IT"

time now. Oh! and they told me about the theater—how *wonderful*! Oh! I believe they're not far off—I know it—I feel it!"

He had fallen on his chair; she stood beside him.

"And you've been ill," she said sadly, "and in great distress, I'm afraid,—about money, was it? Oh, if I'd only known! But you'll let me make that right, won't you?—you could n't refuse me that? And think! you'll have them again—your wife—your little girl."

She smiled at him, while the tears slipped down her cheeks. She cherished his cold hands, holding them close in her warm, soft palms.

He seemed to be trying to speak. Then suddenly he disengaged himself, rose feebly, went to the mantelpiece, lit another candle, and brought it, holding it towards something on a chair,—beckoning to her. She went to him, perceived the unframed portrait, and cried out.

"Phœbe sent it me—just now," he said, almost in a whisper,—“without a word—without a single word. It was left here by a boy—with no letter—no address. Was n't it cruel—was n't it horribly cruel?"

She watched him in dismay.

"Are you sure there was nothing—no letter?"

He shook his head. She released herself, took up the picture, and examined it. Then she shook out the folds of the shawl, the fragments of the brown paper, and still found nothing. But as she took the candle and stooped with it to the floor, something white gleamed. A neatly folded slip of paper had dropped among some torn letters beneath the table. She held it up to him with a cry of delight.

He made a movement, then fell back.

"Read it, please," he said hoarsely, refusing it. "There's something wrong with my eyes."

And he held his hands pressed to them, while she, a little reluctantly, wistfully, opened and read:

"MY DEAR JOHN: I have Phœbe safe. She can't write. But she sends you this—as her sign. It's been with her all through. She knows she's been a sinful wite. But there, it's no use writing. Besides, it makes me cry. But come!—come soon! Your child is an angel. You'll forget and forgive when you see her.

"I brought Phœbe here last week. Do you see the address?—it's the old cottage! I took it with a friend—three years ago. It seemed the right place for your poor wife—till she could make up her mind how and when to let you know.

"As to how I came to know—we'll tell you all that.

"Carrie knows nothing yet. I keep thinking of the first look in her eyes!

"Come soon!

"Ever your affectionate old friend,
"ANNA MASON."

There was silence. Eugénie had read the letter in a soft voice that trembled. She looked up. Fenwick was staring straight before him, and she saw him shudder.

"I know it's horrible," he said in a low voice, "and cowardly, but I feel as if I could n't face it—I could n't bear it."

And he began feebly to pace to and fro, looking like an old gray-haired man in the dim grotesqueness of the light. Eugénie understood. She felt, with mingled dread and pity, that she was in the presence of a weakness which represented far more than the immediate emotion; was the culmination, indeed, of a long, disintegrating process.

She hesitated—moved—wavered—then took courage again.

"Come and sit down," she said gently. And going up to him, she took him by the arm and led him back to his chair.

He sank upon it, his eyes hanging on her. She stooped over him.

"Shall I?" she said uncertainly—"shall I—go first? Oh, I *ought* n't to go! Nobody ought to interfere—between husband and wife. But if you wish it—if I could do any good—"

Her eyes sought the answer of his.

Her face, framed in the folds of her black veil, shone in the candle-light; her voice was humble, yet brave.

The silence continued a moment. Then his lips moved.

"Be my messenger!" he said, just breathing it.

She made a sign of assent. And he, feebly lifting her hand, brought it to his lips. Close to them, unseen by her,—for the moment, unremembered by him,—lay the revolver with which he had meant to take his life, and the letter in which he had bid her a last farewell.

(To be continued)

THE OLD GARDEN AT MOUNT VERNON

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP



JOHN SEARSON, formerly of Philadelphia, merchant," is a versemaker passed over by the anthologists, and forgotten, probably, by all save the collectors of first editions. From a little volume entitled "Mount Vernon, a Poem," printed for the author a good many years before any of us was born, I have rescued this choice transcript of his

THOUGHTS IN MOUNT VERNON GARDEN

Delightful mansion, blest retreat,
Where all is silent, all is sweet;
Here contemplation prunes her wings;
The raptur'd muse more tuneful sings,
While she leads on the cheerful hours,
And opens a new world of flow'rs.
Gay pleasure here all dresses wears,
And in a thousand shapes appears:
Pursu'd by fancy, how she roves!
Thro' airy walks and useful groves;
Springs in each plant, and blossom'd tree,
And charms in all I hear or see;
In this elysium, while I stray
And Nature's fairest face survey,
Earth seems new born, and life more bright;
Time steals away and smooths his flight,
And thoughts bewilder'd in delight.

"This rural, romantic and descriptive Poem of the seat of so great a character," the title-page assures us, "it is hoped may please, with a copper-plate likeness of the General. It was taken from an actual view on the spot by the author, 15th May, 1799."

My apology for quoting it here is that it is as faintly characteristic of its period as the garden that inspired it, and as nearly akin to truth as the traditions

which represent the old flower-beds of Mount Vernon as the handiwork and diversion of George Washington. That is one of the illusions born of the early school readers. We are fain to speak of the Father of his Country as the American Cincinnatus; yet nothing could be less classically Cincinnatus-like than the faithful pen-portrait, given us by a contemporary annalist, of a Virginia gentleman in a sober drab costume and broad felt hat, riding about to look at his growing things and directing the work of his hired men in the fields.

Among the relics of his sojourn at the beautiful estate where he passed the declining years of his life may be found abundant evidences of his wholesome love of out-of-door amusements, and particularly of his tastes in landscape gardening; but in these matters, as in those of statecraft, it was larger interests that absorbed his main attention. The sweep of the lawns, the approaches to the river, the windings of the paths and drives, the planning and platting of the generous spaces, the framing of the vistas—these, rather than the small details, were uppermost in his thought. We hear much of his old garden at Mount Vernon, and can trace its outlines fairly well in its living ruins; but we search his diaries and correspondence almost in vain to discover the trend of his fancy in color and the minor forms which go to make up the mosaic scheme of gardening as most of us understand the term.

The chances largely favor Dame Martha Washington, rather than General George, as the author and finisher of the Mount Vernon garden. She has, unfortunately, left us little or nothing in the lit-

erary way to indicate her share in this part of the simple life into which poured for them the sunset glow of age. Washington's career throughout was an apotheosis of the severely practical; and when he had carried the baby republic through the perils that beset its birth, the bent of his mind revealed itself in such an order as this, sent to his horticultural factor: "A little of the best kind of cabbage seed for field culture; twenty pounds of the best turnip seed; ten bushels of sainfoin seed; eight bushels of winter vetches." Or in this direction for a "field of sundries": "Carrots, five acres; potatoes five; pumpkins one; turnips one; pease fifteen." And here we find, not mere dry statistics, but a ripened judgment: "I have a high opinion of beans"; and elsewhere: "Of all the improving and ameliorating crops, none in my opinion is equal to potatoes."

From these purely material interests it is a relief to run upon such passages in the diaries as this: "Jan. 10. The white thorn full in berry"; or this: "Jan 12. Sowed holly berries in drills (3 rows)." But substantially the sole suggestion of a real garden, where beauty shall be cultivated for its own sweet sake, is found in the letter to William Gordon where the writer assures his correspondent: "I have too, Mrs. Washington's particular thanks to offer you for the flower roots and seeds."

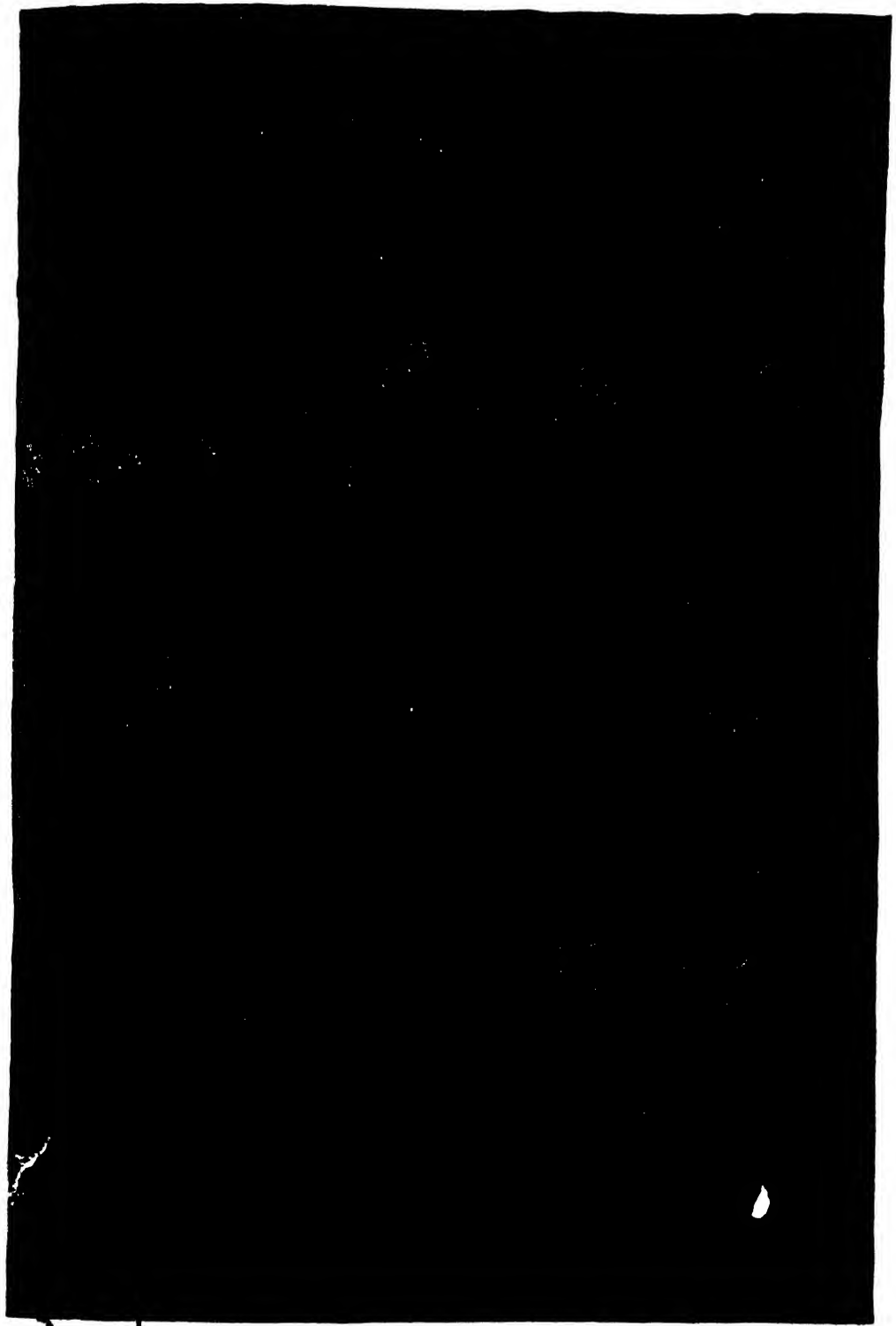
Still, there was at Mount Vernon a place for flowers, and a goodly one, though walled in with the practicalities. Much of it was under cover. It was as orderly as everything that Washington had to do with. Rare exotics—rare, at least, in that day—were grouped there in glass greenhouses, where he could admire them, as the collector admires his bric-à-brac gathered in a cabinet from all quarters of the globe, for what was curious and suggestive in them, rather than for what invited his soul.

In the arrangement of what is left to mark the site of the old garden we note the signs of that precision which distinguished the surveyor turned country-gentleman, the commander of men made over into the master of a landed estate. The diaries are full of references to the experiments he made with lawn-seed and the ~~abandoning~~ ^{allowing} of his ~~by~~ ^{and} expenses of liv-

ing green, here in flowing mounds unembarrassed by changes of level, there in the stiff formality of a bell-shaped arena. The trees, which were his chief concern, and to gather which he made numberless visits to the native groves on his plantation, carry out the idea of a military skirmish line in open order, while the prim box hedges suggest the genius of generalship in arranging the solid lines of battle.

It is the misfortune of the ordinary pilgrim to Mount Vernon that he must see the place only in the garish glare of day. The garden is full of sentiment, but sentiment and brilliant sunshine are sworn foes. It is only in the cool silvery envelop of evening that we can re-people the spot and make it live again the life of that eighteenth century in which it was planned and developed. We can then stand back of the glass enclosures and fancy once more in place the long, straight rows of blooming plants from which Lady Washington replenished her nosegay vases—the flowers nodding drowsily amid the chirp of crickets, and now and then swaying softly in response to the whisper of a passing summer breeze. We can almost fancy the bronze-armed gardener stirring the soil between the rows with his hoe as he put the belated last touch to his work before bidding the care-laden world good night. Or we can take up our position at another point and watch the overseer in his quaint continental garb as he finishes his round, lantern in hand, among the "quarters," and takes his way back to the great house for a final look to make sure that all is well. Or we can ourselves stroll up the path where the varicolored borders merge into the more stately shrubbery that lines the old gray wall. Whether or not the Greatest American actually had a hand in the making of all this dainty array, at least he dwelt amid it, sniffed its odors, heard its faint murmurings, and possibly—nay, probably—was unconsciously mel-
lowed in mind and morals by the influence of such an environment.

Next to the shimmer of the moon, in its power of calling up fancies like these, is the twilight hour at Mount Vernon. As the day draws in, the edges of lengthening shadow are softened in a faint, trailing close to ground. The earth sends



Color drawing by Jules Guérin

THE MOUNT VERNON WATCHMAN ON HIS ROUND

-Jules Guérin-



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THE LONG, STRAIGHT ROWS OF BLOOMING PLANTS"



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Halftone plate engraved by Robert Varley

"WHERE THE VARICOLORED BORDERS MERGE INTO THE MORE STATELY SHRUBBERY"

up a rich moist smell, and over this deep bass there plays a fugue of perfume from the flowers. A gauze of thinnest blue air veils the detail of the fine old trees outside of the garden wall and masses them against a tender tinted sky and against a lower glimpse of empurpled red roof and white supports. From the dense foliage on the lawn comes a half-hushed chorus, the softened twang and creak of an oakful of blackbirds away over against the edge of the old kitchen garden, antiphoned by the throaty chirrup of many robins from the big chestnut by the gate. A few small birds hidden among the boughs that overhang the flowers are uttering little notes and cuddling sounds under their breath, and from the topmost twig of a tall maple down at the end of the garden floats the cardinal's even-song.

Perchance the spell may be broken by the advent of one of the custodians of the place, who prowls about to see what the stranger finds so alluring in an atmosphere that to his prophetic sense portends only malaria and a host of discomforting accompaniments. But even he, prosaic as his apparel and manner of speech may lead you to think him, has his own poetic instinct, which is stirred into life if he happens to find you near the Old White Rose Bush—forgive the capitals,

dear reader, for his vocal inflexions print them on your mind.

"Beside this very identical Old White Rose Bush," he will tell you, with a peculiar staccato emphasis on his opening words, "the beautiful Eleanor Custis was wooed and won by her cousin, the elegant Lawrence Lewis, and here they plighted their troth. She gave him her answer with one of its white roses. And since that day many and many a couple have stood here and fixed it up between 'em."

It may be he's a bit too modern there, but he is of our time, however ancient the burden of his discourse.

"There has long been a tradition about it among the hands on the place, and they've always come to settle their love-affairs by the Bush. It kind o' draws lovers, don't you know. The girls can't seem to hold out on this spot. Among the visitors I've watched a many young couples made up right here. And—well, I've even seen an old pair stand a while looking at the white roses when they're at their best in June, and then take hold of hands."

And the fellow's sun-hardened features soften as he looks at you, and then back at the Old White Rose Bush, which you see him still half-caressing as you slip away and cross the main lawn to the path which leads you down to your boat.



TO JOHN LA FARGE

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE ASCENSION

BY TITUS MUNSON COAN

THE glowing angels through the air ascending;
On ridge and cloud and mountain-lake a light
Not less divine, in mystic vapors blending:
Which of these wondrous visions is more bright?

Both in their solemn charm shine uncontending;
Limner of Beauty! be it mine to share
Thy nearness to the Beauty never-ending,
Thy joy in finding Earth and Heaven so fair!



Drawn by Martin Justice Half tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"WE CAN I FOOL HIRE HE CRIED 'WE GOT TO GET AROUND
TO THEM GAS TANKS'



A QUESTION OF COMMAND

BY HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS



HE fire had started at sundown in the lumber-yard of a furniture-factory on the East River water-front; and an easterly breeze, puffing steadily into the smolder, had blown it back

through the stacks of seasoned boards like a blaze through kindlings. Now it covered the ground of a prairie-fire. Under a brooding volume of dense smoke, the flames reached and writhed and leaped together, darting up their heads venomously, waving aloft their flickering crests, coiling back, and striking low. When the wind lifted the pall that covered their trail, the piles of lumber could be seen burning like torches behind them. In front of them, every now and then, a feathery stream rose white in the ruddy glow, spitting impotently into the air, choked with anger as the firemen, retreating, throttled it and dragged it back; and overhead, continually, the triumphal sparks brightened and soared.

In the rear of this furious advance, the fire-boat *Manhattan* lay under the dark wall of the factory, shaking with the beat of her eight pumps, which were driving their thousands of gallons of water a minute, through a triple line of hose, to cut off the straggling flames in the charred wake of the battle. Her decks were empty, except for the pilot standing black in the floor of the lighted wheel-house; and they were quiet except when old Doty, the en-

gineer, came up through the engine-room hatch, looked across the darkness toward the struggle which he could not see, and called out to the pilot, "How 's she goin', Pete?"

The pilot had answered several times, indifferently, that she was "going her own gait all right," that she was "chasing the boys all around the lot," that she had "the bit in her teeth." But at last he reported that the wind had fallen; and then the next time he said, "She 's puffing in from the southeast"; and now he leaned his shoulder against the door-jamb and replied: "You better get your pumps greased. The wind 's come around strong from the south."

"South!" Doty sniffed for the smell of smoke. "That 'll bring her back this way!"

"That 's what I 'm telling you."

The engineer popped into the hatch like a frightened rabbit into its burrow; and the silhouette in the doorway raised the shadow of a pair of night-glasses to the black profile of a nose and stood watching.

In a moment, out of the darkness at the head of the slip, two figures in long rubber coats came striding into the light of the incandescent lamp at the stern of the *Manhattan* and sprang aboard. They were the captain of the boat and the acting chief of the department; and they came forward rapidly toward the wheel-house, the chief waving his arm with an excited gesture of authority.

"She's working back over there," he was saying of the fire. "You'll have to hold her here at the factory and keep her from jumping that street to those gas-tanks. If they blow up, it'll smash half the ward."

They ran up the ladder to the deck of the wheel-house. "We can't get water to hold her, back there," the chief explained. "They're sucking air from those plugs already."

Keighley swung his keen glances around from the fire to the black wall of the factory, from the factory to the shadow where the street was hidden, and from the street to the huge gas-tanks leaping and falling in the wavering light of the flames. "We

voice of a challenge: "I got a scrub crew here. They ain't up to much."

The chief asked over his shoulder: "What's the matter?"

"Well, half o' them are Brownies, an' I've had trouble with them from the first. That's what was wrong with the fire on the *Flamisch*."

"Well?"

"They got foolin' with that fire, tryin' to get me into trouble because I'd broke Doherty. I scared them into line there, an' I put it up to the man that was at the bottom of it, an' they've been quiet enough since. But I don't know; in a place like this—"

The chief stepped ashore. "I'm going

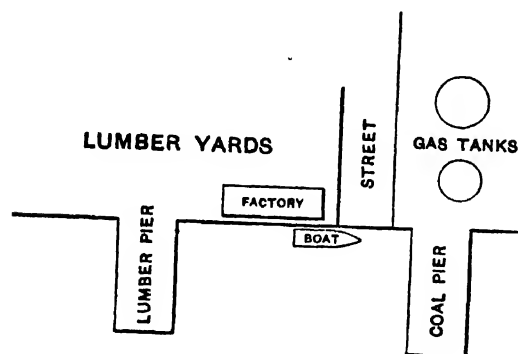


DIAGRAM OF THE SCENE OF THE FIRE

got the water *here* all right," he said; then he asked, "How wide is it?"

"It's—I don't know," the chief answered impatiently. "It's about seventy feet from the wall to the nearest tank. I can give you two water-towers."

Keighley looked over his shoulder and coolly calculated the chances. The boat was lying broadside to the shore, at the head of a wide slip that was inclosed by the lumber-wharf at the boat's stern and by the gas company's coal-pier at her bows.

"Fire's bound to back on to that yard-wharf," Keighley said. "We'll be between hell an' hades here." He looked up at the factory wall above them. "That'll be comin' down on top of us." He nodded at the gas-tanks. "All right; we can keep her off them."

The chief ran down the ladder and hurried aft. Keighley followed him.

Suddenly the old captain said, in the

around the factory," he said curtly, and vanished in the darkness.

Keighley stood stroking his sharp nose and smiling under his hand. Then he coughed a dry chuckle, turned, and ran along the trail of the hose toward the fire.

He considered that he had "put it up to the chief."

The "Brownies" of whom he had complained were members of a "benevolent association" which the new Fire Commissioner was accused of having organized in the department to fight the political influence of the older society, which had opposed his appointment. They were the young men of the service, these Brownies, as young as the acting chief himself; and they had been arrayed with him against the old chief, whom they had succeeded in ousting from his position, and who was still fighting in the courts for his reinstatement. Four of them on board the *Manhattan*, under the leadership of

Lieutenant Moore, had attempted to break Keighley with treachery. "Old Clinkers," as they had since come to call him, had taken advantage of a narrow escape from death, in the hold of a burning boat, to read them a lesson on the dangers of conspiracy, to frighten them into submission, to hold up Moore to their ridicule, and to prove himself the better man. Since then they had shown no inclination to meddle with him; they had deserted Moore, and to all appearances they were working together with the rest of the company, reconciled.

But passive submission was one thing and active obedience another; and Captain Keighley had wished to point out to the acting chief that it was *his* turn now to learn the dangers of promoting dissension in the place of discipline. Here was a fire big enough to break *him* if it were badly handled; and he was relying on a disaffected crew and a discredited captain to handle it for him.

As a matter of fact, though Keighley did not know it, his men were no longer disaffected and he was anything but discredited among them. As a matter of fact, though the chief did not know it, he could not have had a fitter company to rely on in the face of danger.

Keighley smiled as he ran, and he ran until the bitter smell of wet embers from the burned wood underfoot was wiped out of his nostrils by a puff of smoke that came warm and dry on his face. It sobered him. He slackened his pace to fill his lungs against the stife, and proceeded carefully. A few yards farther on the expected blast scorched him. When it had passed, he yelled: "Hi, there! Moore, there!" He got no reply. He broke into a run, stumbled over the hose, and fell among the burned beams and steaming ashes; and as he sprang to his feet again, the glowing smoke was cut by a quivering, current of heat, and he saw his crew crouched in a line behind their pipes, fighting in a wide semicircle of flames that held back before them, but reached out, roaring, on both flanks. "Back out! Back!" he called. "You're no good here. Get back to the boat! We can't stop her here. Come along with that two-inch line! Lighten up here, some o' you men! Chase back an' shut off, Moore!"

They obeyed him in suffocated silence,

dragging back the smaller hose: but it was impossible to move the larger lines so long as they were filled with the weight of water; and the pipemen who were directing these, blinded by the resinous smoke of yellow pine, remained bent double before the heat that came licking across them like the touch of flame.

Keighley ran to them. "Get back an' uncouple 'em! We'll never get out this way."

A man at the farthest pipe pitched forward on his face and lay huddled. His fellows left their nozzle in its pipe-stick, caught him under arms and knees, and stumbled back with him. Their undirected stream threshed about like a snake pinned down at the neck, and the fire began to creep stealthily across the drying debris around it.

A smoking pile of half-burned lumber close at hand flared up in a sudden flame. Keighley threw himself on the other men, dragged them from their pipe, and drove them back. "We can't fool here," he cried; "we got to get around to them gas-tanks."

Reluctantly they abandoned the two nozles that were caught by their lugs in the crotches of the pipe-sticks, and retreated with the smaller line. But, even so, they had to wait until the water had been shut off before they dared break the couplings to save the hose; and every minute was an hour long to the impatient chief waiting for them to stretch in their lines to protect the threatened gas-tanks. He was fresh to his responsibility, and Keighley's cool insinuation of treachery had put him on the edge of a new fear.

When the men got back to the *Manhattan* with the first lengths of hose, he stormed down on them angrily.

"What're you doing? Get a move on, will you? What the — are you fooling round with that hose for, Keighley? Stretch in over there, where I told you! Why the devil—"

He abused the old man excitedly; and Keighley, who had his own sense of dignity, set his thin lips in a tight line and looked back at the factory. "Where's yer truck comp'ny?" he growled. "D' yuh expect eight men to stretch in enough o' this boat's hose to feed two water-towers?"

The chief's voice rose to a hoarse curse: "G—— — you, don't you talk back to

me! Do what you're told. Get a hustle on, or, by—"

Keighley understood then that his superior officer was "rattled." He obeyed without more words. "Come along, boys," he ordered. "Leave yer lines there."

They jumped aboard the boat and cast off. The *Manhattan* nosed her way across the head of the slip until she lay with her bows a few yards from the coal-pier, her side to the foot of the street that separated the factory from the gas-tanks, and her stern in the shadow of the factory wall. From that position, strategically chosen by Keighley, she would flank the fire. Her supply-lines, laid up the street, would front it; and her stern-lines, trained on the lumber-wharf behind her, would check the flames there. The great danger of the place was this: if the factory burned, the falling of its walls would crush the boat.

"Come along, now!" Keighley called. "Open up that hose-box!"

His men obeyed him eagerly, in a clumsy attempt to show their loyalty. "Shine," who had brought his nickname with him from the Bowery, grumbled: "His Nibs thinks he 's the real screw. If he gets yappy, Ol' Clinkers 'll take an' bite a piece off 'm." And this Shine had once been a Brownie.

Farley, who had always been of the captain's faction, retorted jealously: "Don't *you* worry."

II

CAPTAIN KEIGHLEY went forward and climbed to the roof of the wheel-house. He stripped the cover from the searchlight there and ordered the current switched to it from the engine-room; and the leakage of light from the metal hood showed his hard face set in muscular impassiveness, clean-shaven and strong-jawed.

He measured with his eye the distance from the boat's side to the probable position of the water-towers. "Two three-an'-a-half-inch lines, Moore," he called,—"eight len'ths. Four inch-an'-three-quarter ones—same len'ths." Then he swung the search-light around to the wall of the factory and passed the circle of light, like a great hand, up the windows to the roof.

It showed a brick wall five stories high

and apparently a brick and a half thick. He brought the light back to the window-frames and grunted, "Jerry-built!" Pushing up the helmet from his hot forehead, he stood studying.

The fire, doubling back beside its own trail, where the half-burned lumber was tinder to the flame, had wheeled around toward the factory with such rapidity that the glare of it already lighted the dark interior of the building. Where that glare went the blaze would soon be following; for the windows were unshuttered, the window-trim was bare, and the walls were a frail shell filled with all the inflammable materials of a furniture-factory. To Keighley's mind, it would be impossible to protect such a structure.

He narrowed his eyes and watched the chief leading up a truck company to aid in laying the lines from the boat. Farther up the street, the lights of swinging lanterns marked the massing of other companies, with hose and engines, in the probable path of the fire. He heard the whistle of the "steamers," the bells of the trucks, the immense murmur of the pumps vibrating like a huge purr in the resounding night, and the faint rumor of roaring flames and falling timbers as low and wide as the reverberation of a surf. His nostrils dilated, his frown cleared, his jaw settled. He put his hand on the wheel of the monitor nozzle beside him and shouted: "Loosen yer lines there, men! Hey, you at the wheel, ring Doty to jack her back! I want her in under that wall."

The boat slid back, paying out its lines, until the captain and the wheel-house came under the factory wall again. "Hold her!" he cried. "Start yer water! Look out fer'yerselves there, you men!"

They scattered as he brought the stand-pipe around like a machine-gun, laid it to train on the upper story of the factory, and spun the valve-wheel. There was a shout of orders from the deck, answered by another shout from the engine-room; and behind a shrill hiss of air and spray, a solid stream of water, under the mighty pressure of eight pumps, shot from the quivering nozzle and struck like an exploding shell in a burst of spray between two upper windows. For an instant that spray hid the wall there; then it vanished, sucked into a black gap; and above the roar of the water glass crashed and bricks

thudded, and the stream, swinging slowly from window to window, tore its way along above the line of sills. It rose to reach the edge of the roof, and ripped up the sheathing-boards, and stripped the tin, and burst apart the rafters. It came down again to the windows, and bore in the wall above the floor, and battered in the bricks below the floor, and cut into the floor itself, and stripped it to the beams.

By the time the acting chief had fought his way to the pier, through the rush of a truck company retreating from a fall of bricks, half the wall of the upper story had been carried away, the section of the roof above it hung down in a broken wing, and the stream, thrown up to clear the ruin, shot over the building, singing fiercely.

"Get yer men away from there!" Keighley shouted.

The chief cleared the bulwarks with a running jump and sprang up the ladder to the wheel-house top. He clutched Keighley by the breast of his rubber coat and faced him, white with fury, his lower teeth bared as if he were going to bite, his eyes glaring like two balls of yellow glass in the blaze of the search-light, speechless.

Keighley caught his wrist and growled: "What's the matter with yuh?"

The chief flung him off and yelled: "What's the matter with *you*? Why don't you do what you're told, you ——! Did I tell you to do that?" He threw out his arm at the wrecked factory.

Keighley shook his head. "No. Yuh had n't sense enough to."

The captain was a tall, big-shouldered build of Irish ruffian, as hard with age as an old oak. The chief was shorter, stockier, heavier in the waist. They drew back from each other with a menacing stiffening of neck and shoulders. Then the chief said: "You're relieved of your command here. Report to me to-morrow at headquarters."

Keighley turned to his pipe. "Relieved be d—d! I'm responsible for this boat an' I'll take her back to her berth." He threw the stream down to strike the wall again, and shouted: "If we lay here feedin' yer water-towers till the fire drops the side of a house on us, where d' yuh suppose we'll be? We got the water to smash it in now; we won't have it when we're pumpin' yer six lines full, will we?

There's time enough to stretch in after them bricks is down. Look out, there!"

A section of the weakened wall, taken in the middle, broke and dropped on itself like a curtain. Half the roof collapsed and bore down the upper floors. The end-wall, forced out, buckled and fell into the street; and the stream, striking free on the ruin, began to pick it down, course by course, as Keighley laid the pipe to it.

He did not so much as glance at the chief again. In the excitement of his work, he appeared to have brushed aside the quarrel from his thoughts as he would have brushed aside any man who got in his way at such a time. It was a manner that made all blustering insistence of authority impossible to the chief. He waited for the opportunity to reassert himself.

"All right!" Keighley shouted, at last. "Shut her off."

The stream weakened, fell, and ceased. Keighley turned the search-light on the street and called: "All right; now put her back where she was!" He dropped down the wheel-house ladder and ran aft as the boat drew up again at the foot of the street.

The chief stood a moment, the jaw-muscle working in his cheek. Then he went ashore in grim silence. It was a silence that promised him satisfaction in the morning, when Keighley should be notified that he was relieved of his command.

Shine chuckled as he dragged on his line. "His Nibs's got his dose, I guess."

Farley replied: "There's trouble in it fer the ol' man, though."

Shine retorted, in his turn: "Don't *you* worry!"

III

TEN minutes later the whole street was blotted out in smoke. The streams roared from the nozzles, and were lost in it. The pipemen, with heads down and eyes shut, braced themselves against the back-pressure and fought for breath. The officers, staggering into them, shouldered them forward, smothering. The whole line, throttled in darkness, without orders, without head, swayed and struggled and stood helpless.

Then, like a stroke of lightning, the flame split the smoke before them. The

air seemed to explode in a blaze of burning gases; the heat whipped into their faces with a stinging lash; and the whole row of lumber-piles that faced them lighted up together like a long line of beacons.

Against such a fire the streams were useless. They could beat back the flame they struck, but as soon as they were moved from the steaming lumber they had saved, the heat licked it dry again, and the flames leaped back to it. Behind the fringe which the pipes could cover, the whole yard blazed untouched. The windows in the rear of the factory cracked and broke; the smoke began to pour out through the wrecked roof; the fire rose from floor to floor as fast as it could climb—and it climbed unchecked, despite the three streams from the nearest water-tower that fought it.

The chief licked the tail of his mustache and watched it nervously. The largest of the gas-tanks towered behind him, in the full current of heat which rained a steady shower of sparks against it; and when he glanced back at it his head jerked around with a twitch. He ordered one of the deck-pipes of the tower turned on the tank to wet it down, and his voice was hoarse and anxious. Then, when the blaze in the factory reached the varnish-room and flared out with redoubled fury, he rushed around, countermanding his order and concentrating all his streams on the one whirl of flame. The sides of the tank steamed dry at once. He called out for another line to be stretched in to it from the *Manhattan*, and his voice came shaken from a tense throat. He was losing his head. The boat line did not come. In desperation he started down the street, and was met by Keighley, hastening up at the head of a squad of the boat's crew.

"For—sake, Keighley, hurry up!" he gasped; and his tone was a confession of weakness that was willing to forgive everything—for the moment—for the sake of aid.

The line was stretched and coupled as fast as drill. The water spouted to the tank and drenched it. The chief took off his helmet and wiped his forehead; he was trembling in spite of his efforts to control himself.

Keighley came striding back. "That

coal-pier 's goin' up if we don't keep her wet," he said. "It 'll be worse than the fact'ry fer that tank there."

The chief tried to curse. "The—the whole — place 's goin' up," he complained feebly.

"The blaze on the lumber-pier astern of us 'll scorch us out ff we don't keep it down. We need a stream on the wall alongside the boat. We 're pretty near pumpin' the limit as it is."

The chief shook his head in a dogged helplessness.

"What 're yuh goin' to do?" Keighley insisted. "We got to do something—an' be quick about it. Look a-here—" He hurried down to the boat, with the chief at his heels.

The *Manhattan* was lying at the head of the slip, in the angle of two fires that swept its deck with a burning blast of heat and smoke. Lieutenant Moore had turned one of the aft stand-pipes on the blazing factory and was fighting back the flames in the nearest windows; but the stream was too weak to be more than a small defiance. He had started the deck-spray on the stern, and the men there were working in a shower-bath; but it was a tepid shower, and the metal and cement of the deck were already steaming under it.

The coal-wharf at the bow was exposed to all the sparks that blew over its great wooden hoist and bunkers. And if the fire took that wharf, the whole defense would be outflanked; the blaze would blow from pier to pier down the water-front; the gas-tanks would be caught unprotected from the rear.

"Hi, there!" Keighley shouted. "Turn yer forrud pipes on there an' keep that pier wet. Two—four—eight—eleven—H—! We got to save som'ers. That won't do." He turned to the chief. "What 're yuh goin' to do about it? There's too many streams as it is. They ain't strong enough."

But the acting chief was at the end of his resources. It was his first big fire, and it was too much for him. He had the bulldog courage that can take up a position and hold it, fighting, to the last gasp of ruin; but he had not the quality of mind to stand on the height of responsibility unbewildered, and direct confusion and overrule defeat. His face was as

blank as his mind; and Captain Keighley saw it.

"Take charge o' that boat a minute," the captain said. The chief took a step forward, and when he stopped and turned again, Captain Keighley was off up the street.

The old man had a plan—a plan that was drawn from his experience of early volunteer days, when streams were too weak to tear up a fire by the roots and fire-fighters were always on the defensive, checking an enemy that could not be successfully attacked.

He ordered the pipe of the nearest water-tower to be raised to the perpendicular, so that the stream from it rose straight in the air and fell back on itself like a geyser; then he trained the two deck-pipes of the same tower to cut into that stream with two deflecting ones; and the three streams, meeting in mid-air, fought together in a spout of spray that spread in all directions, formed a "water curtain" which no spark could pass, and was blown by the wind in a wide shower over the threatened tanks.

"Shut off that other line—chief's orders!" he shouted to the men who were still flailing the tank-sides with a solid stream.

"Will that be enough, cap'n?" one of the tower-men asked him.

"Sure," he said. "Yuh can't set fire to metal, can yuh? Supposin' the heat does swell up yer gas a bit, ain't those telescope tanks? Yuh could n't explode one o' them if yuh opened it an' dropped a match in. It 'u'd go out. It's got to have air, ain't it? She 's safe as long 's she don't warp a leak."

He ran along through the scorch to the second tower, and watched it pouring a waste of water on a fire that was already held by the hose from the engines. "We 're goin' to cut this tower off," he called—"chief's orders. Yuh can't put that blaze out: yuh got to let it burn out. The other crews can hold it. Get back up the street there where there 's buildin's. Stick to it here, boys. We got to have this water to keep her from gettin' down the piers beind yuh."

He doubled back to the water-front. "Two — three — five," he muttered. "That'll do it."

The chief ran into him in the smoke.

Keighley clutched him by the elbow. "What 're yuh doin' here?" he cried.

"Why ain't ye aboard that boat?" And the chief turned and followed him like a lieutenant.

IV

THEY sprang aboard the *Manhattan* together. Keighley ran to the pipe that was feeding the second water-tower and cut it off at the gate. "Get this stand-pipe on the fact'ry," he ordered the chief. "We got the water now—all yuh want. I 'll look after the pier."

Shine wiped the tears from his eyes and stared open-mouthed. The chief shouldered past him and swung around the stand-pipe and turned it on the blazing windows. But Captain Keighley bounded up the ladder to the wheel-house and began to bellow his orders through his hands.

There followed the hottest half-hour that the *Manhattan* ever knew. The coal-wharf had taken fire, and the full power of the two monitor nozles was needed to subdue it. Meanwhile the belch of heat from the burning factory, checked only by the lesser streams from the waist of the boat, swept the deck like the blast from a furnace. The paint peeled from the smoke-stack, blistered on the wheel-house, bubbled on the rail. The men crouched behind the bulwarks, their eyes crackling, their throats parched, silent except for a feeble complaint from Shine that they would be "spittin' black buttons fer a month." The chief clung to his stand-pipe, faint with nausea. Lieutenant Moore struggled against the kick of a pipe which he had turned on the burning pier at the stern of the boat and talked brokenly to himself. Keighley's voice came to them all, thin and far, through the muffling of the blood in their ears: "To yer left, Moore. Higher up there, chief! Stick to it, boys!"

There is, in such men, an ideal of self-subordination as strong as the instinct of liberty itself. In the face of danger it held them together under Keighley like an oath. "Stick to it!" Shine gasped. "Stick to it an' roast! Roast! *He* don't care!" Farley muttered: "Old hunk o' slag!" They were filled with a sudden contempt for him, for themselves, for their work; and with an ironical and bitter loyalty

they held to their posts. The lieutenant blinked the spray from his stinging eyes and turned for another look at the chief beside the stand-pipe and Keighley commanding on the wheel-house. The chief, at every crash of falling floors in the factory expected to see the broken wall forced out—and was glad that, by virtue of Captain Keighley's foresight, the bricks that might have crushed the boat were already lying in a harmless pile at the water's edge.

It was the culmination of Keighley's triumph—the triumph of the man who forgets himself in his work, who commands unquestioned because he orders what must be done of necessity in the situation, who humbles himself to his duty, and is exalted by it. He had drowned out the flame in the coal-wharf; he turned one of his nozzles on the factory, and poured his tons of water through the broken wall, and cut off the flames in the windows. The roof had long since fallen, and now the walls followed it; and the hot bricks, just missing the stern of the *Manhattan*, hissed in the water like a blacksmith's irons. For a moment it seemed that the opening of the building only gave the flames a fiercer draft. They rose sky-high with the roar of a volcano in eruption. But they fell as suddenly; and, instead of smoke, it was steam that rose in clouds, and, instead of the busy crackling of new fuel, the men heard the sizzle of hot coals drowning in the flood that was pouring in on them.

The final relief came from the shore companies that closed in on the ruin, fighting their way through the smolder of the yard, and beating down the dying struggles of the flames with a score of pipes. To Keighley's orders, the boat drew off and turned broadside to the burning lumber-pier and fairly swept it from its spiles. The acting chief left his nozzle and went forward dazedly.

"All right, chief," Keighley called to him; "we got her beat."

When the *Manhattan* returned to her berth in the gray dawn, Captain Keighley was still in command of her. The acting chief, with a gruff kindness, had said: "All right, Keighley. The shore companies can finish this. You've done your share. Get back and get to bed."

Keighley had heard laughter among his men as they steamed down the river, and from their looks, as he went around among them inspecting his scorched paint, he knew that they had watched his quarrel with the chief, and were proud of him for winning out. His lieutenant received his orders with an almost obsequious meekness.

For the first time since he had taken charge of the *Manhattan*, he felt the prompt response of loyalty in the way that every man hurried to obey him with a will.

"Turn in, boys," he said, when the boat had been tied up.

They trooped up-stairs to their bunk-room noisily. He sat down at his desk before the open window and looked out at the first rosy peep of morning over the horizon. His old eyes relaxed the thoughtful pucker of their wrinkles and filmed with a pathetic moisture. He blinked; his mouth twitched. He looked down quickly at his papers, tore a leaf from his daily calendar, rolled it in a ball, and dropped it in the waste-basket. It was the passing of the last of evil days—the passing of treachery among his men, of enmity among his superior officers, and of the grim misery of his own determination to keep his back to the wall and fight it out.

When he looked up again, he met, with a changed face, the beginning of a new day.





Drawn by Martin Justice. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collin

"I 'M RESPONSIBLE "OR THIS BOAT"

I SOUGHT ME SYMBOLS OF ETERNITY "

BY GOTTFRIED HULT

I SOUGHT me symbols of Eternity:
And vasty deeps of heaven yielded glooms,
And barren space, no furthest star illumes,—
Darkness. I sought 'mid mighty things that be
Uncomprehended within bounds: the sea,
Plumbless, unshored; aloft the westering light,
That plenary stillness, antedating night;
And day's long ebb in after-vacancy.
Yet even in these no perfect glass I saw
For imaging the mystery unblurred;
Nor entered into realms of ultimate awe,
Till drifting, drifting, wheresoever led
In aimless tides of revery I heard
Lear's fivefold "Never" o'er Cordelia dead.



WHERE TO PLANT WHAT

BY GEORGE W. CABLE



OFTEN one's hands are too heavily veneered with garden loam for him to go to his books to verify a quotation. It was the great Jefferson, was it not, who laid into the foundations of American democracy the imperishable maxim that "That gardening is best which gardens the least?" My rendition of it may be more a parody than a quotation, but, whatever its inaccuracy, to me it still sounds Jeffersonian—Joseph Jefferson.

Whether we read it "garden" or "govern," it has this fine mark of a masterful utterance, that it makes no perceptible effort to protect itself against the caviler or the simpleton; from men, for instance, who would interpret it as meaning that the only perfect government, or gardening, is none at all. Speaking from the point of view of a garden lover,

I suppose the true signification is that the best government is the government which procures and preserves the noblest happiness of the community with the least enthrallment of the individual.

Now, I hope that as world-citizens and even as Americans we may bear in mind that, while this maxim may be wholly true, it is not therefore the whole truth. What maxim is: Let us ever keep a sweet, self-respecting modesty with which to confront and consort with those who see the science of government, or art of gardening, from the standpoint of some other equally true fraction of the whole truth. All we need here maintain for our Jeffersonian maxim is that its wide domination in American sentiment explains the larger part of all the merits and faults of American government—and American gardening. It accounts for nearly all our American laws and

ordinances, manners, customs, and whims, and in the great discussion of Where to Plant What (in America) no one need hope to prevail who does not recognize that this high principle of American democracy is the best rule for American gardening. That gardening is best, for most Americans, which best ministers to man's felicity with least disturbance of nature's freedom.

Hence the initial question—a question which every amateur gardener must answer for himself. How much subserviency of nature to art and utility is really necessary to my own and my friends' and neighbors' best delight? For—be not deceived—however enraptured of wild nature you may be, you do and must require of her *some* subserviency close about your own dwelling. You cannot there persistently enjoy the wolf and the panther, the muskrat, buzzard, gopher, rattlesnake, poison-ivy, and skunk in full swing, as it were. How much, then, of nature's subserviency does the range of your tastes demand? Also, how much will your purse allow? For it is as true in gardening as in statecraft that, your government being once genuinely established, the more of it you have, the more you must pay for it. In gardening, as in government, the cost of the scheme is not in proportion to the goodness or badness of its art, but to its intensity.

This is why the general and very sane inclination of our American preferences is away from that intense sort of gardening called "formal," and toward that rather unfairly termed "informal" method which here, at least, I should like to distinguish as "free-line" gardening. A free people who govern leniently will garden leniently. Their gardening will not be a vexing tax upon themselves, upon others, or upon the garden. Whatever freedom it takes away from themselves or others or the garden will be no more than is required for the noblest delight; and whatever freedom remains untaken, such gardening will help everybody to exercise and enjoy.

The garden of free lines, provided only it be a real garden under a real government, is, to my eye, an angel's protest against every species and degree of tyranny and oppression, and such a

garden, however small or extensive, will contain a large proportion of flowering shrubbery. Because a garden should not, any more than my lady's face, have all its features—nose, eyes, ears, lips—of one size? No, that is true of all gardening alike; but because with flowering shrubbery our gardening can be more lenient than with annuals alone, or with only herbaceous plants and evergreens.

So, then, our problem, Where to Plant What, may become for a moment, Where to Plant Shrubby; and the response of the free-line garden will be, of course, "Remember, concerning each separate shrub, that he or she—or it, if you really *prefer* the neuter—is your guest, and plant him or her or it where it will best enjoy itself, while promoting the whole company's joy." Before it has arrived in the garden, therefore, learn—and carefully consider—its likes and dislikes, habits, manners, and accomplishments, and its friendly or possibly unfriendly relations with your other guests. This done, determine between whom and whom you will seat it; between what and what you will plant it, that is, so as to "draw it out," as we say of diffident or reticent persons; or to use it for drawing out others of less social address. But how many a lovely shrub has arrived where it was urgently invited, and found that its host or hostess, or both, had actually forgotten its name! Did not know how to introduce it to any fellow-guest, or whether it loved sun or shade, loam, peat, clay, leaf-mold or sand, wetness or dryness; and yet should have found all that out in the proper blue-book (horticultural dictionary) before inviting the poor mortified guest at all.

"Oh, pray be seated—anywhere. Plant yourself alone in the middle. This is Liberty Garden."

"It is no such thing," says the tear-bedewed beauty to herself: "it's Anarchy Garden." Yet, like the lady she is, she stays where she is put, and gets along surprisingly well.

Allow me to assume that you have heard of our Northampton (Mass.) Prize Garden Competition. Or if that be too much, let me (for good reasons, and in a brief parenthesis) tell what it is. We had three hundred and sixty-odd amateur household flower-gardens in it



THE WILD AZALEA IN A CONGENIAL SITUATION

last year (1905), its sixth season, and awarded seventeen prizes, aggregating one hundred and twelve dollars. New England calls Northampton one of her most beautiful towns. But its beauty lies in the surrounding landscape, the rise, fall, and swing of the seat on which it sits, the graceful curving of its streets, the noble spread of its great elms and maples, and the green and blue openness of grounds everywhere about its modest

homes. Its architecture is in no instance extraordinary, and, as in almost every town in our vast America, there are hardly five householders in it who are really skilled flower-gardeners, either professional or amateur.

Lately, however, the opportunity, through private flower-gardening, to double or quadruple the beauty of our beautiful town, and to do it without great trouble or expense, yet with great

individual delight and social pleasure, has come to the lively notice of many of us, and it is for the promotion of this movement throughout all our bounds, and not for the perfection of the art for its own sake, that we maintain this competition and award these "Carnegie" prizes. Hence certain features of our method the value and necessity of which might not be clear to the casual inquirer without this explanation.

May I repeat it? Not to reward two or three persons yearly for reaching some dizzy peak of the art unattainable by ordinary taste and skill, nor to reward one part of the town or one element of its people for gardening better than another, nor to promote the production of individual plants or flowers of extraordinary splendor, nor even to incite children to raise patches of flowers, is our design; but to make the modest and democratic art of *Where to Plant What* (an art, nevertheless, quite beyond the grasp of children), so well known and so valued that its practical adoption shall overrun the whole town.

To this end we have divided our field into five districts, in each of which the number of gardens is about the same. In each of these five districts only three prizes (out of fifteen) may be taken in any one season. Consequently, three prizes *must* fall to each district every year. Yet the best garden of all still carries off the capital prize, the second best may win the second, and cannot take a lower than the third, and the lowest awards go into the district showing the poorest results. Even this plan is so modified as further to stimulate those who strive against odds of location or conditions, for no district is allowed to receive two prizes consecutive in the list. The second prize cannot be bestowed in the same district in which the first is being awarded, though the third can. The third cannot go into the same district as the second, though the fourth may. And so on to the fifteenth. Moreover, a garden showing much improvement over the previous season may take a prize, as against a better garden which shows no such improvement. Also no garden can take the capital prize twice, nor ever take a prize lower than it has taken before. The fifteen prizes are for

those who hire no help in their gardening; two others are for those who reserve the liberty to employ help, and still another two are exclusively for previous winners of the capital prize, competing among themselves. In each of the five districts a committee of ladies visits the competing gardens, inspecting, advising, encouraging, sometimes learning more than they teach, and reporting to headquarters, the clubhouse of the Home-Culture Clubs. At these headquarters, in the heart of the town, is coming gradually into shape a model flower-garden, and already in full operation are a winter course of lectures on practical flower-gardening, and a "flower-garden exchange," where shrubs, plants, bulbs, tubers, etc., may be bought by the competitors for a small fraction of their ordinary retail price. Last spring (1905) this exchange sold hundreds of tubers and over seven hundred and fifty shrubs. We are changing the aspect of entire streets and are interesting our whole little city.

But to return to our discussion. Here is a short story of two ladies. They are not in our competition, though among its most ardent well-wishers. A friend had given one of them a bit of green, woody growth some two feet high and half an inch thick. She had a wee square bit of front grass plot something larger than a tablecloth, but certainly not large enough for a game of marbles. In the center of this bit of grass she planted her friend's gift. Then came our other lady, making a call, and with her best smile of humorous commendation saying:

"My dear, you have violated the first rule of gardening. You've planted your bush where you wanted it."

The delighted gardener went in the strength of that witticism for forty weeks, or at least until some fiend of candor, a brother, like as not, said:

"Yes, truly you have violated the first rule of gardening, for you have put your willow-tree—that's what it is—where a minute's real reflection would have told you you'd wish you had n't."

Where to Plant What! Plant it where you—and your friends—your friends of best gardening taste—will be glad you planted it when all your things are



SPIREA THUNBERGII WITH FORSYTHIA AS A BACKGROUND

planted. Please those who know best, and so best please yourself. Nevertheless, beware! Watch yourself! Do so specially when you think you have mastered the whole art. Watch even those who indisputably know better than you do, for everybody makes mistakes which he never would have dreamed he could make. Only the other day I heard an amateur say to a distinguished professional gardener:

"Did you plant those shrubs of gorgeous flower and broad, dark leaf out on your street front purely as a matter of artistic taste?"

"I did," he replied. "I wanted to put my best foot foremost. Would n't you?"

"Why should I?" asked the amateur. "I would n't begin a song with my highest note, nor a game with my strongest card, nor an address with my most impassioned declaration, nor a sonnet with its most pregnant line. If I should, where were my climax?"

Certainly the amateur had the best of it. A garden is a discourse. A garden is a play. See with what care both the dramatist and the stage-manager avoid putting the best foot foremost. See

how warily they hold back the supreme strength of the four or five-act piece for the last act but one. There is a charmingly instructive analogy between a garden and a drama. In each you have preparation, progress, climax, and close. And then, also, in each you must have your lesser climaxes leading masterfully up to the supreme one, and a final quiet one to let gratefully down from the giddy height.

In Northampton nearly all of our hundreds of gardens contesting for prizes are plays of only one or two acts. I mean they have only one or two buildings to garden up to and between and around and away from. Yet it is among these one-act plays, these one-house gardens, that I find the art truth most gracefully emphasized, that the best foot should not go foremost. In a large garden a false start may be atoned for by better art farther on and in; but in a small garden, for mere want of room and the chance to forget, a bad start spoils all. No, be the garden a prince's or a cottager's, the climaxes to be got by superiority of stature, by darkness and breadth of foliage, and by splendor of bloom be-

long at its far end. Even in the one-house garden I should like to see the climaxes plural, to the extent of two; one immediately at the back of the house, the other at the extreme rear of the ground. At the far end of the lot I would have the final storm of passion and riot of disclosure, and then close about the rear of the house there should be the things of supreme richness, exquisiteness, and rarity.

This soft-voiced echo answering back out of the inmost heart of the whole demesne gives genuineness of sentiment to the entire scheme. To plant a conflagration of color against the back fence and stop there would be worse than melodramatic. It would be to close the play with a bang, and even a worthy one-act play does not close with a bang. The back of the lot is not the absolute end of the garden-play. Like the stage-play, the garden-play brings its beholder back at the very last, by a sweet reversion, to the point from which it started. The true garden lover gardens not mainly for the passer-by, but rather for himself and the friends who come to see him. Even when he treads his garden paths alone he is a pleased and welcome visitor to himself, and shows his garden to himself as to a visitor. Hence there is always at last a turning back to the house, or to the front entrance, and *this* is the play's final lines, the last grouping of the players, the relief of all tension, and the descent of the curtain.

One point farther in this direction and we may give our hard-worked analogy a respite. It is this: As those who make and present a play take great pains that, by flashes of revelation to sight, to smell, and to hearing, the secrets most unguessed by the characters in the piece shall be early revealed to the audience and persistently pressed upon its attention, so should the planting of a garden be; that, as if quite without the gardener's or the garden's knowledge, always, to the eye, nostril, or ear, some clear disclosure of charm still remote may beckon and lure across easy and tempting distances from nook to nook of the small garden, or from alley to alley and from glade to glade of the large one. Where to Plant What? Plant it as far away as, according to the force of its

character or the splendor of its charms, it can stand and beckon back with best advantage for the whole garden.

Thus we generalize. And as long as one may generalize he is comparatively safe from humiliating criticism. It is only when he begins to name things by name and say what is best for just where, that he touches the naked eye-ball (or the funny-bone) of others whose crotchets are not identical with his. Yet in Northampton this is what we have to do, and since the competitors for our prizes always have the Where before they are moved to get and place the What, we find our where-and-what problem easiest to handle when we lift it, so to speak, by the tail. Then it is, "What to Plant Where," and for answer we have made a short list of familiar flowering shrubs best suited to our immediate geographical locality. We name only fourteen, and we so describe each as to indicate clearly enough, without dictating, whereabouts to put it. We begin:

"Azalea. Our common wild azalea is the flower best known as 'swamp honeysuckle.' The two azaleas listed here, *A. mollis* and The Ghent varieties, are of large, beautiful, and luxuriant bloom, the only garden azaleas hardy in our climate. *Mollis* is from two to six feet high, three to six feet broad, and blooms in April and May. Its blossoms are yellow, orange, or pink, single or double. Its soil may be sandy or peaty, and moist, but any good garden soil will serve; its position partly shaded or in full sunlight. The Ghents are somewhat taller and not so broad in proportion. They bloom from May to July, and their blossoms are white, yellow, orange, pink, carmine, or red, single or double. Soil and position about the same as for *mollis*.

"Berberis. Berberis is the barberry, so well known by its beautiful pendent berries. It is one of the best shrubs to use where a thorny bush is wanted. *B. vulgaris*, the common sort, and one of the most beautiful, grows from four to eight feet high, with a breadth of from three to six feet. *B. Thunbergii*, or Thunberg's barberry, is the well-known Japanese variety, a dense, drooping bush from two to four feet high and somewhat greater breadth. Its pale yellow blossoms come in April and May, and



WISTARIA ON AN OLD COLONIAL HOUSE

its small, slender, bright-red berries remain on the spray until spring. A dry soil is the best for it, though it will grow in any, and needs little shade or none. *B. purpurea* is a variety of *vulgaris* and equally as handsome as the common. It answers to the same description, except that its foliage is purple, which makes it very tempting to new gardeners, but very hard to relate in good artistic taste among the other shrubs of the garden. Few small gardens can make good use of purple foliage.

"*Deutzia gracilis*. The *gracilis* is one of the most beautiful of all the *Deutzias*.

Its delicate foliage of rather light green, its snowy flowers, and its somewhat bending form, make it one of the fairest ornaments of the home grounds. Its height is three feet, its breadth from two to four feet. It blooms in May and June. Its soil may be any well-drained sort, and its position any slightly sheltered aspect."

So we hurry down the alphabet. Our list is short for several good reasons, one being that we expect to give a different list each year. No doubt our inaccuracies would distress a botanist or scientific gardener, but we convey the information, such as it is, to our fellow-citizens, and

they use it. In the two seasons we have sold to our customers twelve hundred and fifty shrubs at the same low prices for single specimens, which we pay for them by the hundred.

But of the really good sorts are there shrubs enough, you ask, to afford new lists year after year? Well, for the campus of a certain preparatory school for boys, with the planting of which the present writer had somewhat to do last spring, the list of shrubs set round the bases of four large buildings and several hundred yards of fence numbered twenty-five kinds. For an ending let us say something about that operation. Some day in the future, if we, reader and writer—and the shrubs—live, we may have a separate and very pretty story to tell of this undertaking; but even now I should like to give a hint or two as to where we planted what, although no doubt we made sundry mistakes. Each thing we did may be vulnerable to criticism, and our own largest hope is that our results may not fall entirely beneath that sort of compliment.

This campus covers some five acres in the heart of a small town. Along three of its boundaries old maples and elms, in ordinary single-file shade-tree lines, tower and spread. On the fourth line, the rear bound, a board fence divides the ground from the very unattractive back yards, stables, and sheds of a number of town residents. The front lies along the main street of the place, facing the usual "shop-row." The entire area has nearly always been grassed. Not what an Englishman would call so, but turfed in a stuttering fashion, impetuous and abashed by turns, and very easy to keep off; most rank up against the granite underpinnings of the buildings, and managing somehow to writhe to all the fences, of which those on the street fronts are of iron. Parallel with the front fence and some fifty feet behind it, three of the institution's buildings stand abreast and about a hundred feet apart. All three are tall, rectangular three-story piles of old red brick, on granite foundations, and full of windows all of a kind, pigeon-house style. The middle one has a fairly good Greek-pillared porch, of wood, on the middle half of its front.

Among these buildings we began our

planting. We had drawn, of course, a ground plan of the whole place, to scale, showing each ground-floor door and window, so that we might respect its consistency or projected use. A great point, that, in *Where to Plant What*. I once heard of a school whose small boys were accused of wantonly trampling down some newly set shrubs on the playground. "Well," demanded one brave urchin, "what made 'em go and plant a lot of bushes right on first base?" And no one was ready with an answer, for there *is* something mortally wrong about any garden that will rob a boy of his rights.

With this ground plan before us we decided indoors where to plant what outdoors, and calculated arithmetically the number of each sort of shrub we should need for the particular interval we designed that sort to fill. Our scheme of arrangement was a crescendo of foliage and flower effects, beginning on the fronts of the buildings and rising toward their rears, while at all points making more of foliage than of bloom, because the bloom shows for only a month or less, while the leaf remains for seven or more. Beginning thus with our quietest note, the interest of any one looking in, or coming in, from the public front is steadily quickened and progressively rewarded, while the crowning effects at the rear of the buildings are reserved for the crowning moment when the visitor may be said to be fully received. On the other hand, if the approach is a returning one from the rear of the entire campus,—where stands the institution's only other building, a large tall-towered gymnasium, also of red brick,—these superlative effects show out across an open grassy distance of from two hundred to three hundred feet.

Wherefore—and here at last we venture to bring names of things and their places together—at the fronts of the northernmost and southernmost of these three "Halls" we set favorite varieties of white-flowering spiræas (*Thunbergii*, *sorbifolia*, *Van Houttei*), the pearl-bush (*exochorda*), pink Diervillas, and flowering-almonds. After these, on the southern side of the southernmost building, for example, followed lilacs, white and purple, against the masonry, with tamarisk and *Kerria* outside, abreast of them, and

then pink and red spireas (*Bumalda* and its dwarf variety, Anthony Waterer). On the other side of the same house we set *Deutzias* (*scabra* against the brickwork and *Lemoyncei* and *gracilis* outside). In a wing corner, where melting snows crash down from a roof-valley, we placed the purple-flowered *Lespedeza penduliflorum*, which each year dies to the ground before the snow-slides come, yet each September blooms from three to four feet high in drooping profusion. Then from that angle to the rear corner we put in a mass of pink wild-roses. Lastly, on the tall, doorless, windowless rear end, we planted the crimson rambler rose, and under it a good hundred of the red rugosas.

In the arrangement of these plantings we found ourselves called upon to deal with a very attractive and, to us, new phase of our question. The rising progression from front to rear was a matter of course, but how about the progression at right angles to it; from building to building, that is, of these three so nearly alike in size and dignity? To the passer-by along their Main street front—the admiring passer-by, as we hope—should there be no augmentation of charm in the direction of his steps? And if there should be, then where and how ought it to show forth so as to avoid an anticlimax to one passing along the same front from the opposite direction? We promptly saw,—as the reader sees, no doubt, before we can tell it,—that what we wanted was two crescendos meeting somewhere near the middle; a crescendo passing into a diminishing from whichever end you moved to the other—a swell. We saw that our loud-pedal effect should come upon “Middle Hall.” So there, on its lucky bit of Greek porch, we bestowed the purple *Wistaria* for spring, and for late summer that fragrant snowdrift, the clematis *paniculata*, so adapted as to festoon and chaplet, but never to smother, the Greek columns. On one of this structure’s sides we planted *Forsythia*, backed closer against the masonry by *althæas*, and with the low and exquisite *Mahonia* (holly-leaved barberry) under its outer spread. On the other side of the house we placed, first, *loniceras* (bush honeysuckles); next, *azaleas*, in variety and profusion; then, toward the rear end, a mass of hardy *hydrangeas* (*Hydrangea paniculata*

grandiflora), and at the very back of the pile another mass, of the flowering-quince (*Pyrus Japonica*), with the trumpet-creeper (*Tecoma radicans*), to climb out of it.

About “North Hall,” the third building, we planted more quietly, and most quietly on its outer, its northern, side where our lateral “swell” (rising effect), begins, or ends, according to the direction of your going, beginning with that modest but pretty bloomer the *Ligustrum Ibota*, an entirely hardy privet more graceful than the California (*ovalifolium*) species, which really has no business, in frosty New England away from the seashore.

I might have remarked before that nearly all the walls of these three buildings, as well as the gymnasium on the far side of the campus, were already adorned with the “Boston ivy” (*Ampelopsis Veitchii*). With the plantings thus described, and with the gymnasium surrounded by yet stronger greenery; with the back fence masked by willows, elders, and red-stemmed cornus; and with a number of haphazard footpaths reduced to an equally convenient and far more graceful few, our scheme stands complete in its first, but only, please notice, its first phase. The picture is submitted to your imagination not as it looked the day we ceased planting, but as we expect it to appear about the time you may be reading this in the spring of 1906.

At that time we shall be giving due attention to the introduction of herbaceous flowering perennials, which we have ignored in this chapter of our plan because herbaceous plants are the flesh and blood and garments of a complete living and breathing garden; the walls, shrubs, trees, walks, and drives are its bones. When that time comes, and we begin the placing of such herbaceous things, and of bush-clumps and tree-clumps out on the open campus, and when our hundreds of cottage gardens are shaking off the prison irons of frost, we hope, if you cannot do us the honor to be with us bodily, your spirit may be near, aiding us on in the conquest of this ever beautiful Where-to-Plant-What problem, which I believe would make us a finer and happier nation if it could be expanded to national proportions.



THE PRODIGAL SON FEASTING BY MURILLO

THE PRODIGAL SON FEASTING BY MURILLO

THE PRODIGAL SON FEASTING BY MURILLO

REFLEX LIGHT FROM AFRICA

BY CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

IN KHARTOUM

SLIVERING in the folds of an ulster overcoat, I reached Khartoum in the early morning hours of Friday, the 10th of February, 1905. Having left our Nile steamer at Wadi-Halfa thirty hours before, we had passed two chilly, almost frosty, nights in the Nubian desert; and, about sunrise of the second morning, our train drew up on the banks of the Blue Nile, the railroad terminus. Quite naturally, the average American mind is somewhat hazy as respects the geography of interior Africa, and Khartoum is chiefly associated with vague memories of that modern knight-errant, "Chinese Gordon," and his tragic end there a score of years ago. But, for present purposes, it is sufficient to say that Khartoum is at the junction of the Blue and the White Niles, some 1750 miles from Alexandria by river, and some 1500 by river and rail, the route the traveler now takes; for the lower Nile navigation stops at the foot of the Second Cataract, at the point known as the rock of Abusîr, a short distance south of Wadi-Halfa. At Wadi-Halfa, Kitchener's military railroad begins; and, traversing the frightful Nubian desert 550 miles to Khartoum, cuts across the great Nile bend rendered difficult by the succession of rapids known as the Third and Fourth Cataracts. Egypt proper,—the Egypt of the Ptolemies,—ends at Phylæ, just above Assuan, and at the head of the First Cataract. Then comes Nubia, and the Nubian desert; while, further south is the Soudan, of which Khartoum is the capital. Further south yet is that central African district known as Uganda,—a vast interior lake region some three thousand miles from the Mediterranean. Drained by the

White Nile, Uganda was first explored by Grant and Speke, and Sir Samuel and Lady Baker, during the years of our Civil War (1861-1865). In a direct north and south line, the Victoria Nyanza is almost exactly equi-distant from Cairo, on the north, and from Cape Town on the south,—it is in the heart of eastern Africa. Gondokoro is the southern limit of upper Nile navigation. Some 1100 miles south of Khartoum and within 150 miles of the Albert Edward Nyanza, chief source of the White Nile, Gondokoro is almost exactly on the fifth degree north latitude. On the other hand, the tropic of Cancer passes some fifty miles only south of Assuan. The entire region between Assuan and Gondokoro,—the region now to be referred to—is, therefore, equatorial.

COMING directly to my notes of travel, and the conclusions therein drawn, I arrived, as I have said, at Khartoum, early on the morning of Friday, February 10th. Remaining there five days, until Wednesday 15th, the time was naturally spent in the usual tourist excursions, two only of which proved interesting,—that down the Blue Nile to its junction with the White Nile, and then up the latter as far as Gordon's tree, so-called; and that to the African city of Omdurman, the former capital of the Mahdi and the Califa. The first of these excursions is most inspiring; for the junction of the two Niles is impressive,—it stirs the imagination. Recalling the down-pour of the Missouri into the Mississippi,—the White Nile, broad and swift, surges forward and, crowding the Blue Nile before Omdurman over against the eastern bank, then, little by little, absorbs it. About the White Nile there is, too, something at once vast and vastly suggestive—here, nearly 2000 miles from

its mouth, so great in quiet volume. One cannot resist a longing to see more of it,—in short, the ordinary tourist soon distinctly feels a touch of the fever known as "The Nile Quest."

BLACK AFRICA

As to Omdurman,¹ the morning (February 11th) spent there proved most interesting and singularly suggestive. For the first time I saw Africa,—not Egypt, but black Africa;—its streets, its habitations, its marts, its people. As an American, it then came directly home to me what those people were, and how they lived. I looked on the largest native city of a stationary, barbarous continent,—the chief commercial centre of an "inferior race,"—and, comparing it with London, Paris, or New York, those material outcomes of the two species indicated the difference of their capacities. For, of course, races, like individuals of the same race, must be measured and classed by their visible output; and, as Omdurman is to London, so is the African to the Anglo-Saxon. Distinctly, the difference is too great to admit of measurement. And then comes the awful corollary:—What is the duty and what the function of the superior to the inferior race under existing conditions, and in the present advanced stage of civilization? Can we, have we a right to wrap ourselves in our somewhat Pharisaic individuality, and, taking care of ourselves, leave the less developed, or wholly undeveloped, to work out thro' force and fraud a destiny which is no destiny at all?—Unless, as in the former Soudan, an unending tale of violence and wrong be termed a destiny. But, if we have not such a right, and are under an obligation, what, I asked myself, becomes of all my philosophical theories heretofore so confidently advanced? I confess to a faltering. My morning at Omdurman, and my subsequent days in equatorial Africa, were in this respect pointedly suggestive,—indisputably educational. When thus face to face with such a problem one ponders a good deal.

So far as climate was concerned, we all liked Khartoum. In the middle of

the day, the sun had unmistakable power; but the nights were cool, the air dry, and an atmosphere of exhilaration pervaded the place. The hotel, close to the bank of the Blue Nile, looking to the north, while nothing to enthuse over, is good enough. In February it was crowded, in March, it was nearly empty, and shortly to close. But, generally, Khartoum proper is, in 1905, a very different place from what it was a score of years ago in Gordon's time, and altogether unlike what Baker described in 1862. Now the winter haunt of tourists, then it was "chiefly composed of huts of unburnt bricks" extending over "a flat hardly above the level of the river at high water." Numbering some 30,000 inhabitants "densely crowded" and without drains or cesspools, its thoroughfares were necessarily redolent with inconceivable nuisances. "A more miserable, filthy and unhealthy spot," Sir Samuel Baker declared, "can hardly be imagined." It was, moreover, a human hell; for, without the White Nile trade it would have almost ceased to exist, "and that trade," he wrote, "is kidnapping and murder." Assuredly, even Africa does improve! Since that description was penned,—just forty years,—British rule has wrought wonders; and that rule, in its present form, dates back only to 1898. Prior to that very recent time, under the rules of the Mahdi and Califa which followed the fall of Gordon in 1885, it may well be questioned whether Khartoum's last estate was not worse than its earlier. But now, Baker's African city has been swept clean away, or relegated to the suburbs of the modern town; and Khartoum proper is a remarkably clean, well-ordered, embryotic European municipality. Its wide streets are well paved and lighted; residences and public buildings line the river front; and, at the intersection of two broad thoroughfares, immediately south of the spot where he met his death on the "palace" steps, is an imposing effigy in bronze. It is "Chinese Gordon," in easy restful attitude, sitting high on his dromedary, looking out over the desert region he sought to civilize and to rule. But, just beyond all this, not a mile away, are two native African villages,—well-

¹ This name is pronounced with the accent on the last syllable—Om-dur-mán.
The town is only six miles from Khartoum.

policed and, after a fashion, scavenged—much as Baker describes the whole place in 1863. Their inhabitants would to-morrow revert to savagedom, murder, kidnapping and the slave trade were British rule withdrawn. As it is, however, Khartoum is the germ of a really considerable and important government and trade center of the future. The natural base from which the Nyanzá upland of equatorial Africa will be developed, a great possible future lies before it: but that future is altogether dependent on the continued presence of the Anglo-Saxon.

The White Nile,—Khartoum to Taufkia and Lake No, some 550 miles,—is a magnificent river,—somewhat monotonous, but distinctly interesting. Almost absolutely without affluents, its volume when it issues from Lake No and the great papyrus swamp is half as large again as at either Omdurman or at Cairo; yet, when coming down the Blue Nile, and turning sharply to the south, you enter it at Omdurman, the White Nile is unmistakably impressive. There is about it a surge and volume which excite a special wonder. Baker, writing in December, 1862, describes the junction of the two rivers as a vast flat as far as the eye can reach, the White Nile being about two miles broad, the banks dead level. "The Tree" which he, over forty years ago, refers to as the rendezvous for all boats when leaving for the White Nile voyage is presumably that still standing, now known as Gordon's tree,—because under it Gordon was accustomed to dismount and sit when, by marching them out from Khartoum, he exercised his troops. Further on, Baker says he had never seen a fog in that part of Africa; and, though the neighborhood of the river was swampy, the air was clear both in the morning and evening. It is so still; and, moreover, the nights in winter are cool; nor, in spite of warning to the contrary, were we annoyed by mosquitoes. Indeed, both going up and coming down, the White Nile proper,—that is as far south as Lake No,—left a not unpleasant impression. The river as a rule is wide; the current steady. One shore at least is usually swampy; but trees are always visible in the distance. There are numerous villages; and immense herds of cattle or goats are seen throughout. The settle-

ments, all of the same character, are shelters of mud and reeds; but, now and again, especially on our way down, we would see a village built under great spreading trees, in the shade of which the inhabitants idly lay during the heat of the afternoon. In the river, a hippopotamus would occasionally project his snout, and, sometimes, a whole herd would be standing in the water sunning themselves. On the sand-banks were great flocks of water fowl of many descriptions and varied plumage, with crocodiles among them, all apparently on the friendliest terms. The country, however, does not impress the passing tourist as fertile; it is always arid and coarse. Evidently a rainless region, it nowhere invites settlement. In aspect it is distinctly monotonous and repellent,—naked barbarians occupants of a God-forsaken land! One day is a mere repetition of another,—river, shore and sky,—all in marked contrast with Egypt and the lower Nile.

In his description of the dreary region known as the Sud,—the region between Lake No and Gondokoro,—Baker refers to the natives,—and he wrote in 1863 what those who follow in the track he blazed might write to-day,—“they are something superlative in the way of savages; the men as naked as they came into the world; their bodies rubbed with ashes, and their hair stained red by a plaster of ashes and cow's urine.” And again he adds—“the weather to-day (Jan. 21, 1863) is dull, oppressive, and dead calm. As usual, endless marshes and mosquitoes. I never either saw or heard of so disgusting a country as that bordering the White Nile from Khartoum to this point.” A finer mosquito-breeding locality could not be imagined; yet they did not annoy us to any noticeable extent. They were indisputably there; and they bothered, making a mosquito netting at nights a necessity, and mosquito-boots in the evenings very desirable: but they were neither more numerous nor more venomous than, in their season, here on the banks of Boston's Charles; and the stories heard concerning them struck us good mosquito-proof Americans as greatly exaggerated. They were mere babes and sucklings compared with the genuine Jersey breed.

But to return to Baker's narrative for one last extract; he winds up by saying—

"it is a heart-breaking river without a single redeeming point; I do not wonder at the failure of all expeditions in this wretched country. I could not believe that so miserable a country existed as the whole of this land. There is no game to be seen, few birds, and not even crocodiles show themselves; all the water animals are hidden in the high grass; thus there is absolutely nothing living to be seen, but day after day is passed in winding slowly through the labyrinth of endless marsh." Then referring again to the natives at the now abandoned Austrian missionary station of Kanisa, he says—"twenty or thirty of these disgusting, ash-smearing, stark-naked brutes, armed with clubs of hard wood brought to a point, were lying idly about." It was just so at the same landing place on the 27th of February, forty-two years later. The successors of those Baker saw were loitering about the wooding station, one of them a man, old-looking and emaciated, over seven feet in height,—stark naked, with a long spear in his hand,—clad all in innocence!

Gondokoro also makes on the modern tourist the impression conveyed to Baker. He says of it—"it is a great improvement upon the interminable marshes; the soil is fertile, and raised about twenty feet above the river level. Distant mountains relieve the eye accustomed to the dreary flats of the White Nile." Certainly, the sight of those distant, blue foot-hills rising above the horizon to the South, is at Gondokoro a great relief. One feels that the dreary Sud has been left behind. In 1863, Gondokoro was merely a station of the ivory-traders, occupied for about two months of every year. On longer acquaintance Baker referred to it as "a perfect hell," and characterized it as "a colony of cut-throats"; but there, on the 15th of February, 1863, he ran to meet Speke and Grant, just emerging from the wilderness after their discovery of the Victoria Nyanza; and he himself was the first Englishman who, going south, had ever reached the place.

FINALLY, as to conclusions. During nine weeks passed in Africa, the only really suggestive experience was that obtained above the junction of the two Niles. A strong reflected light was thrown on our

most perplexing home problem,—the African in America. It gave much food for thought,—first, as respects Africa; second, as respects the Negro.

AFRICA'S TIME IS AT HAND

PLAINLY, no matter what is coming to the African, Africa's time is coming. The Nile problem is in process of speedy solution; that of central and interior Africa will certainly follow hard upon it. Of the country beyond the White Nile, whether Abyssinia or that about the Nyanzas, I know nothing; of the Nile basin I know something,—not much, I admit, but a little; and the country beyond is a corollary to it. South of Khartoum,—that is up the Nile,—there is a very considerable, not, as such things go, a vast region, which if drained and then irrigated, would produce largely of cotton, sugar, rice and tobacco. It is a mere question of water in a country of unevenly distributed rainfall,—where there is any rainfall at all,—lying under a tropical sun. But it is not a country suitable for the Caucasian—it is a country to be exploited and developed, not one to be occupied and peopled. That it will now be developed, admits of little question. The construction of the Assuan barrage, following hard on the scientific occupation of the Soudan, settles the question. There is money in it—and big money! So the work will henceforth go right along; the waters of the Nile will be economized at their sources, whether in Abyssinia or at the outlet of the Nyanzas. The gradual reclaiming and systematic irrigation of a very considerable part of the Nile basin north of Lake No will follow; and even the Sud,—that wretched, heart-rending morass,—may, not impossibly, be drained by degrees, and made habitable.

Now a vast papyrus wilderness, it would then prove a great rice swamp and sugar field. So far as the natives are concerned,—what will follow? Clearly, this:—the African will at last find his place in civilization, whatever that place may prove to be. In the Soudan and Nile basin, he will not be brought, as in our Southern States, into industrial conflict with the white man. If he meets with any competitor, it will be the imported Asiatic,—the Asiatic purposely imported

to do what the African will not do, or cannot so well do. The native African of the Nile basin is now a savage,—he herds cattle, and cultivates the soil to a limited extent. He is distinguished from the brute creation only by the fact of articulate speech, the use of tools and weapons of the most primitive kind, and a knowledge of the properties of fire. In such matters as clothes, food or sanitation he is in no essential respects better than various kinds of animals. A savage, he admits, like nearly all known negro savages, of an imitative domestication. Thus, in Africa, the simple question is as to how far he can be developed by external influences, and under altered conditions; for as yet he has evinced no self-elevating capacity. If Africa proper is now to be developed, and if the laboring white man will not, because he cannot, make a home in it or in large portions of it, the field is open to the native. Can he occupy that field, and fill it; or must he, free from forced, regulated labor, languish and die out like the American aboriginal, and the Australian?

A large question, it is as interesting as its answer is obscure,—as yet! Fortunately, its solution is in the best of hands

those of the British. Asiatic experience thus throws light on the African problem; and again, the problem working out in Africa is full of suggestion as respects America. One thing seems clear, without being reduced to servitude, the inferior race must be recognized as such, and, in some way, so dealt with. Facts are facts; and only confusion results when things essentially not equal are dealt with on the basis of natural equality. The world has now for some time been pondering the African problem,—pondering it in America as well as in the place of its origin;—it has been laying up a store of experiences bearing upon it,—experiences stretching through at least 2000 years. The discovery of the Nile source was delayed to our time; in its turn that discovery now bids fair to involve the future of the Negro. The wild animals of Africa are to go; will the Negro go with them? The alternative is domestication. That he will not go with the wild animal our experience shows. That he is imitative has been proven. That he can ever become, or be made,

self elevating in the mass remains to be shown.

THE AFRICAN IN AMERICA

FINALLY, as to the African in America. What gleam of supposable light does a brief visit to the White Nile throw on our home problem? A good deal,—perhaps! In the first place, looking about me among Africans in Africa,—far removed from that American environment to which I have been accustomed,—the scales fell from my eyes. I found myself most impressed by a realizing sense of the appalling amount of error and cant in which we of the United States have indulged on this topic. We have actually wallowed in a bog of self-sufficient ignorance,—especially we philanthropists and theorists of New England. We do so still. Having eyes, we will not see. Even now we not infrequently hear the successor to the abolitionist and humanitarian of the ante-civil-war period,—the “Uncle Tom” period,—announce that the difference between the White Man and the Black Man is much less considerable than is ordinarily supposed, and that the only real obstacle in the negro’s way is that—“He has never been given a chance!” For myself, after visiting the black man in his own house, I come back with a decided impression that this is the sheerest of delusions, due to pure ignorance of rudimentary facts; yet we built upon it in reconstruction days as upon a foundation-stone,—a self-evident truth! Let those who indulge in such theories go to the Soudan, and pass a week at Omdurman. That place marks in commerce, in letters and in art, in science and architecture, the highest point of development yet reached by any African race. As already suggested, the difference between Omdurman and London about measures the difference between the Black and White. Indisputably great, that it admits of measurement is questionable.

So far as I am advised, the Soudanese are the finest race of the whole African species. Physically, they are tall, as a whole well-formed; and, in their savage way, they are indisputably courageous. Yet in them not the slightest inherent power of development has as yet come to the surface. Baker, after living amongst

them for years, calls attention to the striking elementary fact that, since the beginning of time to the day that now is, they have neither domesticated the elephant nor invented pottery. As respects pottery the Chinese, for instance, were "as civilized as they are at the present day when the English were barbarians"; the Hindoos domesticated the elephant at a period now beyond the memory of man. To-day the African uses the gourd, and kills the elephant for his ivory!

Baker was a rough, typical John Bull; and, as an authority on the subject of the negro what he wrote is very open to question. A sportsman more even than an explorer, he looked with contempt and dislike on the natives; yet he got along with them, and dominated them. He was truthful and just in his dealings with them, even if he did, when the emergency came, lash out with a strong left arm. It would be well to offset his evidence and inferences with those of Livingstone. But, when all allowances are made, there is for Americans much food for thought in Baker's conclusions. His verdict on the Soudanese was at any rate explicit,— "I believe that ten years' residence in the Soudan and this country would spoil an angel, and would turn the best heart to stone." And again—"the apathy, indolence, dishonesty combined with dirtiness, are beyond description; and their abhorrence, of anything like order increases their natural dislike to Europeans." The following we also have observed in America,— "In childhood I believe the negro to be in advance, in intellectual quickness, of the white child of a similar age, but the mind does not expand,—it promises fruit, but does not ripen; and the negro has grown in body, but not advanced in intellect." In this respect, as the individual, so is the race. "In no instance has he evinced other than a retrogression, when once freed from restraint...and his natural instincts being a love of idleness and savagedom, he will assuredly relapse into an idle or savage state, unless specially governed and forced by industry." The "restraint" in this case is not necessarily physical; it may be moral: but contact with the white man is necessary to keep the negro from retrogression. He has never invented anything—not letters, nor numbers, nor tools, nor harmony, nor

arts, nor architecture; nor has he voluntarily adopted anything, except rum and fire-arms. He taught himself to handle implements and weapons, both of the rudest and most elementary kind; and he can talk. There his development stops. In architecture, he has not progressed beyond the cave, the hovel and the nest. In letters he has not devised a symbol for a sound. In science, his digits represent the sum total of his capacity for computation. Art, poetry, music,—it is the same old story! Religion, law, medicine—to-day the natives of Uganda are perishing by thousands from a strange epidemic known as the "sleeping sickness." The prevailing scientific conviction is that it is caused by a poisonous insect of the mosquito species, to whose attacks the negro is peculiarly exposed from the fact that, unlike the Hindoo, for example, he has not yet got so far as to invent garments, and cover his nakedness. And the worst of it is that, being thus, he is stationary. The instinct as well as the desire for development is lacking. Such being the indisputable fact, Baker, writing in 1865, closes his long enumeration of conditions with a startling corollary—"So long as it is generally considered that the negro and the white man are to be governed by the same laws and guided by the same management, so long will the former remain a thorn in the side of every community to which he may unhappily belong."

If true, this strikes at the very root of our American polity,—the equality of man before the law. We cannot conform to it. If the fact must be conceded,—so much the worse for the fact! By all good Americans at least, the theory will none the less be maintained, the principle confidently asserted! We are thus confronted by a condition. The existence of an uneradicable and insurmountable race difference is indisputable. The white man and the black man cannot flourish together, the latter being considerable in number, under the same system of government. Drawing apart, they will assuredly become antagonistic. An opposite theory can be maintained, and will work with more or less friction where the white greatly dominates, and the black element is a negligible quantity; when, however, the black predomi-

nates, the theory breaks down, and some practical solution is reached not in conformity with it. As Hamlet was led to observe in a quite different connection,—“This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.”

What, then, is to be our American outcome? The negro squats at our hearthstone;—we can neither assimilate nor expel him. The situation in Egypt is comparatively simple. The country will be developed by European money and brain; and the African will find his natural place in the outcome. Facts will be recognized, and a polity adopted in harmony with them. Will the results reached there react on us in America?—Who now can say? The problem is intricate. Meanwhile one thing is clear:—the work done by those who were in political control at the close of our Civil War was work done in utter ignorance of ethnologic law and total disregard of unalterable fact. Starting the movement wrong, it will be yet productive of incalculable injury to us. The Negro, after emancipation, should have been dealt with, not as a political equal, much less forced into a position of superiority; he should have been treated as a ward and dependent,—firmly, but in a spirit of kindness and absolute justice. Practically impossible as a policy then, this is not less so now. At best, it is something which can only be slowly and tentatively approximated. Nevertheless, it is not easy for one at all observant to come back from Egypt and the Sudan without a strong suspicion that we will in America make small progress towards a solution of our race problem until we approach it in less of a theoretic and humanitarian, and more of a scientific, spirit. Equality results not from law, but exists because things are in essentials like; and a political system which works admirably when applied to homogeneous equals results only in chaos when generalized into a nostrum to be administered universally. It has been markedly so of late with us.

SAN DOMINGO AND EGYPT—A SUGGESTIVE PARALLEL

GETTING back to Cairo at the close of March, after six weeks of exemption

from letters, newspapers or telegrams, almost the first American tidings related to a fresh phase of this same race question,—the San Domingo imbroglio resulting from the Roosevelt-Morales negotiation. This at once suggested a parallel—San Domingo and Egypt. It was curiously suggestive. In every essential aspect,—reckless financial mismanagement, foreign indebtedness leading to international commitments, internal misrule, instability of government, even importance through proximity to an inter-oceanic canal,—the two cases, to use the lawyer's phrase, “went on all fours”; and, if the United States were England, the American in Egypt would have felt, and would still feel, no sort of doubt as to the course to be pursued: The United States should do with San Domingo exactly what Great Britain has done, and is now doing, with Egypt,—follow closely the precedent there set. But the United States is not Great Britain; nor, again, is Great Britain the United States. Each seems able to accomplish what the other in vain attempts. We, for instance, after one fierce, final struggle for supremacy, pacified the Confederacy in twenty years; in five centuries Great Britain has not succeeded in pacifying Ireland. Great Britain can rule and successfully develop dependencies beyond the sea, peopled by those of another race. That the United States can do so likewise, or in the same degree, is altogether questionable. If we make the attempt we will assuredly exploit them to our own advantage. That we should do so is an inevitable corollary of the protective-tariff system,—a system now ingrained in the minds of our people and embodied in our national polity. Great Britain in Egypt bids fair, I fancy, to constitute a distinct advance both in theory and practice as respects the relations of the more developed with the less developed, or wholly stationary, races,—the naturally dominant with the naturally dependent. It is not the old, brutal, altogether unsympathetic and wholly contemptuous, foreign domination,—it is the “veiled protectorate,” or guidance through influence; the guiding head and hand wisely contenting itself with those incidental benefits which assuredly, as naturally, must and will result from such relations scrupu-

lously observed. It is the principle on which the United States pre-eminently should act;—but, practically, can it,—or, rather, will it so act?

In his conversations with Americans Lord Cromer does not fail distinctly to point out and emphasize that the success of the British-Egyptian system depends absolutely on three things:—(1) a sympathetic attitude, and corresponding speech, on the part of those representing the protectorate. This naturally implies the utter repudiation and forgetting of that "nigger" talk so marked and loud in the earlier Englishman in India, as now in the American in the Philippines; (2) a policy and a practice looking wholly to the good, moral and material, of the community acted upon, regardless of the interests of the alien government acting upon it; and, finally, (3) a continuity of personal relations, carried on through agencies not subject to political change at home. For instance, Egypt is now accustomed to Lord Cromer and Lord Cromer understands Egypt; through him and by him that can be quietly accomplished which would be met with fatal resistance if attempted directly or through any other agency. Now, it is a patent fact,—one altogether undeniable,—that these fundamental postulates of success are one and all either conspicuously absent from or diametrically opposed to the settled and accepted principles of our political system,—the policy of protection, and periodic, sweeping changes of administration. With us these must be accepted as postulates.

Accepting them as such, it is easy to imagine the quiet shrug of the shoulders with which Lord Cromer would remark—"Under those circumstances the less you have to do with dependencies the better!" •

THE PHILIPPINES

WHILE in Cairo last April, pondering Lord Cromer's freshly uttered fundamentals, a copy of an American paper reached me, and, in it, I found a letter from Secretary Taft, dated from Washington, March 16th. Naturally it attracted notice. He therein laid down the law. He said that the policy of the present "administration is the indefinite retention of the Philippine Islands for the purpose of

developing the prosperity and self-governing capacity of the Philippine people." Judged by Lord Cromer's "veiled protectorate" standard, here is a contradiction in terms;—no people on earth ever yet learned self-government through government by others. The way to teach a people, as a child, to walk, is to make it walk; not everlastingly to hold it on its feet. There is a wide difference between this system, and that now practiced in Egypt;—it is not even a protectorate, much less "a veiled protectorate," it is a pronounced foreign domination of professed benevolence: and, the more actually benevolent such a domination is, the more destructive it becomes so far as the capacity of the dependency for self-government is concerned. That road leads direct, not to a rugged spirit of self-government, but to contentment in slavery. It is in no respect Burke's "wise and salutary neglect."

Here was fallacy number one. But number two was worse; and there the cloven hoof obtruded. Secretary Taft in the letter alluded to, spoke of "the prosperity they (the Philippines) will find behind the national tariff wall!" There was the fatal weakness of the proposed policy,—the dependencies are to be exploited for our benefit, through a tariff designed first, last and all the time for the protection of American interests and industries! They, Asiatics, are to serve as consumers of American "surplus" products!—a new field for American enterprise! Thus, under our political system, the dependencies are to be held subject to a change of policy with every incoming administration, and at the mercy of the American protectionist! The Filipino producer and merchant are, for instance, shortly to find themselves entangled in the meshes of our protective coast-wise navigation laws. Such entanglement will unquestionably tend to encourage and develop American shipping interests: but, at whose cost? Is this sympathy? Is this altruism?

To me, pondering imperialistic problems in Cairo, Secretary Taft's letter made further discussion useless. It was a case of Q. E. D. The British policy as seen in operation in Egypt may be,—I believe it is,—a great discovery,—a veritable advance in human polity:—but its

successful prosecution is not consistent with the established fiscal policy and most pronounced political tendencies of the American people. It is fundamentally irreconcilable with religious or political proselyting, and it implies a complete renunciation of all self-protective or self-aggrandising industrial ends; moreover, it is utterly impracticable under an administration subject to continual changes of agency. Therefore, what in this line may now be practicable as well as beneficial in the case of Great Britain, is not unlikely to prove a dangerous deception with us.

To one fresh from Egypt, the San Domingo imbroglio also presents difficulties. The student of the Cromer dispensation finds himself somewhat at a loss. So far as self-government is concerned, he who has faith in the African certainly has the courage of his convictions. Left to himself, the tendency of the negro, whether in Uganda or in San Domingo, is distinctly to deterioration,—he will insensibly but assuredly relapse into his normal African conditions. The fundamental and everlasting principles enunciated in the Declaration may suffer, and even have to be subjected to revision and limitation; but, none the less, facts are facts, and, for his own good, and ultimate possible development, the African has got to be "restrained." But how? In this respect, the Soudan is to-day a most suggestive field for study. Until subject to British domination, the Soudan, and Uganda also, were internal hells and external nuisances; and as they then were, time out of mind they had been. One has but to read Baker's account of the conditions which prevailed in that region anterior to 1890 to appreciate the utter fallacy of the theoretical rights-of-man and philanthropical African-and-brother doctrines. In plain vernacular English, they are all "rot";—"rot" which I myself have indulged in to a considerable extent, and, in face of observable facts which would not down, have had to outgrow.

On the other hand, the domination of the inferior and stationary races, by the superior, for the mere material and selfish benefit of the latter,—as illustrated in the whole former experience of mankind,—Greek, Roman, Russian, British and American,—is not change for the better.

It is one long, loud lamentation, and an ancient tale of wrong. British rule in Egypt marks at last not improbably the beginning of a new era; but of, possibly, incalculable importance to the world, it is not likely at once to displace and replace the traditional abominations. Frankly accepted to its full extent, and subject to its necessary limitations, it might, the observer is now inclined to think, offer a solution of our much talked-of American inferior race, dependency, and, modernized, Monroe-doctrine problems. For, say what we theorists will, those problems do present practical difficulties. It is well to decry naval armaments, and the construction of great fleets of battle-ships and torpedo-boats;—but there is reason in everything: and, after all, practically, under present conditions, what is a powerful nation to do? Sudden complications will arise, and armaments can no longer be improved. Facts and conditions are not as they were. For instance, the days of the armed merchant marine are over; gone, with privateering and piracy, is the militia of the sea. It now takes at least three years to construct a modern battle-ship; and the unspeakably humiliating experience of Jefferson's policy of exactly a century ago should not be wholly forgotten. Consequently, in the present stage of development a nation, situated even as the United States most fortunately is, must be, to a measurable extent at least, in position to protect itself, and cause itself to be respected. The question is over the term "measurable extent";—what does the phrase mean? Dislike it as I may, and denounce it as I have and still do, there is, as Lord Cromer in a talk I had with him at Cairo pointed out, both logic and common sense in the interpretation and outcome of the much abused Monroe Doctrine now being formulated. When, as Secretary of State, J. Q. Adams more than eighty years ago first enunciated that doctrine, forcing it, as a pronunciamento, on the reluctant President whose name it bears, it was with an eye to world-conditions wholly different from those of the present time. As Disraeli coolly put it, when confronted with his own utterances of an earlier day,—"Since then a great many things have happened"; and, during the last eighty

years, science has put in a good deal of work. Darwin, not less than Watts, Morse and Bessemer, has had his say; and the Book of Genesis has gone the way of the Holy Alliance and "England's wooden-walls." Steam, electricity and dynamite are now very considerable factors; in 1823 in no way did they enter into political prescience, or naval and military calculations. Why shut eyes? The present is probably a period of great impending change. One after another the lesser powers are, on the international chess-board, becoming mere pawns,—negligible quantities. Among nations and with races the newly discovered law known as the survival of the fittest is working in a way not less suggestive than pitiless; and,—something will come of it! In the way of world-policing—what? In the way of armament—what? That the modern iron-clad battle-ship will at no remote day, and for much the same reason, follow the ancient mail-clad man-at-arms into innocuous desuetude is altogether probable. But how about the interim? That other and old-world powers should, under present conditions, obtain naval or military footholds on this side of the two great oceans is hardly compatible with our security. Hence, the logical extension of the Monroe Doctrine to cover the case of even coaling stations. Such, as in Asiatic waters we have recently seen, imply for modern armaments a full naval foothold. But, if we throw a shield over both American continents, so far as European nations and territorial integrity are concerned, what other obligation on us does so doing imply? Lord Cromer put it to me clearly. We have got logically, as President Roosevelt insists, to hold those we shield territorially up to a reasonable sense of their debt to civilization. So far as mere lucre is concerned, the rule of *caveat emptor* is all very well,—well in the case of Egypt in 1882, and well in that of San Domingo in 1905. It should be observed and enforced. Private persons, or companies, accepting foreign franchises, or making investments in strange lands, whether in Africa or the West Indies, or in the States of the Union, do so at their own risk. If the profits of the enterprises tempt them, they must take the accompanying risks. Nations have not proved a success as

bailiffs. On this head Palmerston's famous Don Pacifico *civis Romanus sum* was symbolic. The *civis Romanus* is curiously apt to be a disappointed adventurer who knowingly made a gambler's throw. In behalf of such "Hands-Off" should be the Monroe Doctrine corollary. So far all is plain. But how about negro barbarism? After all, is San Domingo none of our business? The existence of an international nuisance in immediate proximity to one's front door, whether in Africa, or in the Caribbean sea,—or in South America, for that matter,—is something not easily, nor forever, to be ignored. It may have to be abated. Theories are all right; but facts will force themselves into the account. Egypt was a fact, and so is San Domingo; and, for us rights-of-man American theorists, the last is a somewhat awkward fact. In plain language, and as an upshot of what is now taking place, our Declaration of Independence generalities have developed, in presence of the African, unforeseen limitations; but, again, that does not imply a reversion to the old-time counterbalancing barbarisms of slavery and brutal domination. The world, after all, does progress. The record of Great Britain in Hindustan, for instance, covers three centuries; that in Egypt thirty years. Lord Clive and Lord Cromer are ear-marks of a very different kind,—typical of two periods and two systems. As for British rule in the Soudan and Uganda, it dates only from 1898. That thus far it has been one of unmingled beneficence, I bear witness.

THE "VEILED PROTECTORATE."

IMPRESSIONS and conclusions derived from only two Nile winters are necessarily superficial and crude. None the less, a White Nile trip, and the hard facts of Egypt and equatorial Africa, are at just this juncture, for an American, indisputably stimulating. They make him reflect; and, as the journey drew to its close, the foregoing was written down merely to clear the writer's mind. The discussion is immensely complicated, as well as interesting. It involves all sorts and conditions of men and things,—modern military and naval development, international obligations under existing facts,

theories of the rights-of-man, questions of race and ethnology, policies and contentions moral and material, above all, the great final query—What is, humanly speaking, practicable?

At this writing, with what has been done in Egypt, and is to-day doing in the Sudan and Uganda fresh in mind, the impulse is strong to a belief that, properly handled, Cuba, the Philippines and San Domingo might be utilized to establish for the United States a correct, up-to-date, dependent-people policy, and one practically workable under our system of government,—a policy of influence under the "veiled protectorate," at once sympathetic and altruistic, as contra-distinguished from a system of recognized dependencies, and foreign domination.

But in effecting our results on those lines, diplomacy and the law of moral and material gravitation, not the big stick either quiescent or flourished, must be relied on; our admiration for the man-who-does-things should be tempered by a little respect for him who is wise enough to know when and how to wait. Lord Cromer has been twenty-five years in Cairo; and, to-day, there is hardly a full British battalion in Egypt.

Cuba has been measurably thus dealt with. The Philippines should, I now believe, from the beginning have been dealt with in this way. If so, the steps hitherto there taken cannot too soon be retraced. The pleasing but slightly childish fancy that a few generations of our rule will suffice to transform Filipinos into Yankees is not likely to bear the test. As the vernacular has it—"it will not wash!" And for that matter no amount of "wash," or white-wash, will cause the

Asiatic to change his skin any more than the leopard his spots. The Malay will to the end, and in the end, be a Malay!—and he will not shade off into a town-meeting Yankee. Why in our boundless self-complacency thus nurse unending delusions! The school-marm can do much; but she cannot make that white which Nature decreed brown or black. Foreign domination, for which the American is ill-adapted, should, then, give way to the largest practicable measure of dependency home-rule; dictation from without to a sympathetic, if alien,—and, because alien, diplomatically "veiled,"—protectorate.

San Domingo next looms on the horizon. Is San Domingo more fitted for self-government than the Philippines? But for San Domingo latter-day Egypt blazes a possible path; the path of self-government subject to foreign influence. On the other hand, it must also be conceded that in the world that now is, just as every citizen, even though he may be more or less irregular in face of money obligations, must still recognize the police power, no community can ignore the debt due from it to civilization. But, again, there is a world of difference between a modern "mandate of civilisation" and the old-time *vis major* warrant. Assuming, therefore, that the influence of the "veiled protectorate," may for all concerned most advantageously displace and replace foreign domination, the self-constituted international bailiff and policeman may, when he initiates proceedings to compel satisfaction of civilization's debt, not impossibly get, at just this juncture, quite a number of very useful hints from benighted Africa.



AN ANCIENT GARDEN

BY HELEN EVERTSON SMITH

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN



THE house to which our ancient garden is attached is broad and high—not so high as to lose the brooding look which properly belongs to all old houses where generations of children have shouted in their play; where, grown older, they have danced through the halls or lingered in twilight corners and come to a knowledge of the meaning the world has for each of us; and where, still later, they have watched, with half-regretful, half-hopeful smiles, the games of those who followed in their footsteps: but high enough to afford wide outlooks and free breathing space; with thick stone walls, deep window-seats, wide doorways, and spacious rooms, with a homely history for each one of them.

Along the western and southern sides of this old mansion runs a piazza so high above the ground in front that a flight of many stairs is required to reach it, but needing only one low step where the ground rises at the rear. A driveway and a narrow strip of lawn are between the long southern side of the house and the terraced squares of the old "garden-close."

This garden was the delight of its owner's heart. When she—Mrs. John Cotton Smith—came to her husband's home, in Sharon, Connecticut, the garden had been only sketched in, as it were. Only two years after the close of the war of the Revolution, the times were not only dark in the present, but almost darker in the outlook for the future. The strain of the seven years of struggle between strong foes on the one side and exhausted finances on the other had left, one imagines, scant leisure for thoughts of pleasure-grounds; but the beginnings were already here. Even before the outbreak of war, deep terraces had been cut in the sunward-sloping hillside. Two fish-ponds, affording restful pauses in the downward path of the rapid brook, had been made, and were already shaded with borders of young willows. Imported vines of sev-

eral varieties, and fruit-trees of all the usual and some unusual sorts, had been planted in the orchards behind the house as well as in the future garden; but of flowers there were not many until, in 1785, the bride, who had the inborn love for them that is nearly always found in persons of *Hollandic* descent, brought seeds, roots, and slips to sow and to plant in the formal way in which she had always seen them arranged in the gardens of her "Father Everson" and "Grandfather Bloom," the one in the western part of the present town of *Amenia*, Dutchess County, New York, and the other near Pleasant Valley in the same county.

In mental vision I seem to see this youthful matron as, basket on arm and shears in hand, she would descend the steps on each fair morning before the last drops of dew had vanished from bud and blade. Flowers for *épergne* and vase must be daily gathered from the opening of the first May blossoms till came the gray and shortening days when shining berries, fluffy-seeded *clematis*, and bright leaves of autumn were pressed into the service to supply the places of the faded blossoms.

Our gardener's fine complexion, "beautiful and rosy even in old age," said those who knew her at the last, was shaded by a big hat of *Leghorn* straw, shaped something like that known as a "*Gainsborough*," worn perched above the masses of fair hair turned back over a high cushion of silk of the same shade as the hair, though the exact color of the silk could not have been a matter of much consequence, at least at the time when her miniature was painted, as the hair was then disguised by a plentiful coating of a lavender-colored powder. Probably this was only a temporary freak of fashion's various forms of ugliness, and even in its short day was rarely used save on full-dress occasions. The ivory miniature was painted, poorly enough, shortly be-

fore her marriage, and it is pleasanter to think of her later as wearing her own fair hair unhidden by powder of any color. The high pompadour style, being becoming to the features below it, was retained through life, crowned by lace and ribbon turbans of the days of poor Marie Antoinette. A gentlewoman of the olden time was this young matron. Looking at her rather wooden picture, one must wonder if she were really as handsome as tradition declares, though "fine-looking" she undoubtedly was, and her manners had a gracious and simple stateliness that ever attracted the charmed admiration of strangers, while her affectionate ways retained the love of those near and dear to her. Thus it is that I, who never saw her, love to think of her as, gowned in her scant and short-skirted garb of gaily flowered chintz, she passed along her garden walks with a vigilant eye out for intrusive purslane (we may be sure she called it pussly) and the pestilent quack-grass, abhorred of all gardeners since Adam.

In those days changes were infrequent in most things, and I can well remember this dear, big old garden in nearly the same condition as that in which my great-grandmother had left it. And that was probably very much as she had had it arranged and planted. Her husband survived several years after she had taken her last loving farewell of the coming daffies just showing their gold above their green, and as long as he lived would suffer no alterations to be made in the garden, and their only son permitted few changes until long years after the directing hands of the mother had ceased from their labors.

The garden contained probably about two acres of rich ground, defended from animal intrusions, but not from friendly observations, by a moderately high fence of yellow pine pales attached to cedar posts, with every picket's top, cut by hand, finished to resemble a clover leaf, and the whole painted a mossy green.

Through the spaces between the roadside palings the fragrant Scotch briar sometimes straggled or morning glories flaunted, but all along the rear the fence was nearly hidden by currant, gooseberry, raspberry, and elderberry vines and bushes, and by the impudently luxuriant tansy, too usefull in the domestic pharmacopœia to be entirely banished from the garden.

In my early days the winding brook at the garden's foot, which is now full during only the too short wet season, seemed always to run with a riotous abundance of sparkling water from the lowest fish-pond in the southeast corner, gaily prattling over the mossy stones until it passed out under the front fence and a stone foot bridge across the highway, until, under another and a larger stone bridge, it slyly slipped across the west meadow and onward to the "still pasture," half a mile away, to join the "valley brook," a stream now sadly shrunken, but then as big as to-day we find the beautiful little river Webotuck, which winds its leisurely way under overhanging trees a few miles farther southward.

To the brook the ground had rather steeply sloped until, in accordance with the fashion of the day, the hillside had been formed into a series of terraces of different elevations and connected by steps of varying flights. About two thirds of the distance back from the fence which separated the lowest of the terraces from the highway ran a very broad, gravelled, and flower-bordered walk from the house on the north to the brook at the south, where a vine-covered and latticed arbor, provided with seats, filled the double purpose of a resting-place and a foot-bridge over the brook where it merrily fell from the fish-pond to the copse beyond.

With added years the flower borders along this main walk had been given up, being too deeply shaded by the shrubs which, planted behind them, had grown to a height of ten or more feet, and were trimmed to make a high, arched roof above the walk. One of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen was on a certain spring morning, which proved fatal to the beauty of the arched walk. The season had been early, and by the first week in May the shrubs were bending beneath their fragrant masses of buds, blossoms, and tender foliage. "Moses-in-the-burning-bush," laburnums, lilacs, syringas, tall spiræas, snow-balls, and others were all in full bud and some in bloom, when there came a heavy rain which froze even while falling, decking branch, twig, and blossom with the sparkling diamonds of frost. The sun rose brilliantly, and my father aroused us all from sleep to look from our windows. Even

while we gazed came the beginning of the end. A high wind began to blow about an hour after sunrise, and in another hour's time there was hardly a shrub not broken to earth under the weight of the ice-load that it bore and the thrashings of the wind. Few of the shrubs even partly recovered from this storm, and the once beautiful arch-walk had lost its title to the name.

The stiff boxwood borders which were a marked feature of most formal gardens had never found a place here. Its oppressively heavy odor was obnoxious to the lady of the garden, and not a single root of it was allowed upon the premises. Along the outer side of the garden's northern fence ran a hedge of English hawthorne, kept closely trimmed, and one of privet and lilacs, allowed to reach a goodly length, but well clipped, made a kindly screen beneath the high front piazza to the long lines of apple barrels with which the space was filled from the time of their gathering until the thermometer marked ten degrees below freezing, when they were rolled into the cellars behind them. Along the line dividing the grounds at the north of the house from those which at that time belonged to General Augustin Taylor—called by his militia title, but most highly respected for his career as captain, major, and colonel in the war of the Revolution—a thick, low growth of junipers, surmounting the bank of a deep trench, served as a substitute for a fence. This was pretty and unusual, but, though admired, was finally abandoned because the shrub alone did not afford sufficient protection from the frequent inroads of the neighbors' cattle. Moreover, in the ditch, hidden from their view by the breadth of the thick-growing juniper, both leaping horses and unruly steers too often met with serious disaster.

Directly in front of the house, about sixty feet from it, and extending across something like one hundred feet, ran a low stone terrace wall connecting the highway side walk, by a wrought iron gate at the foot of stone steps, with the flagged walk leading to the front piazza. On the top of this wall was, and is, a squarely trimmed lilac hedge, too high to prevent much observation from passers-by, but too low to offer an obstacle to the

view from the house over the near and far meadows, the wooded hills, and the well-watered valleys.

The big squares forming the tops of each of the terraces into which the garden was divided were planted with vegetables in a goodly variety that is not much exceeded in the finest modern gardens, and sufficient in quantity to afford abundant supply for a family numbering, inclusive of servants, from twelve to fifteen members, besides many guests. It must be remembered that vegetables could not then be brought from the South, that market-gardening had hardly a beginning, and that each family was mainly dependent upon its own forethought and industry for its winter as well as its summer food-supply. Comparing the vegetables of a century ago as they are named in the household lists of seeds gathered and preserved by this garden's owner with those in the seedsmen's catalogues of to-day, the latter show few and comparatively unimportant additions. It is not actual novelties which have added to the gustatory attractions of the modern kitchen garden, but the many improvements upon old varieties. It is true that tomatoes were not in general use until about twenty years later, but Mrs. Smith records the gathering (for seeds) of four sorts of beans, "sallad,"—meaning lettuce, although this was not the only green thing then used for salad—early and late sweet corn (the earliest rarely ready for use until in September); pease of different sorts, including "English Marrowfats, a fine new variety"; red and sugar beets (the latter were then always white); "cowcumbers"; summer, fall, and winter squash; cabbage; cauliflower; pepper-grass; water-cress; kale; leeks; mustard; several sorts of melons; parsley; red-peppers; pumpkins; radishes; spinach; rhubarb, and artichokes. Potatoes, both the common and the sweet kinds, as well as parsnips, turnips, onions, and carrots, were duly dug and stored. Celery was buried in earth in the cellars for use in the early winter months or trenched in the garden for the later season.

Fruits were numerous and apparently fine. Strawberries grew plentifully in the fields, but a few varieties were also cultivated in the garden, including the



Drawn by Jules Guerin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE HOUSE, FROM THE ROAD

long and slender "Alpine," which some persons may yet recall as unprolific, but of a remarkably delicate and delicious flavor. Cherries, peaches, pears, and plums bore so abundantly that, after giving to all who would be at the pains to come for them, they were freely fed to the pigs, notwithstanding that the housemistress and all available hands were kept very busy during their season in drying and otherwise preserving as many of them as possible for winter use, while quantities of red, purple, and white grapes were raised for the manufacture of home-made wine.

An important department of every large or small plantation for the first two hundred years after the settlement of this country was the "garden of herbs." The various tonics, nervines, laxatives, and febrifuges then in use were mostly simple preparations of the bark, foliage,

blossoms, or roots of such plants as experience had proved to possess the desired qualities. Many such grew in a wild state, and a knowledge of their uses had been acquired from the Indians. The astringent properties of white-oak bark and blackberry roots; the emollient effects of slippery elm bark and the berries of the elder bush; the nerve-soothing powers of hops, motherwort, valerian, and sage; the tonic contained in tansy and camomile; the perspirative qualities of feverfew, saffron, and pennyroyal; the drastic effects of pink and senna; and the anti-rheumatic force of dock root, wintergreen, liverwort, and boneset, were probably as well known in England as here; while the lung-healing gifts of the wild cherry, both bark and blossom, the combination of tonic and laxative in dandelion roots, sassafras, and lobelia, the pain-soothing virtues of

peppermint and stramonium leaves, as well as the varied attributes of many other plants, were probably best known in this country. Each, when administered judiciously, often proved to be of much value, and most, if not all, of such plants as could not be found growing wild in the vicinity were sure to be seen under cultivation in some one or other of the herb gardens of every neighborhood. To gather and dry the herbs, each in its proper season, was one of the housewife's many summer duties, and so was the manufacture of some of them into cordials, wines, and waters for refreshment or for toilet purposes. Hence, in large establishments, one finds that a "still room" was an essential feature. Our gardener, in a small diary which she kept for many years, frequently refers to "a busy Morning in my Still Room," and sometimes mentions the quantities of raspberry vinegar, blackberry brandy, elderberry jelly or wine, or wild-cherry cordial which she had laid by for sickness, either in her own house or among her neighbors, and of the rose-water she had distilled for flavoring. Besides spices, the only other flavoring mentioned is vanilla, made by soaking the imported beans and pods in Madena wine.

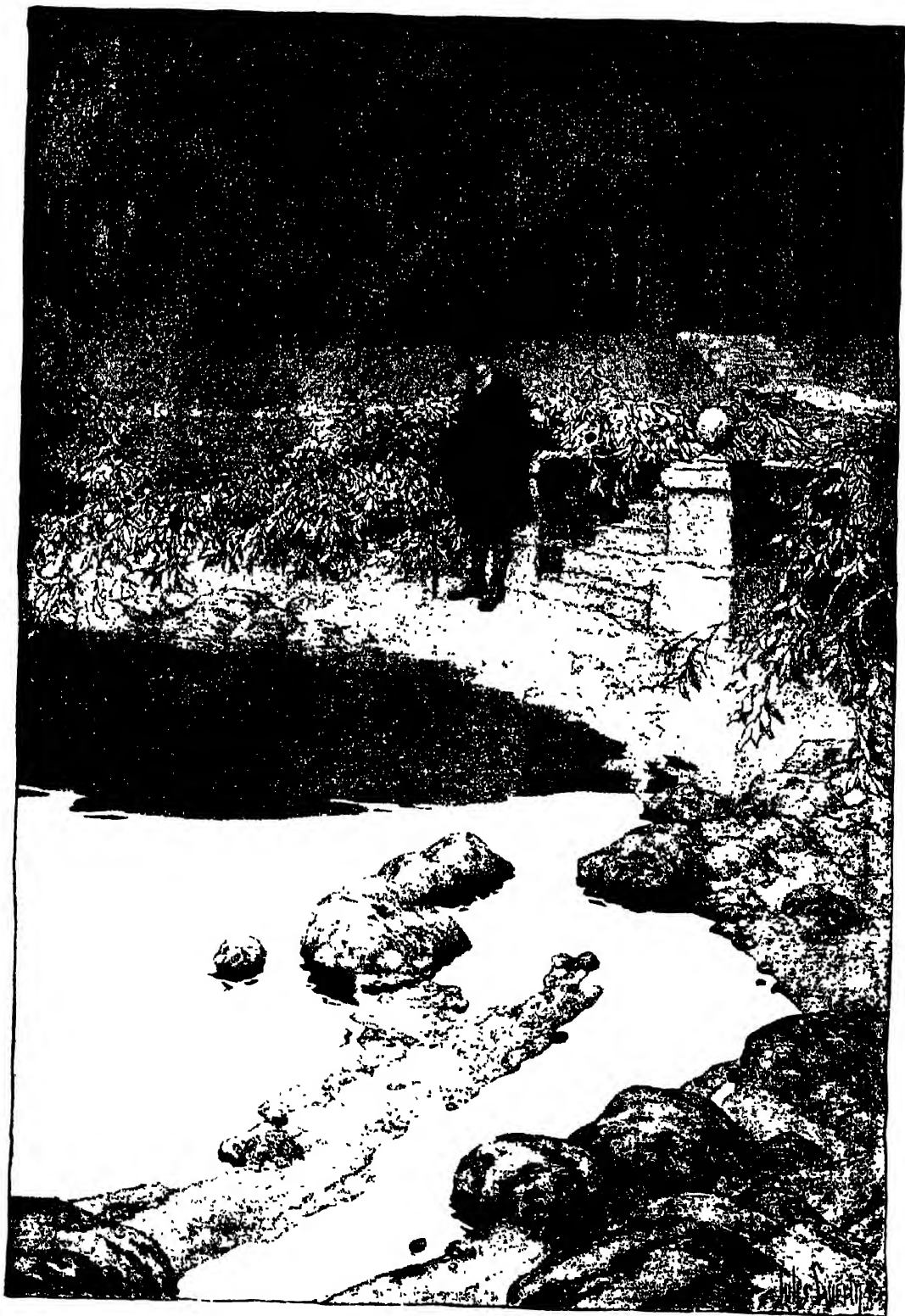
Around every large square of vegetables in the garden ran broad walks, and between vegetables and walks were narrow borders for flowers, broken only at one point on each square where laborers and their tools might go in and out with no danger to the cherished blooms.

The superintending of her garden no doubt caused Mrs. Smith a world of happy thought, but not much manual labor. Thus she writes on a day in October, 1798:

"Donning my galoshes, for it was wet after last night's down-pour, I had Silvy put the camp stool under the big willow, where I could watch the men and oversee the work on the new Asparagus bed. You know the old one is nearly choked with roots and after giving Papa and Uncle Paul all the roots they wanted I thought I would have an extra bed made for ourselves. It is a good thing to have a plenty of, for our neighbors as well as our own folks, for everybody likes it and few have. It is astonishing how stupid Young Jack can be when he is not in a good humour. He knows perfectly well what I want and *will have* in the end, but when he is sulky he

would try Job's patience, to say nothing of Mine, which you know is at the best not over long. After a while-- Fall though it is--I had Silvy out to hold the umbrella over me to shelter me from the Sun and thenceforward, behold! Master Jack lost his sulkiness and worked so well that a very fair beginning was made in laying the clam-shell bottom. Henceforward I shall be able to make some use of that lazy Silvy. She will not work herself, but can make Jack do his duty, because he likes to show her how smart he is. Indeed Silvy is a good looking wench, though she knows it too well, and more than Young Jack puts himself about to win her smiles. I think in the end she will take Ned because he cares little for her, while Nancy, who is a good girl, likes him. If they were still slaves I would see to it that Nancy and Ned should marry, but as matters now stand can do nothing."

The clam shell bottom for the asparagus bed may need some explanation. When this delicious vegetable was first cultivated in England, it was fully believed that it would perversely and forever grow downward, instead of sending its succulent shoots upward, unless it were impeded by stern facts in the shape of rock or some other impenetrable bottom beneath the soil. In places where such rocks lay too far below the surface it was deemed necessary to dig a sort of cellar to a proper depth, and lay the bottom with broad, flat stones, or, if this were inconvenient, a few layers of closely laid clam shells were supposed to answer the same or even a better purpose. The excavation was then filled in with highly enriched soil, ready for the nourishment of the transplanted roots. In 1773, when a package of asparagus seed was sent by his correspondent in London to Dr Simeon Smith, of Sharon, Connecticut, the package was accompanied by directions for sowing the seeds in drills and allowing the plants to grow as they listed for from three to five years, when, according to the increase and healthfulness of the roots, they must be transplanted into such beds as previously described. Apparently it was not until after this final planting that the roots developed their depraved tendency to seek China by underground passage. It was in following out these ancient instructions to the doctor that the wife of the latter's nephew was, in 1798, preparing a new bed for the reception of roots



THE FISH POND

THE FISH POND

descended from the seeds first received a quarter of a century before.

My earliest memories of the old garden are connected with this venerable asparagus bed of my great-grandmother's vicarious planting. Its borders of golden daffodils, narcissus, white and yellow jonquils, blue-eyed myrtle, and stately scarlet crown-imperials, seem to my memory to have been prettier than the most elaborate devices and rarest plants. The quondam asparagus bed is now covered with a soft, rich turf which, in the early spring, is gay with the gold and the snow of the daffodils, narcissus, and jonquils, which, with the luxuriance of a native growth, have spread over this and the neighboring terrace tops, and, aided by the dark-green runners of the myrtle, contend vigorously with the grass for the ownership of the soil. But the gay crown imperials, each with its four wonderful pearls and almost equally wonderful carbuncles hiding themselves in the heart of the inverted crowns from which the name is derived, have long since disappeared, although a few may still be found in other gardens in the near vicinity. Beautiful but malodorous flowers they were, being most alluring when held at arm's length. Are they in the florists' catalogues now? I have not seen the flowers themselves for many years, and perhaps, if in the catalogues at all, they are called by another name. The bulbs, which renewed themselves for almost a century in this old garden, were said to be descended from those which were brought from the still older garden at Flussingen, in the province of Zealand in the Netherlands, which had belonged to Mrs. Smith's ancestor, Admiral Jan Evertsen. Perhaps the gould or roses also came from the same source, as well as the hollyhocks which grew tall and stiff along some of the wider walks between the beds. Artemisias, unpretending ancestors of the flaunting chrysanthemums, grew there in modest luxuriance. The bells of Canterbury here swung their silent chimes. Gay foxgloves and cockscombs, marigolds and monk's-hood, asters and balsam, pride-of-the-meadow and phlox, stocks,—called "stuck jellies" by "Caius Tite," grandson of a pre-revolutionary servitor of the same name, whose fame as that

of a noted joymaker with his inspired old fiddle still survived in my own childish days,—moss-pinks and sweet-williams, petunias, larkspur, columbines, poppies, pansies, lavender, valerian, gourds, sweet peas, geraniums, cowslips, primroses, marvel of Peru, red and white peonies, each in its season, were all here, and probably many more to keep them cheerful company, while along the brook-side smiled the purple-blue fleur-de-lis. But the pride of the gardener was centered in her roses, "ten varieties," besides one considered as "surpassing fine, being very double and a pure, soft white, bearing abundantly, the sweetest and best of all my flowers only that the hateful rose bugs do spoil them so." All alike have bloomed and faded and scattered their seeds and have been succeeded, some by their own descendants, but not in their own places, and some by other flowers more showy and even, perchance, more fragrant, but not more dear.

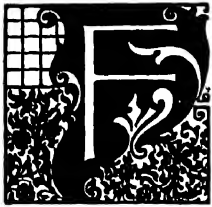
The shrubs and flowering trees of the old time still remain, many of them in the spots where first set out. The heavy-scented syringas and bushes of purple or white lilacs from fifteen to twenty-five feet in height look freely in at second story windows to which they have been over a century in climbing. The honey locusts have grown to giant heights, and many of them have succumbed to the winds of autumn or the ice storms of spring, but the graceful, feathery foliage of their progeny waves in their places. The button-balls still shed the dingy brown bark of winter over otherwise neatly kept walks or turf, and bare their stiff, ghostly, and angular white arms defiantly to summer's most vehement lightning. The sturdy and formal horse-chestnuts bloom as profusely as if the years they have lived had been but months. The thickly set hawthorn hedge on the garden's northern side was long since uprooted, but its bird-scattered seeds have found shelter in many a fence corner, and its pretty little flowers send their unloved perfume to long distances in the early summer. The soft blooms of the snow-balls still quiver in the gentle June winds, and the clove-scented flowering-currants still linger by favored banks, fragrant and cheery memorials of happy and useful years.



A CLASS IN EMBROIDERY

THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF EMBROIDERIES IN ATHENS

BY ANNA BOWMAN DODD

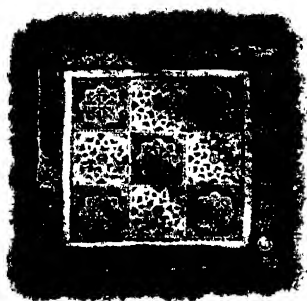


FROM the dust and glare of the windy Athenian streets we passed into a quiet quarter close to the National Museum, where a wide white building housed a hundred and more Athenian children, growing girls, and young women who were workers in the Royal School of Embroideries.

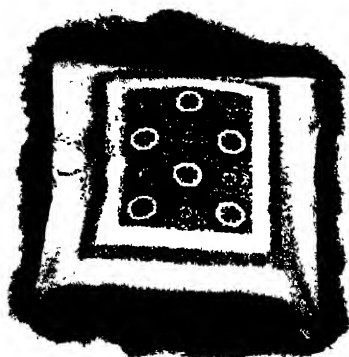
Once the house-door was opened, the hum and buzz of many voices greeted the ear. Amazingly wide eyed, eager lipped, and clever-featured were many of those Greek faces. Both the coloring and the facial type proclaimed their Greco-Oriental origin. The white-aproned neatness, the decorous demeanor, as well as the expressive grave grace in posture and gesture of the youthful shapes seated about the wooden frames and of other detached figures close to open windows, made groups full of charm and interest to Western eyes. Below wide, lus-

trous eyes pouted sensuous Attic mouths, replicas of the perfect curves of which one may find in the Parian marbles of two thousand years ago, now safely housed in the museums of Athens. One may see, also, the same widely set, large eyes in certain frescoes recently discovered in Egyptian tombs of Greek colonists of the first and second centuries.

When we turned from the faces to the work over which the nimble fingers were flying, our interest suffered no abatement. Greek fingers have not lost their skill. In and out of the coarser cottons, as well as the most delicate batiste, the shining needles flew as though every embroiderer had been born with a needle between thumb and finger. Here was a whole roomful of children and young growing girls whose skill and ease in their work were no less astonishing than were those of the more mature young women, whose own embroideries had a sharpness of edge that was remarkable. Other factors than those of practice and



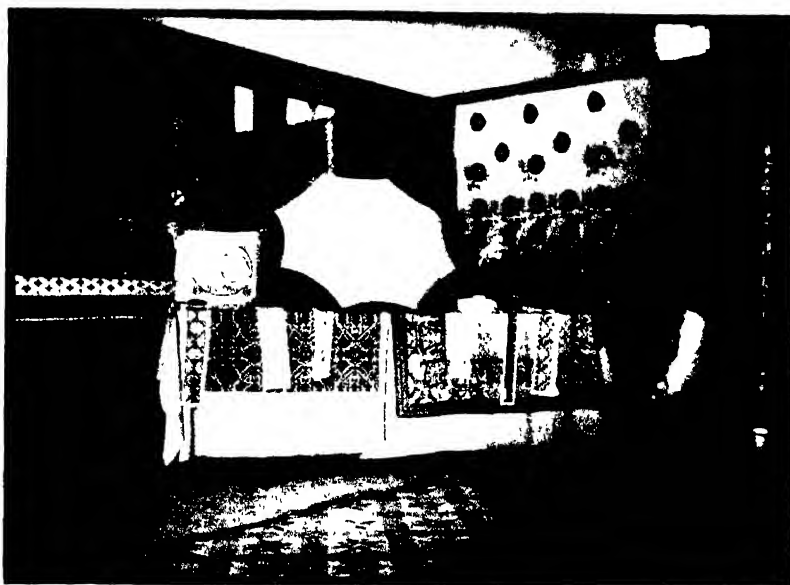
GREEK NEEDLEPOINT
LACE



SOFA PILLOW,
CORINTHIAN DESIGN



GREEN AND YELLOW
DESIGN, NAXOS



EXAMPLES OF EMBROIDERY- BYZANTINE PILLOW AT THE LEFT,
PERSIAN HANGING ON THE WALL



CUSHION OF DIFFERENT
SHADES OF BLUE



OPY OF OLD POINT DE
VENISE LACE, ZEGINA



CUSHION OF BYZANTINE
DESIGN



Hel to a plate arrived by H Davidson

PRINCESS HELENE (GRAND DUCHESS ELLEN OF RUSSIA), WIFE OF PRINCE
NICOLAS OF GREECE

habit were to be looked for to account for such accuracy and lightness of touch. These embroideries exhibited an instinct and a color sense which only the far East appears to have preserved as a heritage from antiquity.

The history of this school of women reads like a romance. Early in the Turco-Greek war of 1897 thousands of Thessalian women started on mules and donkeys to find in the south a refuge from the dreaded horrors of an invading Turkish army. Whole villages were deserted. Trailing down from crag-like mountain-heights, creeping through leafy defiles, wending their tedious way from stony ridges to grassy valleys, these Thessalian refugees sped southward. Such string-like caravans may be seen to-day in any of the mountain-passes of Greece. The peasants who move from village to village, or who come from the mountains to visit relatives in towns, travel in such simple fashion. Whole families, possessing only a single beast, take turns in walking and riding.

With their children, and, in some instances, with their flocks driven before them, the refugees first made a halt at Chalkis. There a large number determined to remain. Many hundreds, however, continued to wend their way through the Attic passes and over the fertile plains to Athens. To give these newcomers even shelter was no small undertaking, and for a very long time they lived on the bounty of others. Supplies of all sorts, as well as money, came from foreign countries, including America and England. Later, when the streams of benevolence began to run dry, an Athenian committee appointed to look after the refugees had to face the problem of their maintenance, and it was wisely decided that these idle women must work. The difficult task of providing an industry which untrained labor could perform next confronted the ladies of the committee.

Every peasant woman knew, at least, how to spin. The distaff and the loom have been in constant use in Thessalian farm-houses and huts from the time when Hesiod sang the delights of pastoral life. Antique customs maintained full sway in Greece until her war of independence in 1833, and outside Athens and Patras

primitive conditions of life and labor still survive.

This inherited skill with needle and shuttle was turned to good account by the directors. Looms were quickly set up, and the Thessalian women took their accustomed seats behind the flying shuttles. The products were at first made into clothing for the women themselves and for their children. The supply of cottons, homespun, and coarse linens soon exceeded the demand. The ladies then extended the work to a weaving of the brilliant Greek carpets with which every well-to-do peasant's hut and farm-house are supplied. Simple embroideries were next essayed, and these found a ready sale. And thus for several months the building generously lent for the work by a patriotic Greek gentleman was the scene of a contented and busy industry.

After peace came, the looms were deserted. Long strings of mules and donkeys bearing women and children filed back to Thessaly. A few among the refugees elected to remain in windy Athens. These women formed the nucleus of the present flourishing royal school. Others among Athens's own poor eagerly sought the privilege of taking the seats left vacant, and soon proved to the lady directors that they were capable of more ambitious efforts. Their embroideries especially began to show innate, artistic capacity.

At this juncture Lady Egerton, a Russian by birth, the wife of the English minister at the court of King George, took an interest in the school, and for the benefit of the workers undertook a systematic study of classic designs, of lost or forgotten stitches, of antique lace, and of the modern art of lace-making. She went to Constantinople to study Byzantine models; she became an humble pupil of the school of lace-workers in Venice; she made the tour of the Greek islands to learn what secrets in designs and in colors had been transmitted, by long inherited skill, among the Greek women. In her Athenian drawing-room, as well as on the decks of crowded and cramped Greek steamers, Lady Egerton drew, stitched, read, or let her shining needles fly over the stuffed cushions whereon her lace lay. Hers was the unwearied energy of the true artist. Such enthusiasm worked

the usual miracle. Everybody connected with the school became vitalized with new power and capacity. The ladies of the committee were found to be able seconds to such a leader.

The next step was to find a suitable home for the school. "If we are to have a true existence," the committee decided, "a future as well as a present, we must be at home in a house of our own." Not only is it the dream of every Greek in European exile to go back to his loved country, to expend upon her the riches of his purse as well as the stores of his experience, but every foreigner living on Greek soil appears to feel himself to be a true son of that classic land. A French countess, belonging to an historic house, wearied of French republican "massacres" of all that, according to an aristocrat's ideals, made life endurable in France, had elected to adopt Greece as her country. She had brought her bibelots, her family portraits, her property, and her Hellenic enthusiasm to her Athenian home. This lady proved herself the second guardian-angel of Lady Egerton's school. When the story of the needs of the school was told to her, some debate ensued as to the choice of a site, none whatever as to the ultimate question of its purchase. The present site in Michael Vada street, once fixed upon, was then and there paid for.

Royal interest and generosity completed what had been so generously begun through individual effort. King George himself provided for the building of the house. In some mysterious fashion the furniture "arrived." And thus at last in its own building, within its own grounds, this school of embroideries began its true artistic career. The interest shown by the king was soon extended to other members of the royal family. The queen and the Princess Hélène (the latter the Russian wife of Prince Nicolas, third son of King George) from the first had shown their sympathy with the project.

Few royal families in Europe have allied themselves so conspicuously with the fortunes of the people they govern as has every member of the reigning house in Greece. Foreigners by birth though they are, the queen and her three daughters-in-law, the crown princess, Princess Hélène, and Princess Alice,

prove by their persistent, untiring devotion their interest in the future of Greek women and Greek development.

A large part of this royal, as well as of the less conspicuous individual, enthusiasm arises from certain influences that appear to emanate from the Greek race. The magnetism of her great past is still a potent force to rouse her people to renewed activity. Greece, free, presents that most interesting of historical spectacles—a nation recreated, rejuvenated, with its old glorious instincts still alive and alert.

THE designs produced at the school, embroidered silks, linens, cottons, or batistes, proclaim at a glance their classic origin. Many, indeed, were strangely familiar. Where had one seen yonder Byzantine design—those admirably conventionalized springing leopards? Surely never before on coarse homespun shaped to cover a lady's boudoir pillow. Out of the quiet halls of statue-crowded museums, from the frieze of roofless temples, from glass-encased precious Greek vases, from the monuments of the Athenian Ceramicus, faintly, and then more and more clearly, came remembered shapes, forms, designs, traceries, and architectural ornamentations. On the linens and silks that lay stretched on wooden frames or that were held upon the stiff forefinger, hundreds of such forms, designs, traceries, and ornaments have been ingeniously adapted to as many modern purposes.

A lost artistic era seemed, in truth, to have been recaptured by these workers in silks and wools. Here in modern Athens, in a city as up-to-date as any American metropolis, as well equipped with trolleys, tram-cars, electricity, tall apartment-houses, and with shops displaying the latest Parisian novelty, here was a group of directors and workers whose taste, ingenuity, skill, and cleverness were slowly and surely to influence European and American taste in design.

The directors of the school draw the models for the work executed, of whatever nature or for whatever purpose, from pure Hellenic, Byzantine, or Persian designs—from every antique source that has, indeed, contributed to the history of Greek art. Etruscan and innumerable Greek vases of every great

period have been minutely studied. The monuments in Athenian and other Greek burying-grounds have been made to contribute their delicate traceries and ingenious devices. Architectural reliefs and ornaments have been copied and adapted. Intricate Persian and Saracenic traceries have contributed their vast variety of forms to modern artistic utilitarian or ornamental purposes. Local feeling throughout Greece and its islands has been as painstakingly studied. Such patterns and designs as have been copied generation after generation by peasant maidens and women have been eagerly sought out.

From times long before Homer sang the glittering gorgeousness of the robes of queens until the present day, Greek fingers have known how to work miracles of color in gold and silk embroideries. The dowry system is the preserver of such skill. In primitive countries human greed and human vanity play as active a rôle in the drama of life as in more complex, highly civilized lands. Brides whose dowry includes the most finely worked trousseau and the largest flock will ever be more sought after than penniless, unadorned beauty. The bleak hillsides of Greece are no strangers to the motives at work in Newport and New York. Even wandering nomads can prove to enlightened society the ancient respectability of weighing material consideration in matrimonial choice. The maiden whose homespun is the most elaborately worked and whose silver belt or gold ornaments are the largest and most numerous, is the bride chiefly coveted by the prudent shepherds.

The Greek bride knows better than poets what best pleases a Greek peasant or shepherd husband. Every moment to be snatched from farm-work or the tending of flocks is consecrated to the sacred task of preparing her trousseau. The snowy frieze coat, the back, sleeves, and front of which must be elaborately embroidered in blues and greens; the red-and-crimson borders to her chemise, a remote descendant of the classic chiton, with its wide bands of silk embroideries; the bed-rugs and blankets, the weaving and dyeing of which are of her own toil; the saddlebags the colors and worsted ornamentation of which prove to her

groom her taste and originality—all these artistic and elaborate necessities of a Greek girl's wedding outfit consume every moment of spare time between her girlhood and her marriage.

The universality of this peasant skill suggested to the directors of the school at Athens an enlargement of their original plan. In the islands there were hundreds of rustic embroiderers ready for just such work as was being admirably executed by the girls and women in the capital. Why not utilize this provincial talent? Work must be highly paid for in Athens, where living expenses for even the poor, as in all capitals, are on a scale commensurate with the luxuries of dwelling in a great city. In the islands, schools could be established on an economical basis, and work could be produced at a lower rate of wages. To the schools established in Crete and in Ægina hundreds of women were soon coming to be taught the art of lace-making, fine embroideries, and the intricacies of cut-work.

These island schools have done a more important work than merely to teach old-new stitches and how best to recreate antique effects. All systematic work brings in its train a love of order and neatness, and a sense of personal gain in improved appearance and softened manners is certain to follow. Hundreds of half-savage little islanders, through these schools, have been brought within the sphere of educational influences. Children and young girls who could not be induced to take advantage of the benefits offered by the public schools found in these schools of embroideries an irresistible attraction. The contagion of example did its work. The most conservative nomad could not help observing that certain benefits followed the hateful obedience to rule and industry. It was undeniable that Cora of Naxos, for example, had turned pretty since she began to go to the School of Embroideries. Attention to the rules of cleanliness, apparently, could make a peasant's face as attractive and pink as a lady's.

In Athens itself the same influences have been at work. "In the very first week I noticed a marked change in improved cleanliness and manners among the children," remarked my guide; "the second week ambition began to work

its usual subtle effects. "The girls must have their hair artificially coiffed like the older ones. In a month the transformation was complete. When I saw the latest, most effective design in ties and collars worn by a newcomer, the result of her work at home after school-hours, then I knew that the school had done at least half its work."

Few as have been the years since the Royal School of Embroideries began its existence, its handicraft has already gained a wide celebrity. To Paris, to London, and, through these great arteries,

to all the modern, luxurious world of women, go draperies, embroidered strips for blouses, tea-gowns, tea-cloths, scarfs, collars, ties, and ornamental pillow-cases executed by these nimble Greek fingers. You may plume yourself on the delicate color designs of a web-like scarf bought in London; you may glory in the possession of a rare combination of mixed lace, embroidery, and chain work for bedspread or sofa, and little dream that they are the joint product of ancient Attic brains and modern Athenian fingers.



WHAT IS THE MIGHTY ALL?

BY LANGDON MITCHELL

WHAT is the mighty all—the main
Of air, the earth, the ocean's plain,
The wheeling world stupendously
Hung in the void, the stars that flee
And circle through the night, and we,
With life and labor, mind and thought,
And dreams of all things that are not?
What is this all? "It is divine,"
The Lover spake; "'t is mine and thine."

PRAYER

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

I STOOD upon the threshold; musical
Reverberant footsteps ghostlike came and went,
And my lips trembled as magnificent
Before me rose a vision of that hall
Whereof great Milton is the mighty wall,
Shakspeare the dome with incense redolent,
Each latter singer precious ornament,
And Holy Writ the groundwork bearing all.

"Lord," sobbed I, "take thy splendid gift of youth
For the one boon that I have craved so long:
Mold thou my stammering accents and uncouth,
With awful music raise and make me strong,
A living martyr of thy vocal truth.
A resonant column in the House of Song!"

THE TRAINING OF THE HUMAN PLANT

BY LUTHER BURBANK

THE MINGLING OF RACES

IN the course of many years of investigation into the plant life of the world, creating new forms, modifying old ones, adapting others to new conditions, and blending still others, I have constantly been impressed with the similarity between the organization and development of plant and human life. While I have never lost sight of the principle of the survival of the fittest and all that it implies as an explanation of the development and progress of plant life, I have come to find in the crossing of species and in selection, wisely directed, a great and powerful instrument for the transformation of the vegetable kingdom along lines that lead constantly upward. The crossing of species is to me paramount. Upon it, wisely directed and accompanied by a rigid selection of the best and as rigid an exclusion of the poorest, rests the hope of all progress. The mere crossing of species, unaccompanied by selection, wise supervision, intelligent care, and the utmost patience, is not likely to result in marked good, and may result in vast harm. Unorganized effort is often most vicious in its tendencies.

Before passing to the consideration of the adaptation of the principles of plant cultivation in a more or less modified form to the human being, let me lay emphasis on the opportunity now presented in the United States for observing and, if we are wise, aiding in what I think it fair to say is the grandest opportunity ever presented of developing the finest race the world has ever known out of the vast mingling of races brought here by immigration.

I find by a statistical abstract on immigration, prepared by the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor in Washington, that, in the year 1904, 752,864 immigrants came into the United States, assigned to more than fifty distinct nationalities. It will be worth while to look carefully at this list. It shows how widely separated geographically, as well as ethnologically, is the material from which we are drawing in this colossal example of the crossing of species:

Austria-Hungary, including Bohemia, Hungary, and other Austria save Poland		117,156
Belgium	3,976	
Denmark	8,525	
France	9,406	
Germany	46,380	
Greece	11,343	
Italy	193,296	
Netherlands	4,916	
Norway	23,808	
Poland	6,715	
Rumania	7,087	
Russia	145,141	
Spain	3,996	
Sweden	27,763	
Switzerland	5,023	
* Turkey in Europe	5,669	
England	38,620	
Ireland	36,142	
Scotland	11,092	
Wales	1,730	
Europe not specified	143	
Total Europe		707,927
British North America	2,837	
Mexico	1,009	
Central America	714	
West Indies and Miguelon	10,193	
South America	1,667	
Total America		16,420

* Includes Servia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro

China	4,309
Japan	14,264
Other Asia	7,613
<hr/>	
Total Asia	26,186
Total Oceania	1,555
Total Africa	686
All other countries	90
<hr/>	
Total Immigrants	752,864

Study this list from any point of view. Where can there be found a broader opportunity for the working out of these underlying principles? Some of these immigrants will mate with others of their own class, notably the Jews, thus not markedly changing the current; many will unite with others of allied speech; still others marry into races wholly different from their own, while a far smaller number will perhaps find union with what we may call native stock.

But wait until two decades have passed, until there are children of age to wed, and then see, under the changed conditions, how widespread will be the mingling. So for many years the foreign nations have been pouring into this country and taking their part in this vast blending.

Now, just as the plant breeder notices sudden changes and breaks, as well as many minor modifications, when he joins two or more plants of diverse type from widely separated quarters of the globe,—sometimes merging an absolutely wild strain with one that, long over-civilized, has largely lost virility,—and just as he finds among the descendants a plant which is likely to be stronger than either ancestor, so may we notice constant changes and breaks and modifications going on about us in this vast combination of races, and so may we hope for a far stronger race if right principles are followed, a magnificent race, superior to any preceeding it. Look at the material on which to draw! Here is the North, powerful, virile, aggressive, blended, with the luxurious, ease-loving, more impetuous South. Again you have the merging of a cold phlegmatic temperament with one mercurial and volatile. Still again the union of great native mental strength, developed or undeveloped, with bodily vigor, but with inferior mind. See, too, what a vast number of environmental in-

fluences have been at work in social relations, in climate, in physical surroundings. Along with this we must observe the merging of the vicious with the good, the good with the good, the vicious with the vicious.

SELECTIVE ENVIRONMENT

WE are more crossed than any other nation in the history of the world, and here we meet the same results that are always seen in a much-crossed race of plants: all the worst as well as all the best qualities of each are brought out in their fullest intensities. Right here is where selective environment counts. When all the necessary crossing has been done, then comes the work of elimination, the work of refining, until we shall get an ultimate product that should be the finest race ever known. The characteristics of the many peoples that make up this nation will show in the composite: the finished product will be the race of the future.

THE TEACHINGS OF NATURE

IN my work with plants and flowers I introduce color here, shape there, size or perfume, according to the product desired. In such processes the teachings of nature are followed. Its great forces only are employed. All that has been done for plants and flowers by crossing, nature has already accomplished for the American people. By the crossings of types, strength has in one instance been secured; in another, intellectuality; in still another, moral force. Nature alone could do this. The work of man's head and hands has not yet been summoned to prescribe for the development of a race. So far a preconceived and mapped-out crossing of bloods finds no place in the making of peoples and nations. But when nature has already done its duty, and the crossing leaves a product which in the rough displays the best human attributes, all that is left to be done falls to selective environment.

But when two different plants have been crossed, that is only the beginning. It is only one step, however important; the great work lies beyond—the care, the nurture, the influence of surroundings, selection, the separation of the best from

the poorest, all of which are embraced in the words I have used—selective environment.

How, then, shall the principles of plant culture have any bearing upon the development of the descendants of this mighty mingling of races?

All animal life is sensitive to environment, but of all living things the child is the most sensitive. Surroundings act upon it as the outside world acts upon the plate of the camera. Every possible influence will leave its impress upon the child, and the traits which it inherited will be overcome to a certain extent, in many cases being even more apparent than heredity. The child is like a cut diamond, its many facets receiving sharp, clear impressions not possible to a pebble, with this difference, however, that the change wrought in the child from the influences without becomes constitutional and ingrained. A child absorbs environment. It is the most susceptible thing in the world to influence, and if that force be applied rightly and constantly when the child is in its most receptive condition, the effect will be pronounced, immediate, and permanent.

Where shall we begin? Just where we begin with the plant, at the very beginning. It has been said that the way to reform a man is to begin with his grandfather. But this is only a half-truth; begin with his grandfather, but begin with the grandfather when he is a child. I find the following quoted from the great kindergartner Froebel:

"The task of education is to assist natural development toward its destined end.

"As the beginning gives a bias to the whole after development, so the early beginnings of education are of most importance."

I recognize the good that has been accomplished in the early kindergarten training of children, but I must enter a most earnest protest against beginning education, as we commonly use the word, at the kindergarten age. No boy or girl should see the inside of a school-house until at least ten years old. I am speaking now of the boy or girl who can be reared in the only place that is truly fit to bring up a boy or a plant—the country, the small town or the country, the nearer to nature the better. In the case of chil-

dren born in the city and compelled to live there, the temptations are so great, the life so artificial, the atmosphere so like that of the hothouse, that the child must be placed in school earlier as a matter of safeguarding.

But, some one asks, How can you ever expect a boy to graduate from college or university if his education does not begin until he is ten years of age? He will be far too old.

I answer first that the curse of modern child-life in America is over-education. For the first ten years of this, the most sensitive and delicate life in the world, I would prepare it. The properly prepared child will make such progress that the difference in time of graduation is not likely to be noticeable; but, even if it should be a year or two later, what difference would it make? Do we expect a normal plant to begin bearing fruit three weeks after it is born? It must have time, ample time, to be prepared for the work before it. Above all else, the child must be a healthy animal. I do not work with diseased plants. They do not cure themselves of disease. They only spread disease among their fellows and die before their time.

DIFFERENTIATION IN TRAINING

RIGHT here let me lay special stress upon the absurdity, not to call it by a harsher term, of running children through the same mill in a lot, with absolutely no real reference to their individuality. No two children are alike. You cannot expect them to develop alike. They are different in temperament, in tastes, in disposition, in capabilities, and yet we take them in this precious early age, when they ought to be living a life of preparation near to the heart of nature, and we stuff them, cram them, and overwork them until their poor little brains are crowded up to and beyond the danger-line. The work of breaking down the nervous systems of the children of the United States is now well under way. It is only when some one breaks absolutely away from all precedent and rule and carves out a new place in the world that any substantial progress is ever made, and seldom is this done by one whose individuality has been stifled in the schools. So it is impera-

tive that we consider individuality in children in their training precisely as we do in cultivating plants. Some children, for example, are absolutely unfit by nature and temperament for carrying on certain studies. Take certain young girls, for example, bright in many ways, but unfitted by nature and bent, at this early age at least, for the study of arithmetic. Very early,—before the age of ten, in fact,—they are packed into a room along with from thirty to fifty others and compelled to study a branch which, at best, they should not undertake until they have reached maturer years. Can one by any possible cultivation and selection and crossing compel figs to grow on thistles or apples on a banana-tree? I have made many varied and strange plant combinations in the hope of betterment and still am at work upon others, but one cannot hope to do the impossible.

THE FIRST TEN YEARS

I SHOULD not only have the child reared for the first ten years of its life in the open, in close touch with nature, a bare-foot boy with all that implies for physical stamina, but should have him reared in love. But you say, How can you expect all children to be reared in love? By working with vast patience upon the great body of the people, this great mingling of races, to teach such of them as do not love their children to love them, to surround them with all the influences of love. This will not be universally accomplished to-day or to-morrow, and it may need centuries; but if we are ever to advance and to have this higher race, now is the time to begin the work, this very day. It is the part of every human being who comprehends the importance of this to bend all his energies toward the same end. Love must be at the basis of all our work for the race; not gush, not mere sentimentality, but abiding love, that which outlasts death. A man who hates plants, or is neglectful of them, or who has other interests beyond them, could no more be a successful plant-cultivator than he could turn back the tides of the ocean with his finger-tips. The thing is utterly impossible. You can never bring up a child to its best estate without love.

BE HONEST WITH THE CHILD

THEN, again, in the successful cultivation of plants there must be absolute honesty. I mean this in no fanciful way, but in the most practical and matter-of-fact fashion. You cannot attempt to deceive nature or thwart her or be dishonest with her in any particular without her knowing it, without the consequences coming back upon your own head. Be honest with your child. Do not give him a colt for his very own, and then, when it is a three-year-old, sell it and pocket the proceeds. It does not provoke a tendency in children to follow the Golden Rule, and seldom enhances their admiration and respect for you. It is not sound business policy or fair treatment, it is not honest. Bear in mind that this child-life in these first ten years is the most sensitive thing in the world; never lose sight of that. Children respond to ten thousand subtle influences which would leave no more impression upon a plant than they would upon the sphinx. Vastly more sensitive is it than the most sensitive plant. Think of being dishonest with it!

Here let me say that the wave of public dishonesty which seems to be sweeping up over this country is chiefly due to a lack of proper training—breeding, if you will—in the formative years of life. Be dishonest with a child, whether it is your child or some other person's child—dishonest in word or look or deed, and you have started a grafter. Grafting, or stealing,—for that is the better word,—will never be taken up by a man whose formative years have been spent in an atmosphere of absolute honesty. Nor can you be dishonest with your child in thought. The child reads your motives as no other human being reads them. He sees into your own heart. The child is the purest, truest thing in the world. It is absolute truth: that's why we love children. They know instinctively whether you are true or dishonest with them in thought as well as in deed; you cannot escape it. The child may not always show its knowledge, but its judgment of you is unerring. Its life is stainless, open to receive all impressions, just as is the life of the plant, only far more pliant and responsive to influences, and

to influences to which no plant is capable of being responsive. Upon the child before the age of ten we have an unparalleled opportunity to work; for nowhere else is there material so plastic.

TRAITS IN PLANTS AND BOYS

TEACH the child self-respect; train it in self-respect, just as you train a plant into better ways. No self-respecting man was ever a grafter. Make the boy understand what money means, too, what its value and importance. Do not deal it out to him lavishly, but teach him to account for it. Instil better things into him, just as a plant-breeder puts better characteristics into a plant. Above all, bear in mind repetition, repetition, the use of an influence over and over again. Keeping everlastingly at it, this is what fixes traits in plants—the constant repetition of an influence until at last it is irrevocably fixed and will not change. You cannot afford to get discouraged. You are dealing with something far more precious than any plant—the priceless soul of a child.

KEEP OUT FEAR

AND, again, keep fear out that the child may grow up to the end of the first ten-year period and not learn what physical fear is. Let him alone for that, if he is a healthy normal child; he will find it and profit by it. But keep out all fear of the brutal things men have taught children about the future. I believe emphatically in religion. God made religion, and man made theology, just as God made the country, and man made the town. I have the largest sympathy for religion, and the largest contempt I am capable of for a misleading theology. Do not feed children on maudlin sentimentalism or dogmatic religion; give them nature. Let their souls drink in all that is pure and sweet. Rear them, if possible, amid pleasant surroundings. If they come into the world with souls groping in darkness, let them see and feel the light. Do not terrify them in early life with the fear of an after-world. Never was a child made more noble and good by the fear of a hell. Let nature teach them the lessons of good and proper liv-

ing, combined with an abundance of well-balanced nourishment. Those children will grow to be the best men and women. Put the best in them by contact with the best outside. They will absorb it as a plant absorbs the sunshine and the dew.

Let me bring the matter still closer to you. I cannot carry a great plant-breeding test to a successful culmination at the end of a long period of years without three things, among many others, but these three are absolutely essential—sunshine, good air, and nourishing food.

SUNSHINE

TAKE the first, both in its literal and figurative sense—sunshine. Surround the children with every possible cheer. I do not mean to pamper them, to make them weak; they need the winds, just as the plants do, to strengthen them and to make them self-reliant. If you want your child to grow up into a sane, normal man, a good citizen, a support of the state you must keep him in the sunshine. Keep him happy. You cannot do this if you have a sour face yourself. Smiles and laughter cost nothing. Costly clothing, too fine to stand the wear and tear of a tramp in the woods or sliding down a haystack or a cellar door, are a dead weight upon your child. I believe in good clothes, good strong, serviceable clothes for young children—clothes that fit and look well; for they tend to mental strength, to self-respect. But there are thousands of parents who, having not studied the tremendous problems of environmental surroundings, and having no conception of the influence of these surroundings, fail to recognize the fact that either an over-dressed or a poorly dressed boy is handicapped.

Do not be cross with the child; you cannot afford it. If you are cultivating a plant, developing it into something finer and nobler, you must love it, not hate it; be gentle with it, not abusive; be firm, never harsh. I give the plants upon which I am at work in a test, whether a single one or a hundred thousand, the best possible environment. So should it be with a child, if you want to develop it in right ways. Let the children have music, let them have pictures, let them have laughter, let them have a

good time; not an idle time, but one full of cheerful occupation. Surround them with all the beautiful things you can. Plants should be given sun and air and the blue sky; give them to your boys and girls. I do not mean for a day or a month, but for all the years. We cannot treat a plant tenderly one day and harshly the next; they cannot stand it. Remember that you are training not only for to-day, but for all the future, for all posterity.

FRESH AIR

To develop indoors, under glass, a race of men and women of the type that I believe is coming out of all this marvelous mingling of races in the United States is immeasurably absurd. There must be sunlight, but even more is needed fresh, pure air. The injury wrought to-day to the race by keeping too young children in doors at school is beyond the power of any one to estimate. The air they breathe even under the best sanitary regulations is far too impure for their lungs. Often it is positively poisonous—a slow poison which never makes itself fully manifest until the child is a wreck. Keep the child outdoors and away from books and study. Much you can teach him, much he will teach himself all gently, without knowing it, of nature and nature's God, just as the child is taught to walk or run or play; but education in the academic sense shun as you would the plague. And the atmosphere must be pure around it in the other sense. It must be free from every kind of indelicacy or coarseness. The most dangerous man in the community is the one who would pollute the stream of a child's life. Whoever was responsible for the saying that "boys will be boys" and a young man "must sow his wild oats" was perhaps guilty of a crime.

NOURISHING FOOD

It is impossible to apply successfully the principles of cultivation and selection of plants to human life if the human life does not, like the plant life, have proper nourishment. First of all, the child's digestion must be made sound by sufficient, simple, well-balanced food

But, you say, any one should know this. True, and most people do realize it in a certain sense; but how many realize that upon the food the child is fed in these first ten years largely depends its moral future? I once lived near a class of people who, from religious belief, excluded all meat, eggs, and milk from the dietary of their children. They fed them vegetables and the product of cereals. What result followed? The children were anemic, unable to withstand disease, quickly succumbed to illness. There were no signs of vigor, they were always low in vitality. But that was not all. They were frightfully depraved. They were not properly fed, their ration was unbalanced. Nature rebelled; for she had not sufficient material to perfect her higher development.

What we want in developing a new plant, making it better in all ways than any of its kind that have preceded it, is a splendid norm, not anything abnormal. So we feed it from the soil, and it feeds from the air, and thus we make it a powerful aid to man. It is dependent upon good food. Upon good food for the child, well-balanced food, depends good digestion; upon good digestion, with pure air to keep the blood pure, depends the nervous system. If you have the first ten years of a boy's or a girl's life in which to make them strong and sturdy with normal nerves, splendid digestion, and unimpaired lungs, you have a healthy animal, ready for the heavier burdens of study. Preserve beyond all else as the priceless portion of a child the integrity of the nervous system. Upon this depends their success in life. With the nervous system shattered, what is life worth? Suppose you begin the education, so-called, of your child at, say, three or four, if he be unusually bright, in the kindergarten. Keep adding slowly and systematically, with what I think the devil must enjoy as a refined means of torment, to the burden day by day. Keep on "educating" him until he enters the primary school at five, and push him to the uttermost until he is ten. You have now laid broad and deep the foundation; outraged nature may be left to take care of the rest.

The integrity of your child's nervous system, no matter what any so-called educator may say, is thus impaired; he can

never again be what he would have been had you taken him as the plant-cultivator takes a plant, and for these first ten precious years of his life had fitted him for the future. Nothing else is doing so much to break down the nervous systems of Americans, not even the insane rushing of maturer years, as this over-crowding and cramming of child-life before the age of ten. And the mad haste of maturer years is the legitimate result of the earlier strain.

NEITHER PLANT NOR CHILD TO BE OVERFED

NOR should the child, any more than the plant, be overfed, but more especially should not be given an unbalanced ration. What happens when we overfeed a plant? Its root system, its leaf system, its trunk, its whole body, is impaired. It becomes engorged. Following this, comes devitalization. It is open to attacks of disease. It will easily be assailed by fungous diseases and insect pests. It rapidly and abnormally grows onward to its death. So with a child you can easily over-feed it on an unbalanced ration, and the result will be as disastrous as in the case of the plant. The effect of such an unbalanced ration as that fed to the children in the community I have referred to was to shorten life; they developed prematurely, and died early.

Again some one says, But how can the very poor feed their children plenty of nutritious food?

I answer that the nation must protect itself. I mean by this that it is imperative, in order that the nation may rise to its full powers and accomplish its destiny, that the people who comprise this nation must be normal physically. It is imperative, in order that the nation be normal, that the plants of the nation from which it derives its life and without which the nation dies must be sound. All human life is absolutely dependent upon plant life. If the plant life be in any measure lowered through lack of nourishment, the nation suffers. To the extent that any portion of the people are physically unfitted, to that extent the nation is weakened.

Do not misunderstand me: I am not advocating paternalism in any sense; far from it. But is not the human race worth

as much care as the orchards, the farms, the cattle-ranges? I would so work upon this great blending of races, upon each individual factor in it, that each factor should be called upon to do its very best, be compelled to do its very best, if it was shirking responsibility. But in any great nation there must be a large number who cannot do their best, if I may use a contradictory term, who do not seem able to rise to their opportunities and their possibilities. Already you may see in our larger cities efforts in a small way to help feed the very poor. It can be done nationally as well as municipally, and it can be done so that no loss of self-respect will follow, no encouragement and fostering of poverty or laziness.

Then, too, there are the orphans and the waifs; these must be taken into account. They must have wise, sane, consistent state aid. I am opposed to all sectarian aid. I would do away with all asylums of all types for the indigent under sectarian or private control. The nation, or the commonwealth, should take care of the unfortunate. It must do this in a broad and liberal and sane manner, if we are ever to accomplish the end sought, to make this nation rise to its possibilities. Only through the nation, or State, can this work be done. It must be done for self-protection.

DANGERS

IN the immediate future, possibly within your life and mine, unquestionably within the life of this generation, what have we most to fear in America from this vast crossing of species? Not in the vicious adults who are now with us, for they can be controlled by law and force, but in the children of these adults, when they have grown and been trained to responsible age in vice and crime, lies the danger. We must begin now, to-day, the work of training these children as they come. Grant that it were possible that every boy and girl born in the United States during the next thirty years should be kept in an atmosphere of crime to the age of ten. The result would be too appalling to contemplate. As they came to adult years, vice would be rampant, crime would go unpunished, all evil would thrive, the nation would be de-

stroyed. Now, to the extent that we leave the children of the poor and these other unfortunates,—waifs and foundlings,—to themselves and their evil surroundings, to that extent we breed peril for ourselves.

The only way to obviate this is absolutely to cut loose from all precedent and begin systematic State and national aid, not next year, or a decade from now, but to-day. Begin training these outcasts, begin the cultivation of them, if you will, much as we cultivate the plants, in order that their lives may be turned into right ways, in order that the integrity of the state may be maintained. Rightly cultivated, these children may be made a blessing to the race; trained in the wrong way, or neglected entirely, they will become a curse to the state.

ENVIRONMENT

LET us bring the application still nearer home.

There is not a single desirable attribute which, lacking in a plant, may not be bred into it. Choose what improvement you wish in a flower, a fruit, or a tree, and by crossing, selection, cultivation, and persistence you can fix this desirable trait irrevocably. Pick out any trait you want in your child, granted that he is a normal child,—I shall speak of the abnormal later,—be it honesty, fairness, purity, loveliness, industry, thrift, what not. By surrounding this child with sunshine from the sky and your own heart, by giving the closest communion with nature, by feeding them well-balanced, nutritious food, by giving them all that is implied in healthful environmental influences, and by doing all in love, you can thus cultivate in this child and fix there for all their life all of these traits. Naturally not always to the full in all cases at the beginning of the work, for heredity will make itself felt first, and, as in the plant under improvement, there will be certain strong tendencies to reversion to former ancestral traits; but, in the main, with the normal child, you can give him all these traits by patiently, persistently, guiding him in these early formative years.

And, on the other side, give him foul air to breathe, keep him in a dusty fac-

tory or an unwholesome school-room or a crowded tenement up under the hot roof; keep him away from the sunshine, take away from him music and laughter and happy faces; cram his little brains with so-called knowledge, all the more deceptive and dangerous because made so apparently adaptable to his young mind, let him have associates in his hours out of school, and at the age of ten you have fixed in him the opposite traits. He is on his way to the gallows. You have perhaps seen a prairie fire sweep through the tall grass across a plain. Nothing can stand before it, it must burn itself out. That is what happens when you let the weeds grow up in a child's life, and then set fire to them by wrong environment.

THE ABNORMAL

BUT, some one asks, What will you do with those who are abnormal? First, I must repeat that the end will not be reached at a bound. It will take years, centuries, perhaps, to erect on this great foundation we now have in America the structure which I believe is to be built. So we must begin to-day in our own commonwealth, in our own city or town, in our own family, with ourselves. Here appears a child plainly not normal, what shall we do with him? Shall we, as some have advocated, even from Spartan days, hold that the weaklings should be destroyed? No. In cultivating plant life, while we destroy much that is unfit, we are constantly on the lookout for what has been called the abnormal, that which springs apart in new lines. How many plants are there in the world to-day that were not in one sense once abnormalities? No, it is the influence of cultivation, of selection, of surroundings, of environment, that makes the change from the abnormal to the normal. From the children we are led to call abnormal may come, under wise cultivation and training, splendid normal natures. A great force is sometimes needed to change the aspect of minerals and metals. Powerful acids, great heat, electricity, mechanical force, or some such influence, must be brought to bear upon them. Less potent influences will work a complete change in plant-life. Mild heat, sunshine, the atmos-

phere, and greatly diluted chemicals, will all directly affect the growth of the plant and the production of fruits and flowers. And when we come to animal life, especially in man, we find that the force or influence necessary to affect a transformation is extremely slight. This is why environment plays such an important part in the development of man.

In child-rearing, environment is equally essential with heredity. Mind you, I do not say that heredity is of no consequence. It is the great factor, and often makes environment almost powerless. When certain hereditary tendencies are almost indelibly ingrained, environment will have a hard battle to effect a change in the child; but that a change can be wrought by the surroundings we all know. The particular subject may at first be stubborn against these influences, but repeated application of the same modifying forces in succeeding generations will at last accomplish the desired object.

No one shall say what great results for the good of the race may not be attained in the cultivation of abnormal children, transforming them into normal ones.

THE PHYSICALLY WEAK

So also of the physically weak. I have a plant in which I see wonderful possibilities, but it is weak. Simply because it is weak do I become discouraged and say it can never be made strong, that it would better be destroyed? Not at all; it may possess other qualities of superlative value. Even if it never becomes as robust as its fellows, it may have a tremendous influence. Because a child is a weakling, should it be put out of the way? Such a principle is monstrous. Look over the long line of the great men of the world, those who have changed history and made history, those who have helped the race upward,—poets, painters, statesmen, scientists, leaders of thought in every department,—and you will find that many of them have been physically weak. No, the theory of the ancients that the good of the state demanded the elimination of the physically weak was, perhaps, unwise. What we should do is to strengthen the weak, cultivate them as we cultivate plants, build them up, make

them the very best they are capable of becoming.

THE MENTALLY DEFECTIVE

BUT with those who are mentally defective—ah, here is the hardest question of all!—what shall be done with them? Apparently fatally deficient, can they ever be other than a burden? In the case of plants in which all tendencies are absolutely vicious there is only one course—they must be destroyed. In the case of human beings in whom the light of reason does not burn, those who, apparently, can never be other than a burden, shall they be eliminated from the race? Go to the mother of an imbecile child and get your answer. No; here the analogy must cease. I shall not say that in the ideal state general citizenship would not gain by the absence of such classes, but where is the man who would deal with such Spartan rigor with the race? Besides all this, in the light of the great progress now being made in medical and surgical skill, who shall say what now apparently impossible cures may not be effected?

But it is as clear as sunlight that here, as in the case of plants, constant cultivation and selection will do away with all this, so that in the grander race of the future these defectives will have become eliminated. For these helpless unfortunates, as with those who are merely unfortunate from environment, I should enlist the best and broadest state aid.

MARRIAGE OF THE PHYSICALLY UNFIT

BUT right here let me lay emphasis upon a related point. It would, if possible, be best absolutely to prohibit in every State in the Union the marriage of the physically unfit. If we take a plant which we recognize as poisonous and cross it with another which is not poisonous and thus make the wholesome plant evil, so that it menaces all who come in contact with it, this is criminal enough. But suppose we blend together two poisonous plants and make a third even more virulent, a vegetable degenerate, and set their evil descendants adrift to multiply over the earth, are we not distinct foes to the race? What, then, shall we say of two people of absolutely

defined physical impairment who are allowed to marry and rear children? It is a crime against the state and every individual in the state. And if these physically degenerate are also morally degenerate, the crime becomes all the more appalling.

COUSINS

WHILE it seems clear now in the light of recent studies that the children of first cousins who have been reared under different environmental influences and who have remained separated from birth until married are not likely to be impaired mentally or physically, though the second generation will be more than likely to show retrogression, yet first cousin marriages when they have been reared under similar environment should, no doubt, be prohibited. The history of some of the royal families of Europe, where intermarrying, with its fatal results, has so long prevailed, should be sufficient.

TEN GENERATIONS

BUT let us take a still closer view of the subject. Suppose it were possible to select say, a dozen normal families, the result of some one of the many blendings of these native and foreign stocks, and let them live by themselves, so far as the application of the principles I have been speaking of are concerned, though not by any means removed from the general influences of the state. Let them have, if you will, ideal conditions for working out these principles, and let them be solemnly bound to the development of these principles—what can be done?

In plant cultivation, under normal conditions, from six to ten generations are generally sufficient to fix the descendants of the parent plants in their new ways. Sufficient time in all cases must elapse so that the descendants will not revert to some former condition of inefficiency. When once stability is secured, usually, as indicated, in from six to ten generations, the plant may then be counted upon to go forward in its new life as though the old lives of its ancestors had never been. This, among plants, will be by the end of from five to ten generations, varying according to the plant's character

—its pliability or stubbornness. I do not say that lack of care and nourishment thereafter will not have a demoralizing influence, for no power can prevent a plant from becoming again part wild if left to itself through many generations, but even here it will probably become wild along the lines of its new life, not by any means necessarily along ancestral lines.

If, then, we could have these twelve families under ideal conditions where these principles could be carried out unswervingly, we could accomplish more for the race in ten generations than can now be accomplished in a hundred thousand years. Ten generations of human life should be ample to fix any desired attribute. This is absolutely clear. There is neither theory nor speculation. Given the fact that the most sensitive material in all the world upon which to work is the nature of a little child, given ideal conditions under which to work upon this nature, and the end desired will as certainly come as it comes in the cultivation of the plant. There will be this difference, however, that it will be immeasurably easier to produce and fix any desired traits in the child than in the plant, though, of course, a plant may be said to be a harp with a few strings as compared with a child.

THE PERSONAL ELEMENT

BUT some one says, You fail to take into account the personal element, the sovereign will of the human being, its power of determining for itself.

By no means; I give full weight to this. But the most stubborn and wilful nature in the world is not that of a child. I have dealt with millions of plants, have worked with them for many years, have studied them with the deepest interest from all sides of their lives. The most stubborn living thing in this world, the most difficult to swerve, is a plant once fixed in certain habits—habits which have been intensified and have been growing stronger and stronger upon it by repetition through thousands and thousands of years. Remember that this plant has preserved its individuality all through the ages; perhaps it is one which can be traced backward through

cons of time in the very rocks themselves, never having varied to any great extent in all these vast periods. Do you suppose, after all these ages of repetition, the plant does not become possessed of a will, if you so choose to call it, of unparalleled tenacity? Indeed, there are plants, like certain of the palms, so persistent that no human power has yet been able to change them. The human will is a weak thing beside the will of a plant. But see how this whole plant's lifelong stubbornness is broken simply by blending a new life with it, making, by crossing, a complete and powerful change in its life. Then when the break comes, fix it by these generations of patient supervision and selection, and the new plant sets out upon its new way never again to return to the old, its tenacious will broken and changed at last.

When it comes to so sensitive and pliable a thing as the nature of a child, the problem becomes vastly easier.

HEREDITY—PREDESTINATION—TRAINING

THERE is no such thing in the world, there never has been such a thing, as a predestined child—predestined for heaven or hell. Men have taught such things in the past, there may be now those who account for certain manifestations on this belief, just as there may be those who in the presence of some hopelessly vicious man hold to the view, whether they express it or not, of total depravity. But even total depravity never existed in a human being, never can exist in one any more than it can exist in a plant. Heredity means much, but what is heredity? Not some hideous ancestral specter forever crossing the path of a human being. Heredity is simply the sum of all the effects of all the environments of all past generations on the responsive, ever-moving life forces. There is no doubt that if a child with a vicious temper be placed in an environment of peace and quiet the temper will change. Put a boy born of gentle white parents among Indians and he will grow up like an Indian. Let the child born of criminal parents have a setting of morality, integrity, and love, and the chances are that he will not grow into a criminal, but into an upright man. I do

not say, of course, that heredity will not sometimes assert itself. When the criminal instinct crops out in a person, it might appear as if environment were leveled to the ground; but in succeeding generations the effect of constant higher environment will not fail to become fixed.

Apply to the descendants of these twelve families throughout three hundred years the principles I have set forth, and the reformation and regeneration of the world, their particular world, will have been effected. Apply these principles now, to-day, not waiting for the end of these three hundred years, not waiting, indeed, for any millennium to come, but *make* the millennium, and see what splendid results will follow. Not the ample results of the larger period, to be sure, for with the human life, as with the plant life, it requires these several generations to fix new characteristics or to intensify old ones. But narrow it still more, apply these principles to a single family,—indeed, still closer, to a single child, your child it may be,—and see what the results will be.

But remember that just as there must be in plant cultivation great patience, unswerving devotion to the truth, the highest motive, absolute honesty, unchanging love, so must it be in the cultivation of a child. If it be worth while to spend ten years upon the ennoblement of a plant, be it fruit, tree, or flower, is it not worth while to spend ten years upon a child in this precious formative period, fitting it for the place it is to occupy in the world? Is not a child's life vastly more precious than the life of a plant? Under the old order of things plants kept on in their course largely uninfluenced in any new direction. The plant-breeder changes their lives to make them better than they ever were before. Here in America, in the midst of this vast crossing of species, we have an unparalleled opportunity to work upon these sensitive human natures. We may surround them with right influences. We may steady them in right ways of living. We may bring to bear upon them, just as we do upon plants, the influence of light and air, of sunshine and abundant, well-balanced food. We may give them music and laughter. We may teach them as we teach the plants to be sturdy and self-reliant. We may be

honest with them, as we are obliged to be honest with plants. We may break up this cruel educational articulation which connects the child in the kindergarten with the graduate of the university while there goes on from year to year an uninterrupted system of cramming, an uninterrupted mental strain upon the child, until the integrity of its nervous system may be destroyed and its life impaired.

I may only refer to that mysterious prenatal period, and say that even here we should begin our work, throwing around the mothers of the race every possible loving, helpful, and ennobling influence; for in the doubly sacred time before the birth of a child lies, far more than we can possibly know, the hope of the future of this ideal race which is coming upon this earth if we and our descendants will it so to be.

Man has by no means reached the ultimate. The fittest has not yet arrived. In the process of elimination the weaker must fail, but the battle has changed its base from brute force to mental integrity. We now have what are popularly known as five senses, but there are men of strong minds whose reasoning has rarely been at fault and who are coldly scientific in their methods, who attest to the possibility of yet developing a sixth sense. Who is he who can say man will not develop

new senses as evolution advances? Psychology is now studied in most of the higher institutions of learning throughout the country, and that study will lead to a greater knowledge of these subjects. The man of the future ages will prove a somewhat different order of being from that of the present. He may look upon us as we to-day look upon our ancestors.

Statistics show many things to make us pause, but, after all, the only right and proper point of view is that of the optimist. The time will come when insanity will be reduced, suicides and murders will be greatly diminished, and man will become a being of fewer mental troubles and bodily ills. Whenever you have a nation in which there is no variation, there is comparatively little insanity or crime, or exalted morality or genius. Here in America, where the variation is greatest, statistics show a greater percentage of all these variations.

As time goes on in its endless and ceaseless course, environment must crystallize the American nation; its varying elements will become unified, and the weeding-out process will, by the means indicated in this paper, by selection and environmental influences, leave the finest human product ever known. The transcendent qualities which are placed in plants will have their analogies in the noble composite, the American of the future.



THE SERVICE-TREE

(TO JOSEPHINE SHAW LOWELL)

BY JOHN FINLEY

THERE 's an old Icelandic rune,
Chanted to a mournful tune,
Of the service-tree, that grows
O'er the sepulchers of those
Who for others' sins have died,—
Others' hatred, greed, or pride,—
Living monuments that stand,
Planted of no human hand.

So*from her fresh-flowered grave—
Hers who all her being gave
Other lives to beautify,
Other ways to purify—
There shall spring a spirit-tree,
In her loving memory,
Till its top shall reach the skies,
Telling of her sacrifice.

LINCOLN THE LAWYER

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "The Case and Exceptions," "The Accomplice," etc.

XXIII

LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS IN LEGAL
COMBAT

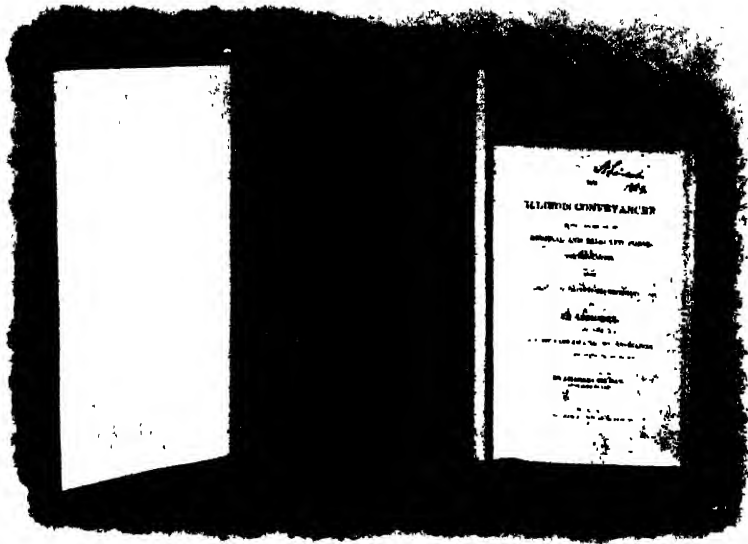


LINCOLN had been practising on the Eighth Circuit for five years when the bill to repeal the Missouri Compromise was introduced in Congress (1854) and during that time he had devoted himself exclusively to the duties of his profession. It is not possible to obtain an accurate record of the number of cases he tried during those five years, for his name was not always entered on the dockets when he acted as counsel for other lawyers, but we know that he argued at least forty appeals in the Supreme Court within that period, and the records of the various county seats and the testimony of his contemporaries go far to demonstrate that no other lawyer on the circuit, and probably none in the State, had anything like the number and variety of cases which he conducted between 1849 and 1854. It was the last-named year that the bill was introduced authorizing Congress to organize Kansas and Nebraska as Territories, and to this bill an amendment was added repealing the Missouri Compromise Act, by which slavery was prohibited in the proposed new Territories. Lincoln was attending court on the circuit when this news reached him, and Judge Dickey, one of his fellow-practitioners, who was sharing his room in the local tavern at the time, reports that Lincoln sat on the edge of his bed and discussed the political situation far into the night. At last Dickey fell asleep, but when he awoke in the morning, Lincoln was sitting up

in bed, deeply absorbed in thought. "I tell you, Dickey," he observed, as though continuing the argument of the previous evening, "this nation cannot exist half-slave and half-free."

This is probably the first time Lincoln ever used the phrase which was destined to become so famous in later years, and shortly afterward he made his first direct answer to one of Douglas's speeches supporting the Missouri Compromise repeal, and the great duel of debate began. To say that the general public was surprised by the force and effectiveness of Lincoln's attack is to put the matter very mildly. It was fairly astonished, and the most amazed man in the community was probably Judge Douglas himself. He had been in the United States Senate seven years, and Lincoln, hard at work with court duties, had virtually disappeared from his view. He had known him as a local practitioner and effective stump-speaker and country attorney, but he was not prepared for the logical, lawyer-like arrangement to which he found himself subjected, and after two more encounters with this new antagonist, he called a truce, proposing that neither he nor Lincoln should make any more speeches during the rest of the fall campaign. To this Lincoln assented, returning to his law practice; and thus ended the first skirmish of what was destined to be the most notable debate of history.

Lincoln kept steadily at his court work until the fall of that year, when he decided that to do effective service in the campaign against the extension of slavery he would have to reenter politics, and, being nominated for the Illinois Assembly, he made the necessary canvass, and was elected by a great majority in No-

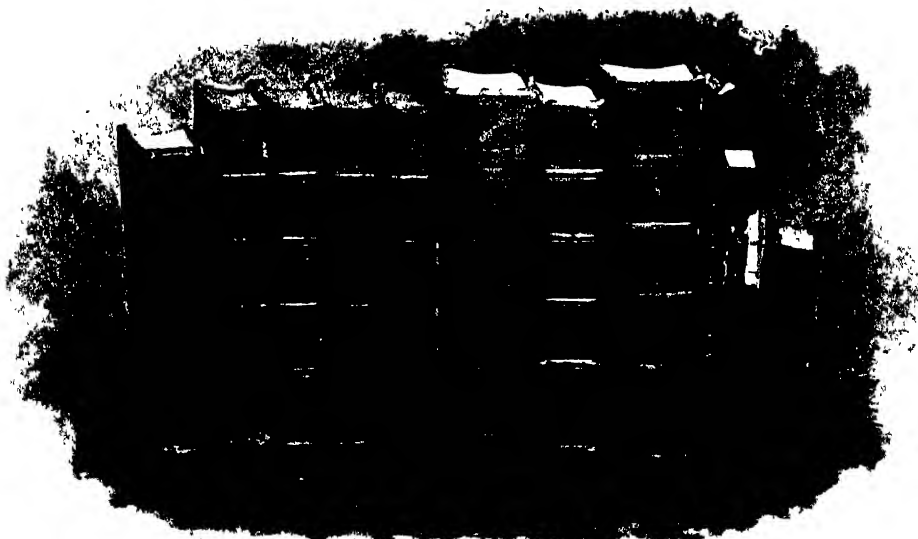


TITLE PAGES OF TWO OF THE BOOKS SHOWN BELOW

These books are all in their original bindings except Sumner's speech on "The Republican Party"

vember, 1854. He had no sooner taken office, however, than he resigned to become a candidate for the United States senatorship; but his selection was frustrated by a combination among the local politicians, and Lyman Trumbull, another member of the bar, obtained a majority of the votes.

This was in February, 1855, and Lincoln immediately resumed his duties on the circuit. During this and the following year he argued and won the McLean County case for the Illinois Central, prepared and appeared in the McCormick reaper action, argued no less than thirteen appeals in the court of last resort,



From Major William H. Lambert's collection

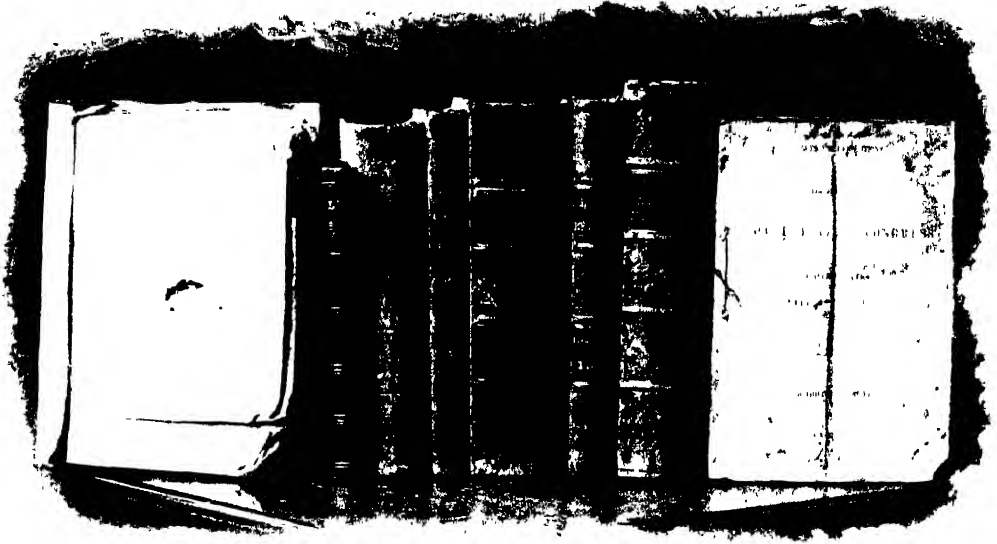
BOOKS FROM ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S LIBRARY

These books, from left to right, are "Religious Truth Illustrated from Science"—Hitchcock; "Gibbon's Rome," 4 vols; "Dictionary of Congress"—Lanman. "Paley's Works"; "Angell on Limitations"; "The Republican Party"—Sumner, 1860, "The Illinois Conveyancer," and "A Dictionary of Primary Schools"

and otherwise spent the most active year and a half in his entire professional career. Under this daily training in the courts his immense latent powers steadily developed, his mind expanded and his confidence increased, and it was undoubtedly the leader of the Illinois bar who addressed the convention at Bloomington on May 29, 1856. The speech

name somewhere in Massachusetts. It's probably him."

Important events followed in quick succession, but Lincoln stuck steadily to his court duties. Frémont and Dayton were nominated by the Republicans against Buchanan and Breckinridge; but except for making a number of speeches for Frémont in the fall, Lincoln's pro-



From O. H. Oldroyd's collection, exhibited in the house in which Lincoln died

BOOKS FROM ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S LAW LIBRARY

"These books, from left to right, are "Journal of the House of Representatives of the Tenth General Assembly of Illinois," "Life of Black Hawk," "Illinois Convention Journal," "Laws of Illinois, 1841," "Revised Statutes, Illinois, 1845," "Law Register, Livingston, 1852," "Dean's Medical Jurisprudence," and "Acts and Resolutions passed at the Thirtieth Congress of the United States, 1848"

which he delivered on that occasion was lost to the world because he held the audience so spellbound that even the reporters forgot their duties and neglected to take notes; but those who heard it spread the tidings that a new champion had entered the political arena equipped to do battle with all comers. But Lincoln did not feel himself fully prepared, and when the first Republican convention was held at Philadelphia, a few weeks later, the news that he had received one hundred and ten votes for Vice-President reached him while he was engaged in trial work at Urbana. "It can't be me they are voting for," was his smiling comment; "there's another great man of the same

professional life went on uninterruptedly. Then Buchanan was elected, and shortly after his inauguration the Supreme Court announced its decision in the Dred Scott case, which, instead of stamping out the smoldering fires of anti-slavery agitation, as was expected, added fuel to the flames which burst out in every part of the country.

Meanwhile Lincoln continued active in the courts, gaining greater reputation with every term, and rapidly rounding into shape. From 1856 to 1858 his name appears fifteen times in the Illinois State appellate reports, and within the same period he tried the celebrated Wyant murder case in Bloomington. His leadership of the bar was every-

where acknowledged, and he was in the midst of the most active professional duties when he was nominated by the Illinois Republicans to succeed Douglas, whose term in the Senate was just expiring. As on other occasions when he stood confronted by opportunity, the man responded to the power within him, and he accepted the great task which lay before him with calmness and quiet confidence. His opponent had the prestige of eleven years' senatorial experience, he was recognized as one of the best debaters in the upper house, and acknowledged as a national leader of marvelous personal charm—the ideal of his home constituents, and the probable Presidential candidate of the national Democracy. Lincoln did not underestimate his abilities; but he had taken his measure in their previous tilt, and he did not hesitate to challenge him to debate the issues of the campaign. Mr. Lincoln is a very amiable gentleman," was Douglas's first reply; but later he yielded to the pressure of his friends, and accepted the challenge.

From the moment of collision it was evident that a great struggle was imminent, and, despite the applause and flattery of his supporters, Douglas must have known in his heart of hearts that he had at last met his match.

Brilliant and resourceful as he was in popular appeal, his dexterity with the weapons of debate was more than offset by Lincoln's better knowledge of law and his greater familiarity with legal argument, and the contest hinged largely upon the effect of the Dred Scott case as decided by the Supreme Court.

Dred Scott, it will be remembered, was a negro whose Missouri master, after a short residence in Illinois, had moved into what was then Wisconsin Territory (now Minnesota) with the slave, and, after living there for a time, had returned to Missouri and sold him.

Scott thereupon sued in a Missouri court to establish his freedom, claiming that his residence in the free State of Illinois and the free Territory of Wisconsin had emancipated him. The first local court sustained his contention, but the decision was reversed on appeal. He was then sold to a man in New York, and began another suit in the federal

courts of St. Louis, which promptly ruled against him.

The case was then appealed to the United States Supreme Court at Washington, where the plaintiff was represented by Montgomery Blair and George Ticknor Curtis, and the defendant by Reverdy Johnson, whom Lincoln had hoped to meet in the McCormick case; and after two elaborate hearings Scott was declared a slave by a divided vote of the judges, two of whom wrote dissenting opinions. This decision of the highest tribunal in the country was expected to settle the slavery issue, for it decreed protection to slave-owners in the enjoyment of their property wherever situated as a constitutional right.

Lincoln, however, promptly challenged the authority of any court to dispose of a great national issue such as the slavery question, and early in the debate with Douglas he forced the discussion of this subject to the fore.

"In the field of argumentative statement, Mr. Webster at the time of his death had no rival in America," says Mr. Boutwell, "but he has left nothing more exact, explicit, and convincing than this extract from Lincoln's first speech in the great debate: 'If any man choose to enslave another, no third man shall be allowed to object,' which embodies the substance of the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Dred Scott case."

Douglas instantly responded by declaring that those who resisted the finding of the court were traitors fomenting revolution, and intimated that his adversary's duty as a lawyer was to uphold the law and discountenance resistance to its decrees. But Lincoln's reply was so calm, fair, dignified, and professionally correct that it not only put his accuser completely in the wrong, but placed his opposition on a high and perfectly legal plane.

"We believe as much as Judge Douglas (perhaps more) in obedience to and respect for the judicial department of government," he asserted. "But we think the Dred Scott decision is erroneous. We know the court that made it has often overruled its own decisions, and we shall do what we can to have it overrule this. We offer no resistance to it. If this im-

important decision had been made by the unanimous concurrence of the judges, and without any apparent partisan bias, and in accordance with legal public expectation and the steady practice of the departments throughout our history, and had been in no part based on assumed historical facts which are not really true; or if, wanting in some of these, it had been before the court more than once, and had there been affirmed and reaffirmed through a course of years, it then might be, perhaps would be, factious, nay, even revolutionary, not to acquiesce in it as a precedent. But when, as is true, we find it wanting in all these claims to the public confidence, it is not resistance, it is not factious, it is not even disrespectful, to treat it as not having yet quite established a settled doctrine for the country."

If Douglas had been permitted to choose his weapons he would doubtless have avoided all legal controversy with his trained opponent; but the situation would not admit of silence, and he was forced to discuss the meaning and effect of the Supreme Court's decision with a master of logic well versed in the maxims and principles of constitutional law. The effect of this was speedily apparent. At the outset of the campaign his victory over Lincoln had seemed an absolute certainty, but, as time wore on, the result began to be questioned, and each meeting with his rival left the outcome in greater doubt. Finally he decided to carry the war into the enemy's country and in an evil moment he propounded a series of questions intended to confuse and embarrass his adversary. Had he remembered Lincoln's searching interpellation of the Polk administration on the occasion of the "spot resolutions," he might have hesitated in his attempt to bait the ablest cross-examiner in the State; but apparently he did not perceive the opening which he gave to his opponent.

"I will answer these interrogatories," announced Lincoln, when he received the seven questions intended to entrap him, upon condition that he [Judge Douglas] will answer questions from me not exceeding the same number. I give him an opportunity to respond."

No reply came from his adversary, and the vast audience at Freeport waited the outcome with a breathless interest which the keen jury lawyer instantly interpreted.

"The judge remains silent," continued Lincoln, impressively. "I now say I will answer his interrogatories whether he answers mine or not; but after I have done so, I shall propound mine to him."

There was another breathless pause, and then the speaker began reading Douglas's questions. No lawyer who examines them can fail to see that they were so loosely worded as to admit of a negative answer in every instance, rendering them utterly ineffective, and Lincoln disposed of them in this manner. But having shown that he could in this way technically defeat his opponent's object, he instantly waived the form of the questions and replied to them one after the other as fairly and frankly as any one could desire; and, this being done, he propounded four counter-questions which proved to be the most fatal "cross-examination" or counter-questioning in history.

All the inquiries were adroit, but it was the second which displayed Lincoln as a master of interrogation.

"Can the people of a United States Territory," he asked, "in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a State constitution?"

The answer to this question required Douglas to interpret the Dred Scott decision. If he replied in the negative, the people of Illinois would repudiate him, because they would not countenance the idea that the mischief had been done and that slavery had already been forced upon the Territories. If, on the other hand, he answered that the Territories were still free to choose or reject slavery, he would have to explain away the Dred Scott decision, which guaranteed protection to slave property in the Territories as a constitutional right; and this would displease the Southern Democracy which was then listening to his every word to determine whether he was or was not a safe Presidential candidate.

The Republican politicians of Illinois were not so astute as Douglas; still they foresaw that he would give a plausible answer to the question which would sat-

isfy the local voters, and they begged Lincoln to withdraw the inquiry. But the far-sighted lawyer who framed it was deaf to their entreaties. "Then you will never be senator," was the angry warning of one of his advisers. "If Douglas answers," responded Lincoln, calmly, "he will never be President."

The fatal question was therefore left as Lincoln had phrased it, and at the first opportunity Douglas answered by stating that the Territories were still free agents. They could exclude slavery despite the Dred Scott decision, he explained, simply by adopting local police regulations so hostile to slavery that no slave-owner could enjoy his property within their boundaries.

As soon as he had uttered it, Douglas must have seen that his answer involved a gross blunder in law; but if he had any doubt on the matter, Lincoln speedily dispelled it. How could the *constitutional* right of peaceful enjoyment of slave property guaranteed in the Dred Scott case be canceled by police or any other hostile legislation? he demanded. Any such ordinance or law would be contrary to the constitution and absolutely void. Either Judge Douglas's answer or the doctrine of the Supreme Court was bad law, for the one was inconsistent with the other.

But, illogical as it was, this fallacy caught the popular fancy, and Douglas, seeing that it satisfied his constituents, held to it and was elected to the Senate. Nevertheless, as Lincoln anticipated, his blunder in law cost him the Presidency, and not long afterward Judah Benjamin, one of the most ardent and able representatives of the South, arraigned him as a renegade and traitor.

"We accuse him for this," he thundered: "that having bargained with us upon a point upon which we were at issue, that it should be considered a judicial point; that he would abide the decision; that he would act under the decision, and consider it a doctrine of the party; that having said that to us here in the Senate, he went home, and, under the stress of a local election, his knees gave way; his whole person trembled. His adversary stood upon principle and was beaten; and lo, he is the candidate of a mighty party for the Presidency of the United States. The senator from Illi-

nois faltered. He got the prize for which he faltered; but the grand prize of his ambition to-day slips from his grasp because of his faltering in his former contest, and his success in the canvass for the Senate, purchased for an ignoble price, has cost him the loss of the Presidency of the United States!"

Thus two years after Lincoln's question was put and answered Douglas was repudiated by his Southern friends, the Democratic party was split, three candidates instead of one were nominated against the Republicans, and the lawyer whose skill had preripitated this result was triumphantly elected at the polls.

XXIV

LINCOLN THE LAWYER-CANDIDATE.

LINCOLN had very little time for the practice of the law during his campaign against Senator Douglas, but he did not, as is generally supposed, wholly abandon his professional duties. In the midst of the debates he tried the Armstrong murder case, his most celebrated cause, and the moment the election was decided he resumed his attendance on the circuit. It was while he was engaged in this work that his friend Jesse Fell, an Illinois politician, met him in the streets of Bloomington, and, drawing him into a deserted law office, seriously suggested that he become a candidate for the Presidential nomination. Mr. Fell had been traveling in the East during the great debates, and had been impressed by the repeated inquiries addressed to him concerning the personal history of the man who was making such a sturdy fight against the famous Illinois senator, and he had reached the conclusion that Lincoln was a Presidential possibility. No other lawyer in the country had dissected the Dred Scott decision as he had dissected it, either from a legal or from a popular standpoint, and of the thousands who were discussing the slavery question he was the only one whose argument sounded fresh and convincing.

But Lincoln was not then prepared to take Fell's suggestion seriously, and he declined for the time being to furnish the sketch of his life which his friend requested, and it was not until some months later that he was persuaded to re-

consider the matter. On February 27, 1860, he delivered the remarkable address at Cooper Union, New York, which was instantly recognized as the ablest discussion of the slavery issues ever undertaken by a public speaker, and his national reputation dates from that day. The speech which he delivered on that occasion was neither oratorical nor partisan. It was a calm, dispassionate, lawyer-like argument, keyed to the high intelligence of the audience to which it was addressed, and it exhibited Lincoln as a master of all the historical and legal data involved in the subject. No one but a fully equipped lawyer experienced in the handling of facts, and one trained to make their legal bearing clear to the layman by logical analysis, could possibly have held his critical hearers as Lincoln held them, and his triumph was the direct result of three and twenty years of service in the courts.

After the Cooper Union address, Lincoln made a short speech-making tour in New England; but except for this work and two speeches in Ohio toward the close of the year, he was engaged as usual in his law practice, and 1859 was perhaps the busiest of his professional years. It was within those twelve months that he tried and won the famous Harrison murder case, and during the sessions of the Supreme Court he appeared in no less than ten appeals. For the first half of the succeeding year he was apparently equally mindful of his law business, and shortly before the Chicago convention at which he was nominated he argued one of his best-known cases, popularly termed the "sand-bar" case, in the United States Circuit Court. This, however, was the last case he tried. It was entitled *Johnson v. Jones*, and involved the title to certain accretions on the shore of Lake Michigan of vast importance to the Illinois Central Railroad. The presiding justice was Judge Drummond, and Lincoln was opposed by Buckner S. Morris, Isaac N. Arnold, and John A. Wills, all distinguished lawyers in their day.

Two months after this case was argued the Eighth Circuit was well and ably represented at Chicago by Judge Davis, Leonard Swett, Judge Logan, General Palmer, Richard Oglesby, Mr. Herndon,

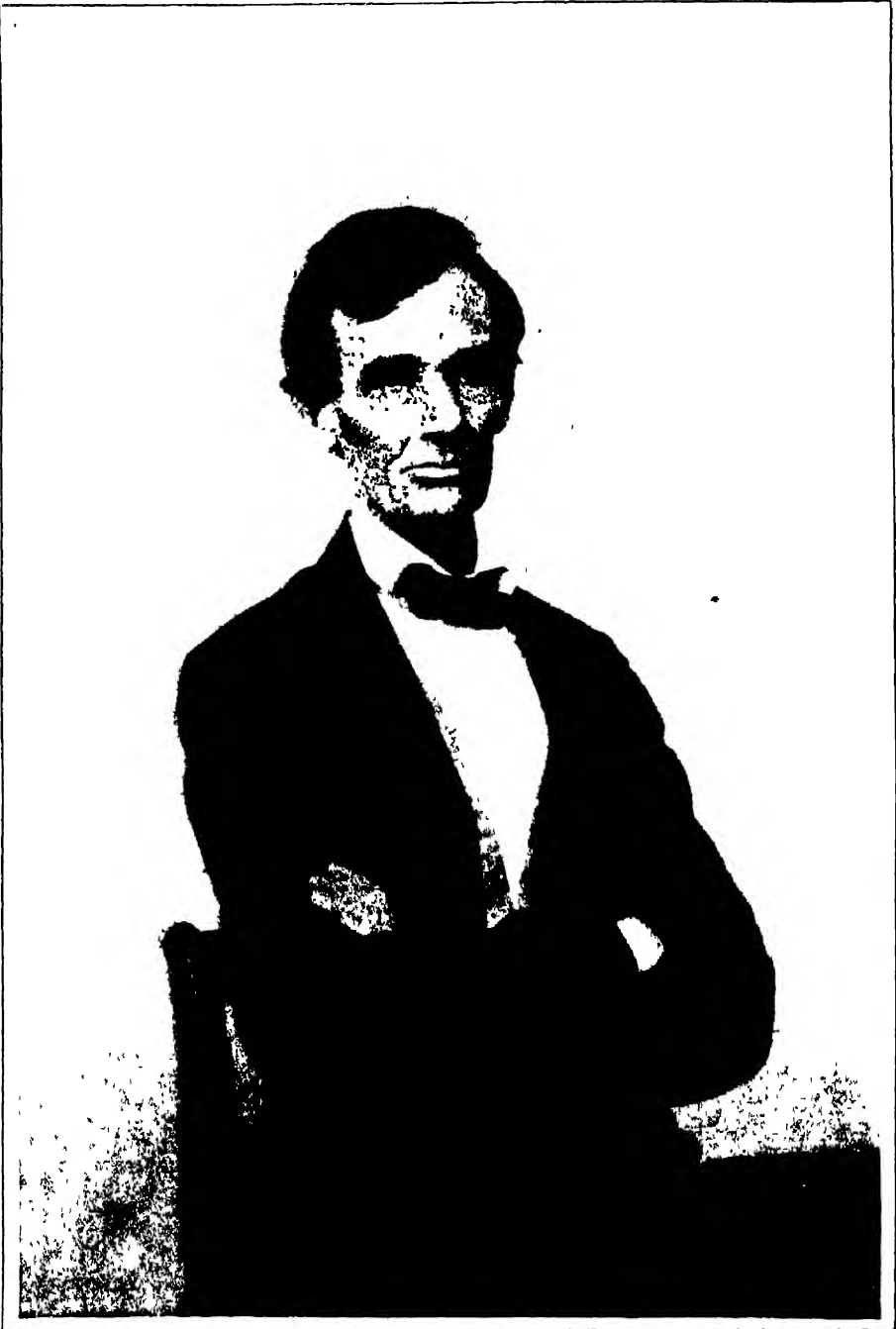
Judge Weldon, and others. These men had gone to the convention determined to procure Lincoln's nomination, and they were well qualified for the work at hand.

"The lawyers of our circuit," wrote Leonard Swett, "went there determined to leave no stone unturned; and really they and some of our State officers and a half-dozen men from various portions of the State were the only tireless, sleepless, unwavering, and ever-vigilant friends he had."

Circumstances aided this little group of lawyers, but they were alive to every opportunity, and, as ex-Vice-President Stevenson pointed out to the writer, it was Lincoln's acquaintance with certain of the Indiana delegates whom he had met while traveling the circuit counties bordering on that State, which proved the opening wedge. Pennsylvania was the next point of attack, but when Lincoln heard talk of a bargain being made with Simon Cameron's followers, he sent positive instructions that no promises should be made in his name and that he would be bound by none. His zealous friends did, however, enter into an agreement with the Pennsylvanians which was destined to cause their principal much embarrassment at a later date, when he found himself virtually committed to appoint Simon Cameron to a cabinet position.

When the moment for nominations arrived, it was N. B. Judd, one of the attorneys for the Rock Island Railroad, and Lincoln's constant legal associate, who placed his name before the convention, and when Caleb Smith, another lawyer, seconded it on behalf of Indiana such a roar of approval burst from the Illinois delegation as was never before heard in any convention hall. "Lincoln has it by sound now; let us ballot!" shouted Judge Logan as soon as he could make himself heard, and on the third ballot the leader of the Illinois bar and the idol of the Eighth Circuit was declared the choice of the convention.

It would perhaps be too much to claim that Lincoln's strategic caution and masterly silence during the eventful months which followed were entirely due to his professional habit, but it cannot be doubted that almost every legal experience demonstrates the wisdom of keeping



Ambratype owned by Major William H. Lambert. Halftone plate engraved by H. Davidson.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1860

one's own counsel, and the fate of the talkative witness who volunteers testimony after his examination is finished was probably not lost upon the Presidential candidate. He had given his testimony in full, his record was open to all who would read it, and despite deep provocation and the urging of many friendly advisers, he took no part in the fierce campaign which resulted in his election.

Even after the contest was over and he was implored to say something to reassure the seceding South, he resisted the temptation to interfere with his predecessor's administration, knowing full well that his advice would be disregarded and that it was hopeless to try to save the situation with words alone. It reminded him, he said, of one of his experiences on the circuit when he saw a lawyer making frantic signals to head off an associate who was making blundering admissions to the jury, and who continued utterly oblivious to the efforts which were being made to check his ruinous work. "Now, that's the way with Buchanan and me," was his only comment. "He's giving the case away and I can't stop him."

As the hour for action drew near and Lincoln was on the eve of departure for Washington, he visited his law office to attend to some business matters.

"After all these things were disposed of," relates Mr. Herndon, "he crossed to the opposite side of the room and threw himself down on the old office sofa, which after many years of service had been moved against the wall for support. He lay there for some moments, his face toward the ceiling, without either of us speaking. . . . He then recalled some incidents of his early practice and took great pleasure in delineating the ludicrous features of many a lawsuit on the circuit. . . . Then he gathered up a bundle of books and papers he wished to take with him, and started to go, but before leaving he made the strange request that the sign-board which swung on its rusty hinges at the foot of the stairway should remain. 'Let it hang there undisturbed,' he said, with a significant lowering of his voice. 'Give our clients to understand that the election of a President makes no difference in the firm. . . . If I live I'm coming back

some time, and then we'll go right on practicing law as if nothing had ever happened.' . . . He lingered for a moment as if to take a last look at the old quarters, and then passed into the narrow hallway."

Mr. Herndon does not state whether or not the sign remained as his partner requested, but it is certain that to-day there is no mark or identification of any kind honoring any of the office sites in the city of Springfield, where Lincoln the lawyer practiced during almost a quarter of a century.

XXV

PRESIDENT LINCOLN THE LAWYER.

THE condition of the government when Lincoln reached Washington may fairly be described as chaotic. Bewildered and intimidated by threats of secession, most of the political leaders in the North had lost their heads, and their babel of incoherencies simply aggravated the hopeless confusion. During the first weeks of December, 1860, at least forty bills, each promising national salvation, were introduced into the House and Senate, and more futile propositions were probably never submitted to a legislative body. Every form of weak-kneed compromise from sentimental sop to abject surrender had its nervous advocate, and between Andrew Johnson's puerile scheme of giving the Presidency to the South and the Vice-Presidency to the North, and vice versa, every alternate four years, and Daniel Sickles's wild-eyed pother about New York city's separation from the Union, every phase of political dementia was painfully exhibited.

It was not only the mental weaklings who collapsed under the strain. There were men of force and character among the panic-stricken—men who bulked big in the national councils and whose reputation as lawyers and jurists stood firmly established. But in all the discussions concerning the legality of secession there was no note of authority in the utterances of the Union advocates, and the stout assertions of the secessionists for the most part passed unchallenged. Indeed, President Buchanan, who had achieved considerable distinction as a lawyer before his

elevation to office, employed his legal talents to such poor advantage that he virtually argued against his own client, noting prohibitions, negations, and general impotency in every line of the Constitution, but not seeing one word of help in it for the government he represented. As Seward remarked, his long and argumentative message to Congress in December, 1860, conclusively proved, first, that no State had the right to secede unless it wanted to, and, second, that it was the President's duty to enforce the law unless somebody opposed him. But Buchanan had the benefit of Stanton's distinguished, if ineffective, advice in the preparation of that very message, and Seward himself, able lawyer though he was, completely lost his head a few months later, his particular mania taking the suicidal form of averting the civil perils by instigating a foreign war. Other distinguished members of the bar, like Reverdy Johnson, feeling the ground of precedent slipping beneath their feet, stumbled forward shouting vague warnings against illegal steps of any kind, and Horace Greeley, almost beside himself with grief and fear, quavered out empty suggestions for conciliation which only increased the public perplexity.

It was in the midst of all this deplorable helplessness and distraction that Lincoln assumed his duties as head of the crumbling government, and of all the earnest supporters of the Union he alone displayed any calmness or presence of mind, and his inaugural address contained almost the first decisive utterance on the legal aspect of the situation. He was without any national reputation or standing as a lawyer, but his opening words were plainly indicative of his professional attainments.

No state could, of its own motion, lawfully withdraw from the Union, he declared with firmness. It was not necessary that the Constitution should contain any express provision forbidding such action. Perpetuity was implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. No government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. But if the United States was not a government proper, but a mere association in the nature of a contract, then the law of con-

tracts applied. One party to a legal contract might *violate* it, *break* it, so to speak; but mutual consent of all the parties was necessary before it could be lawfully *rescinded*.

Such was his simple, sane, lawyer-like statement of the law—so simple, indeed, that it sounded inadequate to the exigencies of the moment; but nothing in all the learned volumes which have since been written on the legal aspects of secession has ever contradicted or disproved it.

Again with quieting firmness he handled the Dred Scott case, the Fugitive Slave Law, and the other legal questions in dispute, divesting them of all technicalities and disregarding their complicated refinements until he reached the real issues and showed that all the points in controversy could be adjusted by well-recognized principles of law. In a word, he placed the secessionists on the defensive, appealed to the deep law-abiding sentiment of the American people, and afforded the supporters of the Union a firm, legal foothold. He knew the moral effect of a legal authority which the people could understand, and the importance of his clear, prompt announcement can scarcely be overestimated.

But it was when he touched upon the frenzied proposals for compromise that his professional knowledge showed to best advantage. He had been repeatedly advised, after his nomination, to assure the South that he would do nothing to invalidate slavery, and when he refused to make any premature announcement of his policy, some of the knee-shaking compromisers introduced and passed an amendment in Congress to the effect that the Federal Government should never interfere with any domestic institutions of the States, including that of persons held in slavery. Those who fathered this amendment firmly believed it would reconcile the South, and considered it of vital importance, while it met with a storm of denunciation from those who regarded it as an absolute surrender of basic principles. But Lincoln instantly saw that such a provision was powerless for either good or evil, and amounted to nothing more than a reaffirmation of the Constitution. The Federal Government had no power under the Constitution to interfere with

any domestic institution of the States, and it was as puerile as it was superfluous to record the fact in a solemnly worded amendment. "Holding such a provision to now be implied constitutional law," Lincoln coolly remarked of the amendment, "I have no objection to its being made express and irrevocable."

This plain, calm and gravely humorous exposition of the legal aspects of the situation shows the hand of an experienced lawyer well grounded in the fundamental principles of law, and it effectually stilled the warring factions in the North by demonstrating the emptiness of their dispute.

Indeed, if argument could have averted the impending perils, Lincoln's initial utterance would have carried the day, for no one has ever bettered the findings of fact or over-ruled the conclusions of law of his first inaugural. It is a masterpiece of pleading which alone should entitle him to high rank in the profession.

A few months after Lincoln had given this signal proof of professional ability, circumstances arose which subjected his legal qualities to a test of almost unparalleled severity, and had he not responded, the history of this country might not read as it does to-day. Shortly after Sumter was fired upon, but before there had been any serious collision, England and France issued proclamations of neutrality, and this practical recognition of the Confederacy, which aroused public indignation throughout the North, provoked Seward almost beyond endurance. Throwing caution to the winds, the great New York lawyer penned a note of instructions to the American minister in London, couched in such sharp and peremptory language that its presentation to the British authorities must have instantly resulted in the severance of all diplomatic intercourse. But the man to whom the angry Secretary submitted his proposed despatch was a master of self-control, schooled by the discipline of the court-room until he was proof against all provocation, and he calmly redrafted the instrument, in the quiet of his study. In its original form it was a hot-headed rebuke. It left his hands a model of diplomatic remonstrance—dignified and firm, exhibiting the reserve of a wise counselor sure of his own cause, but

offering neither menace nor affront to the parties addressed. No layman could possibly have worded that all-important paper with equal skill, and it is not too much to say that Lincoln's professional caution and astuteness saved a situation fraught with direst national perils. Certainly his interlineations, suggestions, and emendations, as they appear on Seward's manuscript, of themselves afford a lesson in legal sagacity and foresight worthy the closest scrutiny of every student of the law.

The times demanded a lawyer, and a lawyer of ability. The average practitioner would have been appalled by the situation. Menacing legal obstacles were interposed to every act of the administration, new questions presented themselves for consideration at every turn, and a man with a smattering of legal knowledge might easily have been fretted to impotency by letting I-dare-not wait upon I-would; for precedents were wanting, and in the many imperious demands of the moment timidity or recklessness spelled equal ruin. There was no positive adjudicated authority for calling out the militia to suppress civil insurrection; there was no express provision supporting the proclamation of blockade; no precedent could be cited for the muster of three-year volunteers; and the power of the executive to increase the regular army and navy was seriously disputed, to say nothing of his right to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*. The conditions were all new, but the situation admitted of no delay. Counsel were not wanting, but the ablest of them differed among themselves, and every shade of opinion was represented in the discussion of these and kindred questions. The extremists, free of all responsibility, were urgent for prompt action, heroic measures, martial law, and every other means, legal or illegal, to effect their purposes; the opposition was untiring in its demands for the judicial interpretation of each letter of the law. Under such circumstances it naturally followed that every exhibition of caution on the part of the administration was denounced as cowardice and every decisive action was hailed as usurpation. True to his training begun in the days when Stuart left him to answer his own questions in the dingy Springfield office, Lincoln did his own

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the United States of America shall faithfully pay to the several States of Delaware, on the first day of January, of every hundred and twenty-seven, one hundred and twenty-seven dollars, in five equal annual payments, there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, at any time after the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, within the State of Delaware, except in the punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted: Provided, that said State shall, in good faith prevent, so far as possible, the carrying of any person out of said State, into another country, beyond the limits of said State, at any time after the passage of this act; and shall also provide for one fifth of the adult slaves becoming free at the middle of the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, one fourth of the remainder of said adults, at the middle of the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, one third of the remainder of said adults, at the middle of the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, and half the remainder of said adults, at the middle of the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five.

From Major William H. Lambert's collection

FIRST DRAFT, IN LINCOLN'S HANDWRITING, OF A BILL FOR THE EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES IN DELAWARE

This and the second draft on page 152 were written by Lincoln in November, 1861. The friends of the measure, in Delaware, rewrote one of these drafts, but as the bill was sure to be voted down it was never introduced in the State Legislature

beginning of the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, as hereinbefore indicated. And provision also that said State may make provision of apprenticeship, not to extend beyond the age of twenty-one years for males, nor eighteen for females, for all minors whose mothers were not free, at the respective birth of said minors.

thinking on the momentous problems which he encountered, and he solved them without any attempt to shift responsibility for the result. He listened to advice, but seldom asked it, and no member of his cabinet ever claimed to have exerted any paramount influence upon his actions.

But if the times demanded boldness, fearless decision, and firmness, they also necessitated Argus-eyed caution and shrewdness.

All the enemies of the Union were not in the Confederate armies, and thousands of sharp, cunning plotters in the North watched eagerly for a legal blunder of which they could take advantage, while they attempted to intimidate Lincoln to inaction by holding before him the direful consequences of a mistake. Indeed, when a bill was introduced into Congress, in 1861, to confirm some of his boldest decisions for which there was no positive legal precedent, it was bitterly opposed by the exponents of this badgering policy and was passed only after a stubborn contest.

But when at last he was clothed with powers such as few monarchs have ever exercised, when the fate of men and of the very nation itself often depended upon a stroke of his pen, the caution and vigilance born of his long experience at the bar characterized his every action. It would be interesting to hear the confessions of the hundreds who called at the White House with the purpose of obtaining his signature to incriminating documents, only to have their apparently innocent request granted in such manner that it defeated their sinister designs. Almost every line of Lincoln's writing, from the official document to the scribbles on

the little calling-cards with which he answered the thousand-and-one requests of the visitors who thronged his anteroom day after day, shows a master of prudence, acquainted with the dangers lurking in every piece of paper, and able to guard himself against surprise with apparent unconcern.

It was a time when great events often hung upon trifles, when the effective man was he who could tell whom to trust and whom to suspect, and at every crisis and all hours of the day there was a shrewd lawyer in the White House.

It was Lincoln the lawyer as well as the statesman who suggested and urged compensated emancipation upon the slaveholding States, and who, as counsel for that great cause, himself drew the draft of the bill designed for Delaware, which, had it been generally accepted, would have saved thousands of lives and millions of treasure.

It was Lincoln the lawyer who, against his personal inclinations and the heaviest of moral pressure, resisted every effort of the abolitionists to deprive the South of her property rights without due process of law, and it was not until every legal remedy had failed that he exercised his authority as a military commander and issued the Emancipation Proclamation.

It was Lincoln the lawyer who, fortified by his experience in hundreds of jury trials, watched the people to whom a mighty issue was being presented, and, by anticipating and interpreting their thought, inspired public confidence and won a united support. It was Lincoln the lawyer who, knowing the crucial point in his cause and keeping it continually in sight, remained serenely sane in the babel

Be it enacted by the State of Delaware that when the United States of America will, at the next session of Congress, engage by law to pay, and thereafter faithfully pay to the said State of Delaware, in the said per cent bonds of said United States, the sum of seven hundred and nineteen thousand, and two hundred dollars, in thirty one equal annual installments, there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, at any time after the first day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety three, within the said State of Delaware, except in the punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted; nor, except in the punishment of crime as aforesaid, shall any person who shall be born after the passage of this act, nor any person above the age of thirty five years, be held in slavery, or to involuntary servitude, within said State of Delaware, at any time after the passage of this act.

And be it further enacted that said State shall, in good faith prevent, so far as possible, the carrying of any person out of said State, into involuntary servitude beyond the limits of said State, at any time after the passage of this act.

And be it further enacted that said State may make provision of apprenticeship, not to extend beyond the age of twenty one years for males, nor eighteen for females, for all minors whose mothers were not free at the respective births of such minors.

...the State \$25,200 per
annum for thirty years— and

All born after the passage of the act would
be born free— and

All slaves above the age of 35 years would
become free on the passage of the act— and

All others would become free on arriving
at the age of 35 years, until January 1893—
— when

All remaining of all ages would become
free subject to apprenticeship for minor born
of slave mothers, up to the respective ages of
21 and 18.

If the State would desire to have the money
sooner, let the bill be altered only in fixing the
time of final emancipation earlier, and making the
annual instalments correspondingly fewer in number,
by which they would also be correspondingly less
in amount. For instance, strike out "1893,"
and insert "1872," and strike out "thirty" annual
instalments, and insert "ten" annual instalments.
The instalments would then be \$1920 instead of
\$25,200 as now. In all other particulars let
the bill stand / exactly as it is.

and pressed steadily forward, undiverted and undismayed.

It was Lincoln the lawyer who wrote the state papers which are to-day recognized as models of finish and form, not only in his own country, but wherever statecraft is understood, and it was Lincoln the lawyer whose shrewdness and tact not only saved the nation from foreign complications, but paved the way for the Alabama arbitration and award.

On the 11th of April, 1865, only four days before his death, Lincoln spoke of the work still uncompleted. It was the hour of countless legal questions concerning the status of the seceded States, all based upon the inquiry whether they were still in the Union or out of it, and hot discussions on this delicate point were carrying the disputants far afield. The great advocate, however, waived the quibbling issue aside and passed directly to the heart of the case.

"That question," he remarked, "is bad as the basis of a controversy and good for nothing at all—a merely pernicious abstraction. We all agree that the seceded States, so called, are out of their proper relation to the Union, and that the sole object of the government, civil and military, in regard to those States is to again get them into that proper relation. * * * Finding themselves safely at home, it

would be utterly immaterial whether they had ever been abroad. Let us all join in doing the acts necessary to restoring the proper practical relations between these States and the Union, and each for ever after innocently indulge his own opinion whether in doing the acts he brought the States from without into the Union, or only gave them proper assistance, they never having been out of it."

Reading those words, who can doubt that it would have been Lincoln the lawyer who would have proved the genius of reconstruction had he been allowed to live and help "bind up the nation's wounds"?

In the Oak Ridge Cemetery at Springfield an imposing pile of masonry marks the spot where Lincoln lies. It is embellished with mighty groups in bronze representing the glamour and heroics of war—soldiers and sailors dying and dealing out death—pain, horror, defiance, and rage depicted on their faces.

Among all these symbols of "valiant dust" one looks in vain for some recognition of the lawyer, jurist, and statesman, whose whole life-work was an appeal to men's reason and the highest motives of humanity, whose only weapons were argument and persuasion, and who invoked Justice and not the God of Battles for the triumph of his cause.



NOTES TO "LINCOLN THE LAWYER"

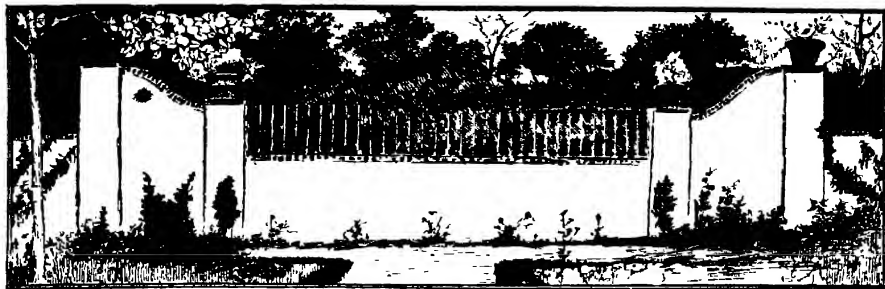
Lincoln's Advice to a Law Student: We are permitted to copy from the collection of John W. Thornton the following characteristic letter:

Springfield, Decr 2, 1858.

JAMES T. THORNTON, Esq.

Dear Sir: Yours of the 29th written in behalf of Mr John H. Widner, is received—I am absent altogether too much to be a suitable instructor for a law student— When a man has reached the age that Mr Widner has, and has already been doing for himself, my judgment is, that he reads the books for himself without an instructor—That is precisely the way I came to the law— Let Mr Widner read Blackstone's Commentaries, Chitty's Pleadings— Greenleaf's Evidence, Story's Equity, and Story's Equity Pleadings, get a license, and go to the practice, and still keep reading— That is my judgment of the cheapest, quickest, and best way for Mr. Widner to make a lawyer of himself— Yours truly, A. LINCOLN.

Lincoln and Joseph Jefferson. In his autobiography Mr Joseph Jefferson refers to Lincoln's recall of his father's company of players when the latter was threatened with disaster in 1839 by a prohibitive theatrical license exacted by the Springfield local authorities ("Lincoln the Lawyer," *The Century* for January 1906, page 482.) Mr. Jefferson evidently thought that Lincoln acted as a lawyer on the occasion, and this view of the matter has been generally accepted. The writer has, however, ascertained that Lincoln was in 1839 a member of the Springfield Town Council or Board of Trustees and it is more than probable that he befriended the theatrical company in his official capacity as a member of the town government and not as a lawyer. Mr. Isaac N. Phillips of Bloomington, Illinois, official reporter of the Illinois Supreme Court, recently unearthed this significant fact, which has apparently heretofore escaped the attention of all Lincoln biographers. F. T. H.



THE GARDEN

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

I KNOW a garden, sweet and beautiful,
Where tall flowers grow, as fragrant all as those
Which make the longed-for country wonderful—

The lily and the rose
And smaller blossoms of forgotten naming
That kindle its dim corners into flaming
Or welcome the tired eyesight to repose.

Beyond, the noisy city keeps her march
With fevered step, with shoutings and with cries;
Her iron streets beneath the hot sun parch;

She glares at glaring skies.
Within these charmed high walls a hidden fountain
Whispers lost memories of moor and mountain,
Singing to heavy hearts low lullabies.

The weary city girdles it with stone
And breathes her sodden breath about the walls—
The city seeks to slay it there alone!

Peace still upon it falls.
For the soft breeze that stirs its heavy roses
Comes laden with the scent of country posies
And in its rustling all the country calls.

Imprisoned! Are you in me or without,
Strange garden, all unknown to alien sight?
The cruel city presses all about,

But, flushed with fairy light,
Your moving branches by far winds set blowing,
And mystic flowers in your borders growing,
I know you mine by right.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

THE NEGRO IN AFRICA

IN Mr. Charles Francis Adams's vivid recountal in this number of *THE CENTURY* of impressions recently received during an African sojourn, and in his frank record of deductions from those impressions, the distinguished publicist seems to be "thinking aloud" with the definite intention of inviting public discussion of grave questions as to race and government.

Mr. Adams speaks of the necessity of the ethnological point of view in the consideration of these questions. In this connection it is both curious and important to note by way of contrast the results of the studies of the ethnologist Prof. Franz Boas, especially in his paper on "What the Negro Has Done in Africa," published in *"The Ethical Record"* of March, 1904. From a general review of the subject he comes to remarkably optimistic conclusions. He says that all over the African continent the negro is either a tiller of the soil or the owner of large herds, only the Bushmen and a few of the dwarf tribes of Central Africa being hunters. "Owing to the high development of agriculture, the density of population is much greater than that of primitive America, and consequently the economic conditions of life are more stable. . . . At a time," he remarks, "when our own ancestors still utilized stone implements, or at best, when bronze weapons were first introduced, the negro had developed the art of smelting iron; and it seems likely that their race has contributed more than any other to the early development of the iron industry." He refers to the beautiful, inlaid iron weapons of Central Africa and the perfection to which the art of wood-carving, by means of iron implements, has been brought by the African. He adds:

"It may safely be said that the primitive negro community—with its fields that are tilled with iron and wooden implements, with its domestic animals, with its smithies, with its expert wood-carvers—is a model of thrift and industry, and compares favorably with the conditions of life among our own ancestors."

Prof. Boas makes special mention of the legal trend of mind among the natives, declaring that "no other race on a similar level of culture has developed as strict methods of legal procedure as the negro has." "Local trade," he says furthermore, "is highly developed in all parts of Africa." The power of organization manifested in negro communities in Africa is declared to be quite striking.

"Travelers who have visited Central Africa tell of extended kingdoms, ruled by monarchs, whose power, however, is restricted by a number of advisers. The constitution of all such states is, of course, based on the general characteristics of the social organization of the negro tribes, which, however, has become exceedingly complex with the extension of the domain of a single tribe over neighboring peoples.

"The Lunda Empire, for instance, is a feudal state governed by a monarch. It includes a number of subordinate states, the chiefs of which are independent in all internal affairs, but who pay tribute to the emperor. The chiefs of the more distant parts of the country send caravans carrying tribute once a year, while those near by have to pay more frequently. The tribute depends upon the character of the produce of the country. It consists of ivory, salt, copper, slaves, and even, to a certain extent, of European manufactures. In case of war the subordinate chiefs have to send contingents to the arms of the emperor."

A female dignitary, considered the mother of the emperor, has an important part in the government. The emperor is elected by the four highest counselors of

the state, and his election must be confirmed by the female dignitary; her election taking place in the same way, and being confirmed by the emperor. The office of counselors of the state is hereditary. Besides this, there is a nobility. This Lunda empire is known to have existed, though probably in changing extent and importance, for over three hundred years. In 1880 the state is said to have been about as large as the Middle Atlantic States.

The anthropologist from whom we quote states that in all the regions in Africa where the whites have come in contact with the negro, his own industries have disappeared or have been degraded, a phenomenon "not by any means confined to the negro race," owing to the substitution of machine-made European goods for the more attractive native products, the manufacture of which takes a great deal of time and energy.

The number of strong African kings met by explorers Prof. Boas regards as very significant, and "the best proof that among the negro race men of genius and indomitable will power exist," and he closes his essay with the following language:

"These brief data seem sufficient to indicate that in the Soudan the true negro, the ancestor of our slave population, has achieved the very advances which the critics of the negro would make us believe he cannot attain. He has a highly developed agriculture, and the industries connected with his daily life are complex and artistic. His power of organization has been such that for centuries large empires have existed which have proved their stability in wars with their neighbors, and which have left their records in the chronicles.

"The achievements of the negro in Africa, therefore, justify us in maintaining that the race is capable of social and political achievements, that it will produce here, as it has done in Africa, its great men; and that it will contribute its part to the welfare of the community."

In a subsequent number of *THE CENTURY* will be printed a paper on the negro in our Southern States by a well-known Southern author, in which the writer takes an extremely hopeful view of the situation in this country.

Whether one denies or agrees with the conclusions of Mr. Adams, the necessity is apparent of special effort on the part of the American people for the uplifting of a race so lately in a state of slavery. If one should admit his conclusions, perhaps the necessity would become all the more apparent. Surely the work being done by the Southern communities themselves, and by such institutions as those at Hampton and Tuskegee, cannot be overestimated. It is demonstrable that the graduates of these institutions rapidly increase the number of self-respecting and useful members of our body politic, and statistics show that the amount of property held by a population not long ago themselves property, and legally incapable of ownership, is augmenting at an enormous rate.

SAVING NIAGARA

THE question as to whether Niagara should be used solely as a source of mechanical power, or be preserved as a beautiful and wonderful natural feature, has come up in our day for permanent decision. There are some minds that have decided, for themselves, in favor of the former proposition. But they seem, fortunately, to be in a minority both in Canada and in the United States. Niagara is to be preserved both in what have been called its "little lovelinesses" and in its grandeurs. America is "practical"; it has allowed its forest to be dangerously diminished, it has allowed Niagara to be seriously threatened: but American sentiment, when once aroused, is irresistible, and American sentiment has declared in favor of Niagara as Niagara.

But the threat against Niagara is not yet removed. Important work still presses to be done—work of organized education, of organized protection. It is the privilege of every reader of *THE CENTURY* to assist in this work by sending two dollars for annual membership (and more as contributions) to the American Civic Association, North American Building, Philadelphia.

OPEN LETTERS

Mount Vernon in Washington's Time

READERS of Mr. Leupp's paper on "The Old Garden at Mount Vernon" (page 73) will be interested in the sketch map of the grounds at Mount Vernon on the opposite page. It was made in color by Mr. Samuel Vaughan, a merchant of London, who visited General Washington at Mount Vernon in 1787, and is part of a manuscript journal kept by Mr. Vaughan during a journey through Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. This journal is now in the possession of a descendant of its author, Mr. Benjamin Vaughan of Boston, who has furnished the CENTURY with a copy of the plan, and the following description of them taken from the journal literally except as to paraphrasing :

"The General's house is 96 feet by 32 upon an eminence, with a piazza next the Potomack of like length 14 ½ feet wide and 18 feet high. Between the house & the River is a Lawn about 100 yards broad, from thence Declining to the River about 400 yards on which is a hanging wood, but not seen from the house, from which the River appears to be very near, ¾ of a mile over, but higher and lower much wider, and meanders in different directions. Maryland on the opposite side of the River, is variegated and in high cultivation. On each end of the house there are sections of semi-circular colonnades to outhouses, from whence a street is formed on each side at right angles above 200 feet long in which are sundry houses for domesticks, Tradesmen, Workshops, &c. Before the front of the house (which has a cupola in the center) there are lawns, surrounded with gravel walks 19 feet wide, with trees on each side the larger, for shade, outside the walks trees & shrubberies.

"Parallel to each exterior side a Kitchen Gardens, with a stately hothouse on one side, the exterior side of the garden enclosed with a brick wall. vide a sketch on the other side.—

"The General has near 12,000 acres surrounding this delightful mansion whereon are several Farms, five of which are kept under cultivation, under separate negro overseers, who every saturday-night give an exact account of the Stock the increase, decrease, condition, work done, &c., &c.

"the General breakfasts at 7 then mounts his horse & canters 6 days in the week to every one, a circuit of about 20 miles, in-

specting & giving directions for management at each & returns home at 2 o'Clock.

"In good years he raises 10,000 bushels of wheat a like quantity of corn besides Oats barley rye buckwheat peas potatoes &c., breeds horses Cattle mules & has 700 sheep, plants no tobacco, has an excellent grist mill on a creek supplied by various springs collected in a run of two miles, flower &c. shipped on craft in the creek very near the River, has a fishery & a ferry.

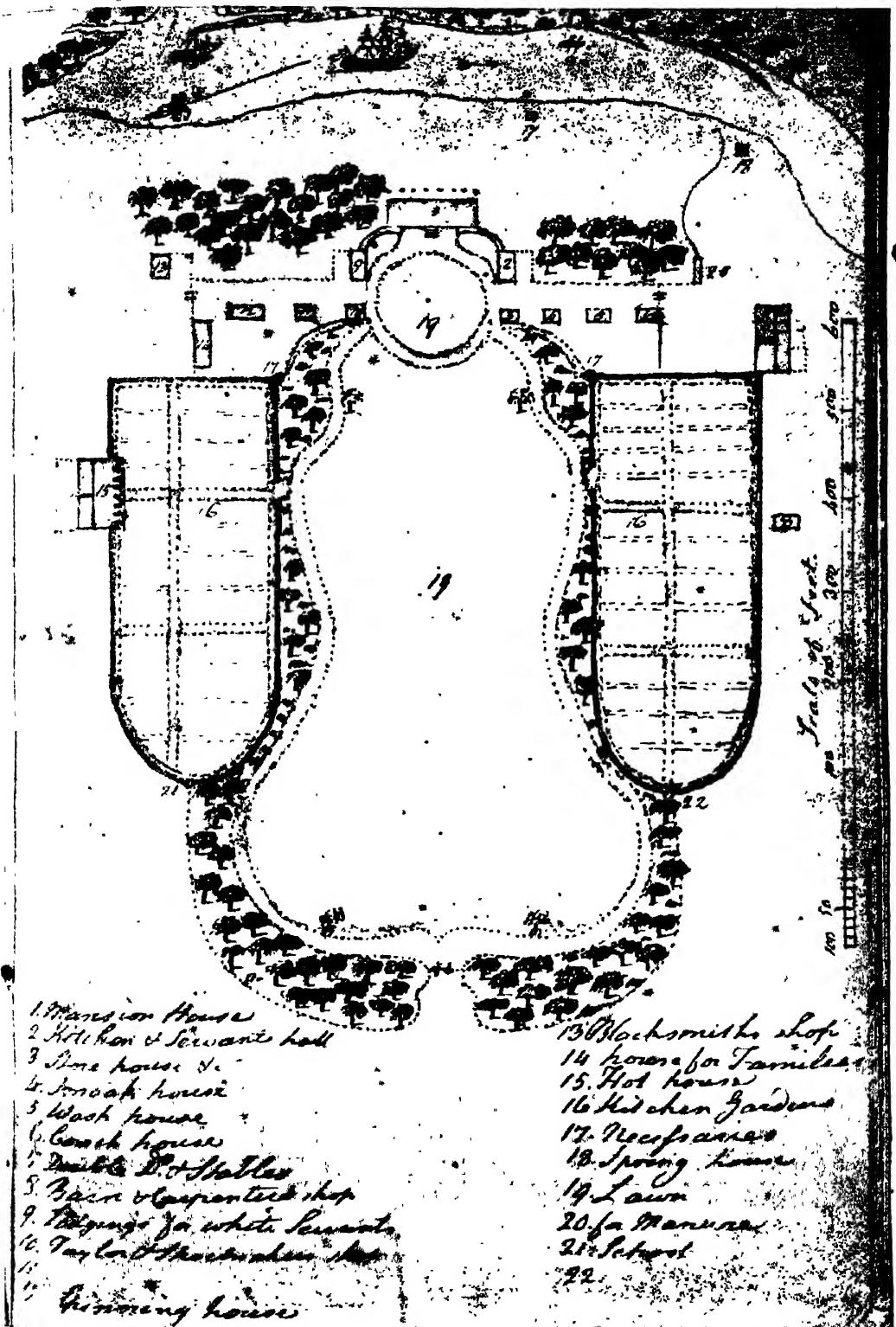
"The General has 200 mouths to feed, makes most part of the woolen cloathing & a considerable quantity of linen made at home —The General seldom goes out but on public business, always making experiments. The farms neat, kept perfectly clean & in prime order. Keeps an excellent table, & is indisputably the best, if not the only good farmer in the State.

"NB during the General's absence as president to the Convention, the farms are kept in excellent order by Maj. George Washington, the Gen's nephew, who with his Lady lives in the house."

Mr. Benjamin Vaughan informs us that "About the time or within a couple of years of the date of this journal, Samuel Vaughan sent to General Washington, as a present, the marble mantle which is now in the dining room, or, as then called, the 'Banquet Hall' at Mount Vernon."

In the "Writings of George Washington" by Sparks (Vol. IX, page 281) there is a letter from Washington to Samuel Vaughan dated Mount Vernon, 12 November, 1787, in which he indicates an error in the plan, as follows:

"The letter without date, with which you were pleased to honor me, accompanied by a plan of this seat, came to my hands by the last post. For both I pray you to accept my hearty and sincere thanks. The plan describes with accuracy the houses, walks, and shrubs, except in the front of the lawn, west of the court-yard. [The bottom of the plan is west.] There the plan differs from the original. In the former you have closed the prospect with trees along the walk to the gate; whereas in the latter the trees terminate with two mounds of earth, one on each side, on which grow weeping willows, leaving an open and full view of the distant woods. The mounds are sixty yards apart. I mention this, because it is the only departure from the original."



From a photograph by Baldwin Coolidge of the original color sketch owned by Benjamin Vaughan

A PLAN OF MOUNT VERNON, MADE IN 1787

Elizabeth of Rumania and the Jews

THIS world is full of contradictions. There is Her Majesty, the German-born-and-bred Queen of Rumania, writing an article on the Rumanian-born Jews, in which they are designated as "foreigners" and in which, incidentally, the country and nation are most cunningly slandered, and here am I, one of these Rumanian-born-and-bred "foreigners," up in arms and coming to the defense of that same country. The contradiction is, of course, intensified by the fact that although a Rumanian for many generations, although schooled in her schools, and raised in her traditions and history, I have been compelled to leave the country when I neared man's estate because that country, the only one I knew, and, God knows, loved with heart and soul, reckoned me a "foreigner" and, as such, deprived me of the chance of earning a livelihood. Perchance Her Majesty has forgotten the insignificant fact of her un-Rumanian birth?

What Carmen Sylva says of the foreigners is true; yet it applies not to the Jews, but to those high in power. The German Royal Household, every member of which draws an enormous "civil list," is surrounded by a numerous bureaucracy, the fat jobs being invariably held by Greeks. The members of His Majesty's cabinet, be the Liberals or the Conservatives or the Junimists in power, are invariably Greek. There are Cantacuzen and Lahovary, and old Lascar Catargi, recently deceased, and Kárp and Ferichide and Marghiloman, and all the rest of them, who can count less generations of Rumanian residence than most of the "foreign" Jews. The fact is, that the King, fearful that the native nobility, if allowed to acquire any power, may do to him what was done to Cuza, and reconstitute a Rumanian dynasty, has consistently crowded them out and replaced them by foreign upstarts.

The condition of the nation is truly as Carmen Sylva describes. The five million peasants, the nation, live in abject misery, poverty, and ignorance, and are kept there. They do not count; they and the Jews are equally unfortunate, the only difference being that the Jew is considered a "constitutional foreigner," and therefore not affected by the provision that "all Rumanians are equal before the law," while the peasant is conceded to be a Rumanian within the constitution, yet is deprived of all rights of citizenship and all economical opportunities by that law, before which all Rumanians are constitutionally equal.

Rumania has a population of five and a half millions; of these, five millions are peasants, 250,000 are Jews, and 250,000 are the "rulers." The Jews have no political rights

whatever. The five million peasants, forming the third electoral college, elect 30 members to the lower house of the national legislature, or about one twelfth its number, and *none* to the Senate. The 250,000 rulers elect *all* the rest. From these 250,000 are recruited the office-holders, as each full-grown male of them holds office either under the Conservative or the Liberal government, or under both.

Were the treaty of Berlin lived up to, and the Jews given emancipation, they being all literate and city-dwellers, they would, according to the provisions of the electoral law, belong to either the first or the second electoral college, and would therefore either share the privileges of the present privileged class, whose number exactly equals that of the resident Jews, and share its power, or would compel that privileged class to give up its privileges and change the laws so as to give the great mass of people a voice in the running of their public affairs. The cause of the Jew and that of the nation at large is therefore one and the same. The emancipation of the Jews means neither more nor less than the emancipation of the five million Rumanian peasants and producers and the ousting from power of the 250,000 foreign parasites. That is the reason why the emancipation of the Jew is so obstinately opposed as a danger to the nation. If the governing class is the nation, the emancipation of the Jews is a danger to it, and the greatest danger.

Carmen Sylva calls the Rumanian Jews "foreigners" and says that they are incapable of feeling the hardships of the fatherland and fighting its battles; yet, and despite their legal disabilities, they range among the best and highest in the country in all branches of activity where their genius or the public need has made for them an opening.

Carmen Sylva speaks of the lack of money in the country, of its lack of industries. Here again her statements, though exaggerated, are true. But why is it so? For the reason that the same ruling class prohibits "foreigners" to acquire lands in the country, and by means of this and other laws keeps foreign capital from coming in. They prefer to keep the country in poverty and misery and keep their privileges rather than to open the barriers and lose their privileges.

Rumania is a rich country, and is inhabited by a strong, vigorous, intelligent, noble race. It is a beautiful country, and its language is unexcelled in sweetness and harmony. The Jews are faithful and loyal citizens, and have proved it in many fashions and whenever there was an opportunity. The Rumanian is not an antisemite, and the relations between him and his Jews are cordial and friendly. The curse from which Rumania suffers is her laws, which exclude both

the Rumanian and the Jew from all political rights and economical opportunities, and keep the country's natural resources closed and non-productive. Let Rumania emancipate her own peasants, and let her open up her resources to the world, and a general and unprecedented prosperity will be the result, and incidentally the emancipation of the Jew and the fall of the political parasites who now suck up and swallow the nation's substance.

Alexander A. Landesco.

Murillo's "Prodigal Son Feasting".

THOMAS COLE'S WOOD-ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH MASTERS. SEE PAGE 99.

THIS is one of a series of four small sketches, 10½ x 13½ inches, carefully finished, as all Murillo's work is, and representing the

Prodigal Son at various stages of his career, according to the parable of the New Testament. They are to be seen in the Murillo Room—the Octagonal—of the Prado Museum at Madrid. They are painted in the artist's best and latest manner. I saw the large finished picture from which this sketch was evidently made at the Spanish Loan Exhibition, held at the Guild-hall, London, in 1901, but it struck me as being heavy, compared with this sketch, the darks in the background, even in the bushes beyond the wall being as murky as those of the foreground. But this little sketch is gay and clear and brilliant, with gemlike coloring, and has the spontaneity of touch of a work of first hand.

T. Cole.



Ballade of the Social Pariah.

THE art of dining's on the wane,
And fearsome folk sit down with me:
The boor who splits his partner's train
And "talks across" incessantly,
The tardy guest, who ought to be
On bread and water in a garret,
But worst, as housewives will agree,
The diner-out who spills the claret.

One may forgive the untutored swain
(Poor parvenu, sans-family-tree)
Who bites asparagus in twain
Or helps himself to *all* the brie,
Forgive that source of idiocy,
The silly-story-telling parrot,
But unforgiven on any plea
The diner-out who spills the claret.

What boots the salt? That blood-red stain,
His horrid deed, he cannot flee.
It marks him like the brand of Cain,
It kills his clever repartee.
His is a darker tragedy
Than any played by Booth or Barrett:
The Furies scourge with hellish glee
The diner-out who spills the claret.

Envoi.

Hostess, our hearts are all with thee;
The dread rebuke is thine, yet spare it!
Be merciful, for—I am he,
The diner-out who spills the claret!

Samuel F. Batchelder

The Bat

AIRY mouse, hairy mouse,
Keen-eared, contrary mouse,
Come from your cavern—a star's in the sky!
Fluttering, flittering,
Eerily chittering,
Swoop on your quarry, the dusk-haunting fly.

Airy mouse, wary mouse,
Witch-bird or fairy-mouse,
Soft through the shadow the dawn-glimmer
steals;
Night's your carousing time,
Day brings your drowsing time;
Hence to your hollow and hang by your heels!

Arthur Guiterman.

Follies and Foibles

VANITY holds the mirror while Self-conceit
tries on a larger hat.

Ambition, not being content in a captive balloon,
cut the cable of Scruples, and was blown
to sea.

When Happiness came to town he fell in with
two bunco-steerers, Inconstancy and Fickle-
ness. One took his cash, and the other gave
him in return a gold brick.

Pettiness brought the razor with which Spite
cut off his own nose.

N. H. McGilvary.

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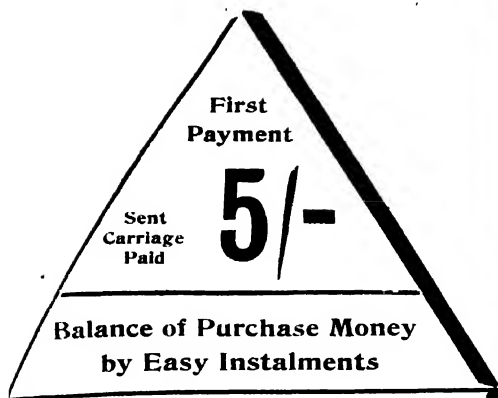
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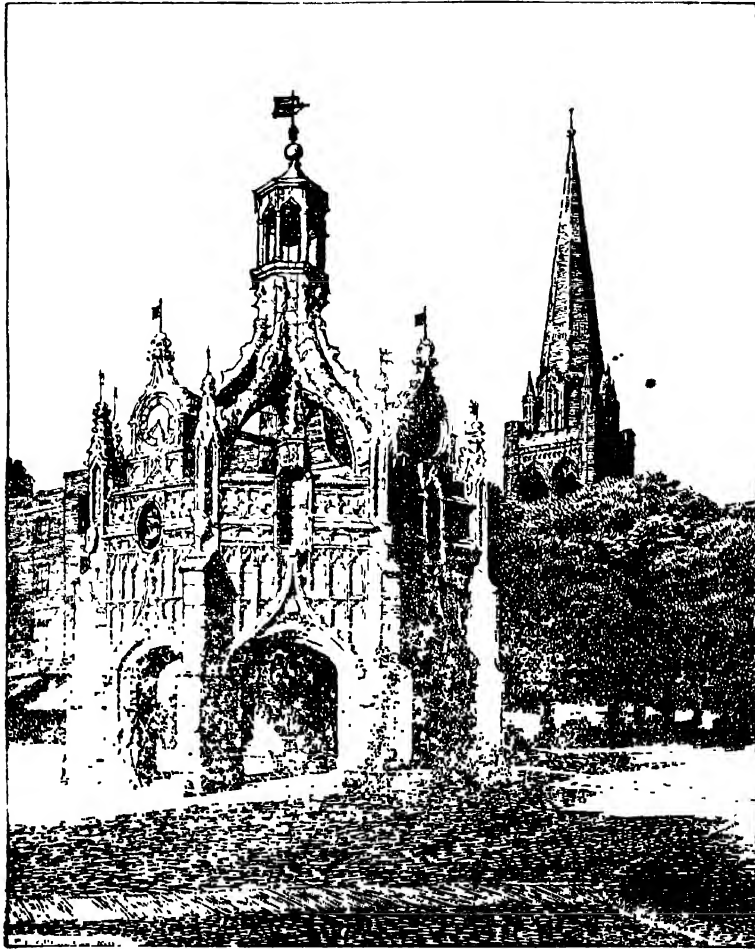
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And so I make an end to this book within sight of Widford. My last thought is of the childhood of those two wholly unique figures in English

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worship, Mr. John Chubb, ordered the constable to be called, and each of the combatants thought her antagonist was going to be punished, and each thought right. When the constable arrived, his worship pronounced the following command to him, "Take these two women to the cage, and there keep them till they have settled their dispute."—(*HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN DEVON AND CORNWALL*, by Arthur H. Norway. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell and Hugh Thomson.—Macmillan and Company, Limited, London.)

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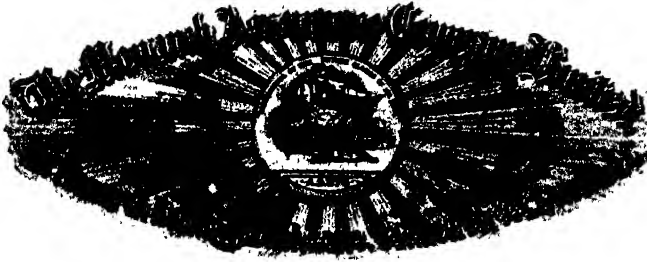
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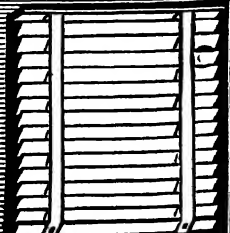
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VIEW OF JERUSALEM
A SUNSET RAINBOW NEAR JERUSALEM

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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SUNSET NEAR JERUSALEM

THE EVENING GLORIES OF A SEMI-TROPICAL SKY

BY CORWIN KNAPP LINSON

WITH COLOR DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

TO our Northern eyes the intense brilliancy of the tropical and semi-tropical sky comes as a revelation. Sometimes at noon it is painfully dazzling, but the evening is a vision of prismatic light holding carnival in the air, wherein Milton's "twilight gray" has no part. Unless the sky is held in the relentless grip of a winter storm, the Orient holds no gray in its evening tones; these are translucent and glowing from the setting of the sun until the stars appear. In Greece we are dreamers in that subtle atmosphere, and in Egypt visionaries under the spell of an ethereal loveliness where the filigree patterning of white dome and minaret and interlacing palm and feathery pepper-tree leaves little wonder in the mind that the ornamentation of their architecture is so ravishing in its tracery.

Outside the walls of Jerusalem on the north there is a point on a knoll which commands the venerable city that David took for his own. From here you can watch the variable glow of color spread over the whole breadth of country, from the ground at one's feet to the distant purple hilltops of Bethlehem. The fluid air seems to swim, as if laden with in-

cense. The rocks underfoot are of all tones of lavender in shadow, and of tender, warm gleams in the light, casting vivid violet shadows athwart the mottled orange of the ground.

Down in the little valley just below us a tiny vineyard nestles in the half light, the gray road trails outside; and beyond rise the walls, serene and stately, catching on their highest towers the last rays of the sun.

The pointed shaft of the German church lifts a gray green finger tipped with rose into the ambient air. The sable dome of the Holy Sepulcher yields a little to the subtle influence, and shows a softer and more becoming purple.

All the unlovely traits and the squalor of the city are lost, so delicately tender is the mass of buildings painted against the background of distance.

Looking south, one can see the golden glory from the right pulsating through the opalescent haze toward the eastern sky, the yellow and rose penetrating the violet, and lighting it up with glintings of fire and mother-of-pearl. Higher in the sky the emerald-and-topaz ether is invaded by the nether blue so insinuatingly

that its beginnings are almost imperceptible; and then, when the earth is shrouded in gloom, lo' up on the Mount of Olives, on spire and on wall, the second twilight, the wonderful afterglow, diffuses its radiant light.

Meanwhile, when it seems as though heaven were holding its breath, so still is the air, through the hush of the evening comes the sound of distant salutations or the musical call of the shepherd gathering his flock. The cadence of the muezzin's call to prayer floats out from far and near, voices from space reminding men of Allah and his prophet. A solitary turbaned figure shuffles along the road below, be-lated wayfarers pass in and out the Damascus Gate nearly opposite, and little donkeys scurry homeward, burdened with their masters, who had perhaps smuggled them into the city in the very early morning, laden with olive roots.

A plowman passes, his light, primitive tool laid across his shoulders. Women, supple of movement, bear homeward from the fountain the brimming water jars. The ghostly figures of town women, robed from head to feet in white, with only the eyes peering out, hurry by.

The last fleeting steps of the day speed from the far hill-crests, and one is suddenly aware that there is little or no life about one; that the stragglers are infrequent, and only the dogs are stealthily stalking abroad.

The stars of the twilight

gleam faintly and then more brightly. All at once, a billowy chorus of yelps tells you of the jackals, the "evening wolves" of Zephaniah,

that leave nothing till the morrow.

II

It had been one of those days in March when the clouds of "the latter rains" had been blowing from the west. As the day drew near its close, the heavy mists assembled in great masses of ominous gray and blue, golden-edged against the turquoise sky. With such speed did they move that they seemed suddenly to leap from the horizon, and the vast dome of the heaven became filled with weird, flying monsters racing overhead. The violence of the wind tore the blue into fragments,

so that what only a moment since was a colossal weight of cloud threatening to engulf the universe, was now like a great host marshaled in splendid array, flying banners of crimson, whose ranks were ever changing, until they scattered in disordered flight across the face of the sky.

As the lowering sun neared the horizon, the color grew more and more vivid, until the whole heaven was aflame with a whirlwind of scarlet and gold and crimson, of violet and blue and emerald, flecked with copper and bronze and shreds of smoky clouds in shadow, a tempestuous riot of color so wild and extraordinary as to hold one spellbound.

Had not David beheld a similar sky when he wrote:

O Lord my God, thou art very great;
Thou art clothed with honor and majesty.
Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment:

Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain

Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters

Who maketh the clouds his chariot
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind.
Who maketh winds his messengers;
His ministers a flaming fire.

And this crown of splendor was for a sober-toned earth, with pearl-gray road and trailing goat path winding in and out, the red tiled roofs of the neighboring Persian colony clustered in loving company, and the olive-trees bowing their silvered heads before the breeze.

But eastward there were "the fiery hills mingling their flames with twilight." The flaming clouds had fled from the clearing west, and had become massed in solid ranks over against the broad summit of Mount Scopus. The strength of the wind was abating, and, as though arrested by an invisible wall, the clouds appeared like a pile of gigantic domes and massive ramparts, before which the fleeing battalions halted over the wine-red hilltop as on a sanguinary field.

Then, like a herald of peace, there flashed the most marvelous phenomenon of all: against a wall of violet cloud in shadow sprang the arch of a rainbow. It curved in prismatic splendor, shimmered for an instant, then vanished, with all the glory of which it had been the supreme part, leaving only a few mauve-tinted cloud masses that swiftly melted away.



VIEW OF SUNSET COLOR NEAR JERUSALEM



A MOUNTAIN REGION BETWEEN GALICIA AND HUNGARY

BY WLADYSLAW T. BENDA

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR



HERE is in Cracow a large square, Kleparz, where hay-markets are held, which is always crowded with peasants, with their horses and cattle, hay-wagons, and loads of straw. In bright sunshine, among the masses of yellow straw, the long, white coats of the men, their scarlet caps, and the red kerchiefs of the women, look like moving wild poppies and daisies in a ripe rye-field. Here and there, like a black beetle, a Jew, in long silk gown, moves quickly from one group to another.

With the intention of hiring a mountain wagon for a trip to the Tatra Mountains, we made our way to one corner of the square, where shone several white awnings of the mountaineer wagons, which resemble the old-fashioned American prairie-schooners. Two men in sheepskin jackets were busy about their small horses. From under their black, mushroom-shaped hats their sharp eyes looked with scorn at the little crowd of heavily built Cracovian peasants and city boys, who like to ridicule the "gooral's" long legs, enveloped in tight woolen trousers, and to repeat the old saying:

Gooral has stork-legs;
He can reach you at his ease.

Next morning at dawn the heavy vehicle that we had engaged stopped at our house, and we were soon on the road.

Crossing the bridge over the Vistula, we left the streets of Cracow, where our rustic vehicle jumped and rattled on the pavement without mercy, and where Kuba, the driver, according to city rules, had to run at the side of his horses.

Cracow, with its old royal castle and many towers, grew faint in the distance and soon disappeared behind the first hill. We mounted higher and higher, passed many straw-thatched villages, and next morning, after spending the night in Lubień, found ourselves near the top of Beskid, a chain of round-backed, gloomy mountains covered with black-spruce forests. With one more effort of the tired horses the summit was reached, and at once a majestic view surprised our eyes: Tatra's gigantic range, with its jagged outlines, blue in the distance, rose abruptly from the valleys, high above the clouds which clung to its foot.

Tatra is the highest part of the Karpathian system, and lies very near the heart of Europe. Its northern slopes are inhabited by Polish mountaineers, or "goorals."

The wagon rolled fast down into the Novotarska valley, which, with many villages, forests, and patched fields, stretches from Beskid to those giants, now slowly growing bigger and clearer. The people about us had changed as much as the landscape: slender mountaineers had taken the place of the heavy Cracovians. Kuba's

face brightened; we met many people on the road, and he seemed to know them all, greeting everybody with the conventional, "Neh ben-je po-hya-lo-ny Ye-zoos Kry-stoos" ("Praised be Jesus Christ!"), and receiving the answer, "Na vye-ki vye-koov, a-men" ("For ages of ages, amen").

In contrast to the uniform, light-haired, heavy type of the low-country peasant, the goorals present a great variety of physiognomies and stature. There are tall men with long, angular features, penetrating eagle-eyes, and noble bearing; and others of a Mongolian-like type, with wide face, prominent cheek-bones, and flat nose. But all are rather slender and sinewy, and have the same feline walk. They step lightly, with bent knees; the feet, shod in soft sandals, pass noiselessly over the ground; and the body swings up and down as though on springs.

The character of the goorals has nothing in common with the humble peasants of the low country. In their good qualities and faults they rather resemble the proud noblemen of Poland. They are vivacious, honest, hospitable, and full of pride, bravery, and chivalry, on which one may always count. But their defects are grave: obstinacy and quarrels lead them often to bloody fights, the lack of thrift is frequent among them, and superstitions haunt them at every step. They love nature, and in their songs praise their gigantic peaks, spruce forests, and the clouds and rain. They build their houses facing Tatra, which they constantly observe and consult about weather conditions. A gooral cannot live without his mountains; and if he sometimes

leaves them, homesickness will soon bring him back.

They are very religious, but their Christian faith is mixed with old superstitions, and the Roman Catholic rites are mingled with weird, often very picturesque, usages which have their origin in the old Slavonic paganism. So, for instance, on St. John's night *Sobotka* is celebrated by burning bonfires on fields and hills, and by dancing, a festivity

which, in pagan times, was held on the summer solstice in honor of Sviatovit, the god of sun, fire, and love.

On Easter holidays, from every house various kinds of food are brought into the church to be blessed by the priest; or the priest, accompanied by a sexton, goes to the house, where, on a long, white-covered table, cake, eggs, and venison await his blessing. This is called *swiecone*. The table remains covered with food for a week, to await all friends of the house that may come.

The Polish tongue among the mountaineers has pleasant soft inflections, and their dialect resembles the old Polish of the fifteenth or sixteenth century. The picturesque and practical costume of the goorals consists of a coarse

linen shirt fastened with a brass brooch; a *serdak*, which is a sleeveless sheepskin jacket of a reddish color, richly decorated with appliqué ornaments of colored leather and silk embroidery, and lined with fur; tight-fitting trousers of coarse, whitish, home-made woolen cloth; and a cloak called *tsuha*, worn usually over one shoulder. A black felt hat, shaped like a mushroom, and soft leather sandals (*kerpec*) complete a costume that weighs from 35 to 38 pounds, but is a good pro-



Drawn by W. T. Benda

DECORATED PORTAL OF A TATRA
MOUNTAINEER'S HOUSE



Drawn by W. I. Be da Hdt te j late er i t velly I H Well - kt

ON THE ROAD TO IAIRA

tection against cold and the rain which in these regions is frequent, for twenty days in a month are at least drizzly.

The gooral always carries in his hand a *ciupaga*, or tomahawk-like ax on a long shaft, used as a cane, as a tool, or as a weapon, which, with the quarrelsome disposition of the men, often causes trouble.

The women of Tatra are rather small, but quick and graceful. There is something extremely feminine in the carriage of the young girls, who, with straight body and lowered head, walk with very short, fast steps. Their hair is combed flat, and plaited in tight braids, they wear the sheepskin *serdaks* and rather long skirts. On sunny days their orange, yellow, or green kerchiefs are pulled carefully over their rosy faces to protect them from the very undesirable sunburn.

At Zakopane, a picturesque village at the foot of the mountains, girls are very fond of singing, and the forests and alder-groves resound from morning to sunset with their songs. Every one has her own individual variation of a certain melody, so distinct that Ułana, Yaga, or Marynka can always be recognized by "her tune." These variations are of such a kind that when two or three of them are sung together a pleasant, simple harmony arises. After sunset *geewozonas*, *roosalki*, *baginki*, *wilkolaki*, and other kinds of malicious nymphs and demons, fill the woods near the river, and every village girl carefully avoids these places, because, once caught by *roosalki*, she must become one of them, and "never more see the sunshine or Tatra."

A *wilkolak* may catch the strongest lad, drink his blood, and leave his pale body. Often one is found dead in the woods. What should be the cause, it not a *wilkolak*?

A mother must watch her baby, because *geewozonas* are always anxious to exchange one of their little monsters for it.

On Sunday, from early morning until vespers are over, many hundred men and women gather about the quaint village church, built of heavy spruce logs, with a high tower covered from top to bottom with shingles. Most of these people are from Zakopane and the neighboring *Koscieliska*, but there are many who come from distant villages and narrow valleys far in the mountains, and these can be dis-

tinguished from the villagers by slight differences in their costume. There are groups of old men whose characteristic heads and grave countenances remind one of the North American Indians. Many of them are from eighty to ninety years old, but they look nimble and vigorous. Their long hair is combed flat, covering the shoulders, and sometimes, now seldom, plaited into two tight braids on both sides of the forehead and forming two circles around the ears. This is the old fashion, which has entirely gone out of use among the younger generation, but, as the old pictures of the *zbojnicki* show, was once the general custom.

Among the young men one can see here and there a true Zakopane dandy, all of whose movements follow precisely the elaborate fashion of Zakopane. He walks with a characteristic swagger, planting at every other step his *ciupaga* at a great distance from him. The smallest possible hat, surmounted by a feather often two feet long, is fantastically tilted over his right ear. The feather—an eagle's quill, if possible—adorned the hat of every unmarried gooral is the symbol of bachelorhood, just as the wreath signifies maidenhood. The dandy's spotless white woolen attire, with wide and very elaborate embroideries, fits him well. He is often very handsome, and always picturesque.

During high mass the church is packed with people. The men occupy the right, the woman the left, side of the nave; they pray with passion, often raising both their hands in supplication, or in the utmost contrition prostrating themselves with outstretched arms to kiss the blessed floor. Old religious songs, solemn and lugubrious, known only here, are sung by this fantastic congregation. The scene is so interesting that it would be hard to tear one's self away if the odor of the sheepskin, mixed with the smoke of wax candles and incense, did not grow so unbearable.

A Zakopane house is a very carefully finished wooden structure, built of tight-fitting, heavy logs of spruce, which become reddish brown with age, and are surmounted by a very steep, high shingle roof which gives a good protection against the heavy falls of snow and rain, and with its triangular gables of acute angles harmonizes well with the Tatra peaks and the



Drawn by W. L. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis.

YUHAS, OR YOUNG SHEPHERD

tall spruce-trees. The frame of the door is built of very heavy blocks of wood, surmounted by a semicircular arch, joined together by two anchor-shaped pieces, and held in place by rows of elaborately carved wooden pegs. The big rafters of the ceiling are embellished with carved ornaments of a very unique conception. The circular *kolo zboyeckie*, the heart-shaped *pazenitsa*, and the *svastica*, with sharp points, are some of the main motives of this odd ornamentation with which the goorals in a very judicious way adorn their ash-wood furniture, wooden vessels, and instruments.

It is wonderful how in the center of old Europe they have remained unaffected by the leveling force of modern civilization, and have developed a style absolutely unlike anything even in the nearer parts of Poland or in neighboring Hungary.

II

FROM Zakopane the view of Tatra is much obstructed by the huge, shiny, perpendicular granite wall of Gevont, which, standing above the village, hides the higher peaks beyond.

All the roads from Zakopane to the

mountains lead through the mysterious, shadowy spruce forests of the foot-hills, where the soil is covered with rich carpets of moss, and ornamented with bright-colored mushrooms. Foaming streams murmur among the moss-covered boulders, and luxurious ferns, nettles, yarrows, orchidaceæ, and myosotis, drenched with dew, saturate the air with their aroma. Then the path emerges on the cheerful, emerald-green pastures of the slopes, alive with shepherds, sheep, and cattle. A little farther, and the whole scenery changes again, and tremendous mountains of

solid granite, ominously dark, shining like hammered iron, rise abruptly from amid the stone debris and black patches of mountain-fir, and in towering cliffs seem to pierce the skies with their sharp peaks, bastions, and jagged ridges, like gigantic fortresses.

Clouds and white mist, driven and torn by gusts of wind, cling to the precipitous walls, and masses of eternal snow lie in the many fissures and depressions, forming large, sharply outlined streaks and patches.

Narrow valleys, basins, and gorges are



by W. L. Bend. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

VANOSIK AND THE THREE WITCHES



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by W. Atkin.

YANOSIK AND THE WONDERFUL BOOTS

filled with shattered stones or big boulders, which the mountain firs clutch desperately with their bare octopus-like roots and creeping, contorted branches. Small grass and some alpine weeds, gentians, and mountain lilies cover the narrow ledges. These are the only representatives of vegetation in these regions. Hundreds of torrents rush into the lower valleys and unfathomable black lakes, the cold, crystal water of which reflects on their smooth surfaces the barren heights.

"Eye of the Sea" is the largest of these lakes, and the mountaineers naively believe it to be bottomless and subterraneously connected with the ocean. "The Monk," a huge conical rock, standing at its border

and resembling a dismal-looking giant in a monk's habit, is much dreaded; for if he moves from his pedestal, his fall announces some great disaster to the country.

The inhabitants of the nearer villages send for the whole summer the majority of their cattle and sheep into the *hale*, or pastures, in the high mountains. With the cattle their sons and daughters go, or the flocks are intrusted to a *batsa*, or experienced shepherd, who has as helpers several *yuhasses*, young men or boys.

In the spring, driven by gaily singing yuhasses and girls, thousands of cattle, sheep, and burdened horses, with much bellowing and the sound of a thousand bells, leave the villages, pass the spruce

forests, climb slopes, ledges, and ridges, then slowly divide in smaller parties to reach their different points of destination, where primitive log cabins give them shelter at night and in storm.

Among several of these cabins scattered amid boulders in a valley, one much larger, called the *shalas*, has in the middle of its dark interior a flat stone on which trunks of spruce are burning. Thick smoke fills the dark space and escapes through the many chinks in the roof and between the logs that form the walls. There are no

In the evening, when the cows are milked and all the work is done, they gather again about the fire. Everybody has had some hard experience during the day: Voytek has met a bear; Ulana's cow fell into a ravine, and Stashek, who is always ready to help pretty Ulana, had great difficulty to save the animal. But soon the warmth of the fire brings out the humor; jokes begin to mingle with the more serious talk; lasses giggle, and the groups draw nearer to the fire.

Interesting stories about Yanosik and



Drawn by W. T. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill.

THE DANCE

windows, and the only door is scarcely four feet high and has for threshold a thick, round log. Inside, the intruder from the city cannot breathe in the thick smoke. But all this troubles only a stranger; for the shepherds the *shalas* is a cozy sitting room, kitchen, and dining-room in one. Here they come to cook their *kluska* in a big pot, which is then surrounded by the whole little community of sheepskin-covered men, lads, and sun-burned girls. Their spoons dip one after another in the steaming contents of the pot, and the silence is broken only by some short remark like, "Voytek, don't take so much on your spoon," or, "Don't crowd; keep down your elbows."

his brigands follow one another. How tall, how strong, and how bold he was! But no wonder; for "not a woman, but a rock, was his mother." Everybody has much to tell about his marvelous vicissitudes, and everybody knows where the inaccessible cavern is, high in the cliffs of the Kościeliska valley, where Yanosik and his band had their nest, and from which they made sallies on the "Hungarian side" and lurked for traveling merchants.

On one of his journeys Yanosik had to stop for the night in a hut of three witches. When he lay down, the witches, thinking him asleep, said: "He seems to be a brave lad, and if he proves to be really so, we will give him the wonderful boots."



"DROBIONY" DANCE AND A ZAKOPANE ORNAMENT—MOTIVE CALLED "PAZENICA"

Upon saying this, one of the old women took a little red charcoal from the hearth and put it on Yanosik's body, to try him. "If he jumps, he is not brave; if he can stand the charcoal, the boots will be his." Yanosik heard all, and felt the burning coal, but did not move, and the next morning he put on the boots, with which he could stride a mile at each step.

All near the fire marvel at this, and many think what a good thing it was to be such a brigand. It is true that most of them ended on the gallows, but even this seems heroic to our yuhasses, and they sing:

When I shall be hanged,
My gallows will be set with corals,
With precious stones,
And the road to it paved with silver,
And music will play.

Then other songs follow:

Mountains, our mountains,
You are our castles;
Beech leaves
Our pillows.

(Goó-ry ná-se goó-ry
Vý ná-se ko-mó-ry
Boo-ko-ve lees-tets-kee
Na-se po-doo-sets kee.)

From a corner the whining sound of the *gensle*, a primitive stringed instrument

resembling the violin, changes into the lively tune of the *drobiony* dance, and a boy follows its quick tempo and weird accents in small steps, always jumping on the same spot, shaking his long hair, and looking fixedly at his toes.

The tune again changes into the more energetic *zboyecki*, or brigand dance, and soon the dark interior of the shalas is full of jumping yuhasses and their big shadows. With violent leaps and bounds they surround the fire, and in the red light and smoke, with their grotesque attitudes, their sunburned and smoked faces shining with sweat, their long hair flying, and the flashing ciupagas swinging in their hands, they look like enraged demons. The girls cling to the walls, and watch the dancers with interest. Then voices join the music:

In cellar
Bandits were dancing;
They ordered fine music
And a look at their feet.

One after another they stride over the high threshold and out into the dark of the drizzly night. The music stops, the door repeats frequently its squeaking minor cadence, soon the fire dies out, and the shalas is empty.

Everybody goes to his cabin, rattles the hasp, and, slamming the door, makes his way in the dark between the two rows of cattle and climbs to his bed of spruce twigs



"ZBOYECKI" (ZBOO-YETS-KEE), OR BRIGAND DANCE, AND ZAKOPANE ORNAMENT—MOTIVE CALLED "LELEYA"

spread on the round rafters above the backs of the cows, that by constant munching, groaning, and ringing the bells at their throats would seriously disturb the sleep of a visitor from the city.

At daybreak, when the highest cliffs be-

whistles and shouts. He climbs the steep slopes and narrow ledges, and they follow him, scrambling higher and higher until one, hardly seeing them, wonders by what law of equilibrium they remain suspended there, and why they do not fall with the



Drawn by W. F. Benda. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick.

A FIGHT BETWEEN A YUHAS AND A LIPTAK

gin to gleam in the first rays of the sun, the yuhas takes his flocks into remote ridges and slopes. In his shaggy serdak and woolen cloths, he does not differ in color from the sheep that crowd about his feet and understand every one of his

stones which, dislodged by their feet, bound down the precipices in great leaps.

All around is total silence. Some small animals resembling the American woodchuck, frightened by the approaching flock, hide themselves in the crevices of

the rocks. These are the Tatra marmots, here called *swistak*; they inhabit only the highest parts of Tatra.

From time to time the yuhas remains standing, silently contemplating the mountains opposite. They are of constant interest to him; he is familiar with every detail of them, and has a name for every one of their peaks, passes, slopes, or rugged crags. Now, with his keen eye, used to looking over great distances, he discovers on the far peaks a flock of *giemza* (the Tatra chamois) springing from cliff to cliff over the giddy precipices or leaping down the perpendicular rocks. Sometimes their sentinel hears a suspicious sound, and the whole flock stops, at once, remaining absolutely motionless for so long a time that it is hard to believe them living creatures. At such a moment it is impossible to discover them, as their color matches well with the surrounding cliffs.

A great eagle appears in the sky, sailing on almost motionless wings in large circles high above the valley, and sometimes returning to his nest suspended on a giddy cliff. The shepherd finds it, climbs the almost perpendicular crags, and, hanging over the abyss, reaches the nest. The eagle falls on him like lightning, and, in desperate protection of his young ones, with claws and beak furiously attacks the intruder. The fight is in midair, in the domain of eagles, but the man with his ciupaga is victorious and takes the eaglets and the eagle's feathers, the trophies of his courage, which are much admired by the gooral girls. He returns to his flock and puts the young birds in his woolen bag.

Somewhere among the pines far below a girl's clear voice repeats a melancholy song, harmonizing well with these wild surroundings, with the murmur of some

distant torrent, and with the sound of little cow-bells. The song ends with a brilliant cascade of tones which the cliffs echo and carry to the lonely shepherd's ears. He knows the voice, and replies with a short, wild shout. Another, more animated song comes from below:

Sound, my voice, wide through forests, until
thou reachest my Yaś.

Yanicek, Yanicek, what hast thou on thy
cheeks?
Red lilies? Give them to me.

From stone to stone a magpie jumps;
She likes Yanicek's eyes.

And so songs and shouting fill the clear mountain air for hours, until the sun sinks, the shiny rocks of higher peaks begin to glow like red-hot iron, and Yanicek with his sheep comes down into the dark valley.

Sometimes a yuhas goes to the highest ridges on the Hungarian frontier and looks into the green valleys of the Liptaks (Slovaks of the southern slopes of Tatra), where he rarely has been; for there is an old hatred between our goorals and their ultramontane neighbors, and it must be unusually important business which could take a Zakopaner to a Liptov village, or a Liptak to Zakopane. But sometimes a yuhas, allured by the sight of rich grass, crosses the frontier and leads his sheep to the green Hungarian slope; but woe to him if he is caught by a Liptak! A bloody fight is then unavoidable. For a while, with sharp ciupagas ready to strike, they wrestle desperately until one receives the fatal blow and rolls down the precipice. If the yuhas succumbs, the Liptak captures his sheep, and then a large sum must be paid to release them.

THY MONUMENT

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

IF so men's memories not thy monument be,
Thou shalt have none. Warm hearts, and not cold stone,
Must mark thy grave, or thou shalt lie unknown.
Marbles keep not themselves; how then keep thee?



THE GOLDEN WHISTLE

BY H. C. BAILEY

PRAL THE FIRST

THEY had called her Claire - Denise - Cécile - Benoîte de la Ferté, but she was quite small. So the honeysuckle eluded her. A little gray woman, she stood on a boulder above the brook, one arm up-lifted, and still the cream-pink petals nodded two good inches over the tips of her twitching brown fingers. The sun found her face and flashed in her brown eyes and showed the faint flush of crimson in her ivory cheek, the full lips parted in anxious longing for her flower. So she stood in Auvergne three hundred years ago.

Bright and blue a sword gleamed over her head. The honeysuckle stalk was cloven, and the flower came fluttering down to brown fingers. The Demoiselle Claire-Denise-Cécile-Benoîte de la Ferté turned swiftly upon her boulder. All in one moment she beheld the gray eyes, the stiff, little yellow moustachios and peaked beard, the sunburnt face and square jaw, of a slim fellow in gray frieze. He saluted her with his sword. Denise sprang down from her boulder to curtsy.

"I thank you a thousand times, sir," she murmured.

"It is, mademoiselle, a thousand times too many."

"But guess how I wanted my honeysuckle."

"I conceive. One wishes always for what one has not."

"Faith, sir, you are a philosopher."

"On the contrary, mademoiselle, I am sane."

Denise gave him another curtsy. "My felicitations, sir," she murmured, with mocking eyes. "Now, I wish very much for what I have."

"But you have great treasures, mademoiselle," says he of the gray frieze; and then, as she started, "of beauty at the least," he explained quickly.

Denise exalted her chin. "I thought you were sane, sir."

"*Pardieu*, I had almost forgotten," the gray frieze admitted. "Mademoiselle, pardon. I promise to be—quite sane. But (pardon again) you spoke of wishing for what you have. You fear, then, to lose it. Here is Raoul de Ratine, a poor Norman gentleman, will defend it to the end."

"Infinite thanks, M. de Ratine." Her lips curled. "I see that you do not know what I am."

"It suffices, mademoiselle, that you are what I see. Ah, pardon, pardon, I become insane."

"Know then, sir, that I am Claire-Denise-Cécile-Benoîte"—she spoke the names slowly with a vast contempt and ended in a rush—"de la Ferté, and I have nothing in all the world."

"Accept, mademoiselle, my entire devotion," says M. de Ratine.

"And I ought at this hour to be a nun."

"By the faith of my body, no!" cried M. de Ratine, with enthusiasm.

"At least my cousin commended me to

a convent," says Denise in a small, contemptuous voice.

M. de Ratine turned up his moustachios. "I inform your cousin that he is a fool," he remarked.

The ivory cheeks of Denise dimpled. She looked at M. de Ratine under her eyelashes. "My cousin is the Duc de Contal," she said meekly.

M. de Ratine addressed heaven and earth. "M. le Duc de Contal, you are a fool: I would say it to your face if I could."

"He is only a ninth cousin," said Denise.

"Even that is presumption," said M. de Ratine.

Denise looked up a moment with a gleam of laughter in her brown eyes, then turned away and sat down on the boulder and played with her honeysuckle. M. de Ratine contemplated her gravely. Denise set the flowers in her bosom. "M. de Ratine," she said, and paused awhile. Then she looked up. His gray eyes met hers honestly. "M. de Ratine—my father was the Sieur de Verneuil. That—all that"—the little brown hand made a wide gesture over the rolling pasture to the terraces of vines and the round blue mountains—"all that was his, and my dear château. And a year ago he—he died—and all passes to the Duc de Contal. M. le Duc wrote to me and counseled me the convent at Clermont. I—I could not." She blushed and looked down and was silent. M. de Ratine bowed gravely, and he, too, regarded the ground. "Then M. le Duc wrote and 'regretted my lack of vocation to Heaven' (oh, yes, he was pleased to be witty), and begged me 'be my own abbess at Verneuil till I found a vocation on earth.' Flashing eyes, flaming cheeks were displayed to M. de Ratine. "And I stay there," cried Denise; "I live in his house, eating his bread. And I hate it, I hate it. But I can no other."

"I desire infinitely to say two words to Contal alone," says M. de Ratine.

"You know him?" cried Denise.

"Till now, mademoiselle, I believed that I did. I thought him a gentleman."

"He!" cried Denise in scorn.

M. de Ratine turned up his moustachios. "The comment suffices," he re-

marked. Then he looked at her keenly. "But you, mademoiselle, at least are safe here? None dares to trouble, to annoy?" M. de Ratine seemed to know how peaceable was Auvergne under the good King François I.

The girl's eyes fell before his, and furrows came deep on his brow. She flushed, and did not answer for a while. "I thank you, sir; I believe I am safe," she said at last.

M. de Ratine made a bow. "Permit me, mademoiselle," he said, and held out on the palm of his hand a golden whistle. "If any knave should dare to annoy, let the whistle sound. Believe me, it will be heard."

Denise looked at him doubtfully. "By you, M. de Ratine?" He bowed. "You stay here, then? Your pardon, sir—why?"

M. de Ratine turned up a moustachio. "I study," he remarked, "the natural products of Auvergne."

"Oh, I trust they please you?"

"Mademoiselle, I have never seen the like."

"But, then,"—her brow puckered,— "do you purpose to live here?"

"I still hope," says M. de Ratine. He fell on his knee by her side and took her hand. "Mademoiselle—"

Denise started up. "Do not forget that you are sane, sir," she cried, laughing and blushing.

"I was offering, mademoiselle, not my heart, but my whistle," says M. de Ratine.

"Then I need not refuse," said Denise, laughing still, and took it and made him a curtsey and went lightfoot over the pasture.

Left alone, M. de Ratine kicked three stones splashing into the brook. "Contal," said he, "I desire to say two words. I think one suffices: Contal, *bête*."

Denise found a cavalier among the pines—a cavalier in crimson and cloth of gold, who stood across her path, smiling with lips and eyes.

"Again, M. de Canillac!" she cried sharply.

"Again! Always, my queen of loveliness, always your slave."

"Have the kindness, sir, to be my slave elsewhere," said Denise, with her chin exalted, and tried to pass him.

M. de Canillac was broad. "Ah, De-

nise, cruel always," he sighed, still barring the way.

"Sir, must I say 'always coward'?" cried Denise as he caught her arm.

"*Mordieu!* not that at least!" cried Canillac, holding her still. He threw his head back and his chest forward. "Prove me!" said he, and looked handsome.

"Faith, sir, you prove yourself," said Denise, with curling lip.

"Nay, listen, my fair." Black curls fell about his face as he bent to her ear, black eyes were aglow. "I dare your wrath, for I love you, Denise, and, *pardieu*, with that same cause I will dare your cousin Contal."

But still her cheeks were ivory white. "Oh, remember he is not a woman, sir," says she.

"Were he King François I would dare him still," cried the amorous, valorous gentleman. "Whisper one word, my queen, and I uphold you in Verneuil forever, and Contal may do his worst. Make me happy, Denise, and you shall hold your loved lands of Verneuil—"

"For the profit of M. de Canillac!" cried Denise. "So here is the end of romance: We are to be two thieves together! Oh, indeed, I thank you for the honor. Pray, sir, give me the path." And again she tried to pass him, but Canillac, only smiling, alway smiling, took her in his arms.

The golden whistle pealed clear.

"Why that?" cried Canillac, laughing. "Little one, who will dare touch Canillac?"

"The devil, some day," said M. de Ratine.

At the placid voice, Canillac let go his prey and started round. "Thank you," said M. de Ratine, and knocked him down. Canillac started up red with wrath and the blow, and whipped out his sword and ran upon Ratine. M. de Ratine shook out his gray cloak, caught the wild thrust in it, and closed. In a moment the Comte de Canillac was again upon his broad back on the pine needles, and M. de Ratine was breaking the sword across his knee. When Canillac had struggled up again, M. de Ratine politely offered him the two pieces. "I thought you might like one for each hand," he explained.

M. de Canillac amazed him with a loud laugh.

"*Pardieu*, sir, you teach me a lesson, and I thank you."

"It was a pure pleasure," says M. de Ratine.

But Canillac had turned to Denise. "But to you, mademoiselle, to you, how can I excuse myself? Ah, I think I was mad." He made a sweeping bow. "Pardon, pardon, ten thousand times!" Then he laughed a little. "And yet, and yet, mademoiselle, when you look into the mirror you will see a great excuse for my ardor."

"M. de Canillac," Ratine drawled, "try not to be so very ardent again."

"Sir, my word for it! Mademoiselle, I have learned a lesson. I kiss your hands." M. de Canillac bowed low and strode off to the sycamore whereto his horse was tethered.

M. de Ratine turned up his yellow moustachios and watched. He was surprised by two little cold hands clasping his. M. de Ratine looked down and saw himself in misty brown eyes, saw little full lips tremble betwixt a laugh and a sob. M. de Ratine grasped the cold hands close. "Ah, my friend, my friend," said the little full lips. M. de Ratine drew her closer, her heart beat against his arm, and she did not flinch from the light in his eyes.

Suddenly M. de Ratine let fall her hands.

"Mademoiselle," says he, "do not let me imitate M. de Canillac."

Denise hung her head and blushed. "M. de Ratine—you will come to the château?"

M. de Ratine stiffened. "How, mademoiselle?" he cried. "Shall I eat the bread of Contal?"

Denise stared a moment, then gave a little gasping sob. "Ah, I see how base you think me, then!" she murmured, and turned faltering away.

In a moment M. de Ratine was down on his knee, holding her hand: "Mademoiselle, I think you a saint and angel; I—but let me be sane!" He kissed her hand and rose and went quickly through the trees.

For, in fact, M. de Ratine desired to observe M. de Canillac. M. de Ratine lay down at the edge of the wood and

watched Canillac ride away over the pastures. M. de Ratine communed with himself: "In fact, M. de Canillac, you were too polite. Why were you so polite? I desire infinitely to know. And that dear Canillac, he only recedes into the sunset." On went Canillac toward the valley past a herd of mountain ponies that flung up their heads to the wind and sniffed at him. "I suppose, my dear Canillac," says Ratine, "you wished us to think you a gentleman, to believe that we need not fear your malice. In fact, we do not fear you greatly, my dear. We—" M. de Ratine stopped her communings and started up. He stood on the hill-side and his gray eyes dwindled to points of light. "By the faith of my body," cried M. de Ratine, "he is gone to church! That good Canillac!"

PEAL THE SECOND.

In the morning before the sun was high Denise, in her silver-gray, came through the rose-garden and out to the pine wood. Sure, she needed more honey-suckle. In the gloom of the wood M. de Canillac met her again. Still he was smiling. Denise drew herself up to her little height. "Sweet, I am come for my answer," says M. de Canillac.

"You have had it, sir," cried Denise, flushing.

"Is it still the same?"—he was always smiling.—"Bed has not made you wiser?"

"It is still, it is always, the same!" cried Denise, with a stamp of her foot.

"I cannot believe it, *pardieu*. Confess, my fair, it is changed. It is now, 'I am yours, François'? Whisper it, then, my queen of blushes."

"Never!" cried Denise.

"Now!" cried Canillac, and sprang at her.

The golden whistle pealed again.

But feebly and short, for her hand was torn from her lips, a kerchief was pressed upon them. Other men were about her; roughly her hands were bound, and her ankles; the kerchief was tied over her mouth. Gasping, and hot with shame, she was borne away in Canillac's arms. The troop mounted and went off at speed over the pastures, and M. de Canillac, holding the writhing girl close to his bosom,

said in her ear, "Confess, my fair, the answer is changed," and laughed and kissed her. And Denise moaned.

Soon they came to the little gray church, and M. de Canillac dismounted and bore in his prey. One man, his squire, went in with him.

Before the altar waited a priest with his book. Canillac set the girl down and held her so that she could not fall. Still she was gagged and bound, and still Canillac was smiling.

"My son," said the priest, "I trust the maiden comes of her own good will?"

"My father, you perceive her joy," said Canillac.

The priest looked an instant at her face, crimson and twisted in her agony. "Peace be with her!" said the priest, with a snuffle. "There is promise of bliss, my son." And he opened his book and began to read the Latin hastily. The words burned into the girl's brain, but she could not move or cry; only she set her eyes on the white face of the Virgin painted above the altar and prayed.

Canillac was gripping her bound hand in his, Canillac was drawing her closer, when, like rolling thunder, broke the thud of galloping horses and the ground began to tremble.

"France! France! St. Denis! Death!" the shouts of war rose loud.

For M. de Ratine, having ears, had heard his whistle peal; but, having eyes also, had seen Canillac's troop; and so, being only one man on foot, had not come to the rescue. Breathing short through his nostrils, M. de Ratine ran back to the cave where he made his lodging, endued himself in his cuirass of Milan steel, and flung a leg over his Normandy mare. Discreetly and afar he followed M. de Canillac's troop; but his tawny brows were drawn and he communed with himself in oaths. Then suddenly with a glad cry, "St. Denis de Contal!" he clapped his hand on his thigh and his spurs to his mare and laughed.

Before him the herd of mountain ponies were feeding calmly. Waiving his sword aloft, shouting loud, M. de Ratine galloped down upon them, and the frightened beasts stared an instant, then turned tail, and the whole herd went galloping headlong over the pasture. Down upon the church swept a tempest of

tossing manes. Shouting, swearing, wrenching at their bridles, Canillac's men were whirled away in the mad charge of the herd.

"France! France! St. Denis! Death!" roared Ratine, reining up at the door. Down he sprang, cast his reins about the bridle-spike, drew his sword, and rushed in.

Canillac's man met him in the doorway with a howl—"Dog!"

"I bite," said Ratine, and ran him through and sprang over him up the aisle. The priest fled.

Canillac cast Denise down on the stones and plucked out his sword and turned on Ratine, crying, "Devil!"

"Go greet him," said Ratine, and thrust straight. Then, as Canillac reeled back gurgling, M. de Ratine caught Denise up and cast her over his shoulder and ran hot-foot to his mare. He sprang to the saddle, he spoke to the mare, and she tossed her head and thundered off with her double burden.

Canillac's men were drawing out of the herd and spurring back.

PEAL THE THIRD

M. de Ratine wiped his sword on the mare's broad flank, then with light drawing strokes cut the cords at the girl's wrists and ankles. Then Denise caught the kerchief from her mouth and gasped and sneezed. "Oh, my friend, my friend!" said Denise, and held M. de Ratine very tight.

The gray eyes looked down into hers. "You believe that?" asked M. de Ratine.

Denise laughed a little: "Do I believe it? Truly yes."

"Believe it always, Denise," said M. de Ratine. "Also hold by the sword-belt." The graven, gleaming cuirass was cool to her burning cheek as she clung to him.

Over the short mountain grass they thundered. M. de Ratine had his head a little turned, with an ear to judge the distance of Canillac's men, with his eye searching for landmarks. The blue mountains ranged themselves anew and once more anew as the mare galloped on. A breath of heather, a keener, cold air, stung their nostrils as the plateau rose

higher. The round peaks came nearer, the grass changed to tufted pink heather, gray-blue stones broke bare through the earth. More steeply still rose the ground. They were out on a narrow, bare track with the mountains closing in on each hand. The mare's deep flanks were heaving. Nearer and nearer yet came the clatter of Canillac's men.

Anxious-eyed, Denise looked up at M. de Ratine. But Ratine was leaning forward over her and peering ahead. He laid his hand on the mare's neck and, "Mimi, Mimi," he said gently, and Mimi tossed her wet head bravely, and gathered herself for one last struggle. And now Canillac's men were shouting, "Death, murderer, death!" Ratine turned in his saddle and let out a roar, "Death! Death!"

Swiftly bare walls of rock drew closer on each side; then Mimi felt the bit, and checked. Down sprang Ratine and set Denise on her feet. "Run and blow!" he said.

"Blow?" gasped Denise.

"Your whistle. Run! Run!" and Denise ran.

And the golden whistle pealed high and clear, and the mountains echoed its voice.

Ratine sprang to the saddle again and reined round to meet the charge. Howling, it came in column. There was no room for two cavaliers abreast in the pass above Montluçon. Came the first with his sword like a lance in rest, and Ratine swayed in his saddle and let the point go by and stabbed the man in the side before the second was on him. As the point slid along his cuirass, Ratine slashed at the man's neck, and so two horses went rushing by with their riders falling, limply thudding. Tail to nose, the rest of the troop reined up in a hurry.

Then with a cry: "On foot, lads, and together!" and down they sprang, and rushed in a mass to stab the mare and get her rider down. With an oath, Ratine made Mimi rear above the swords and sprang down to fight for his mare. Back to the rock in the narrow path he was, foining and thrusting madly, and his tanned face grew darker and the muscles bulged in his jaw.

But the Demoiselle Claire-Denise-Cécile-Bénoite de la Ferté had been very

much surprised. To her whistle had come an answering shout, and, lo! as she ran and the little town of Montluçon broke on her view through the rocks, the houses began to vomit forth men and horses. A wild squadron came galloping up, and the leader of them howled at Denise: "Where is he? Where?" And Denise, amazed, drew back from the rush and pointed up the pass. The leader stood in his stirrups as he galloped and, gaining the crest of the track, shouted: "Contal! St. Denis de Contal! Contal!" and the squadron took up the cry.

Canillac's men heard it and fell back from Ratine's darting point, gazed an instant, liked not the sight, and ran to their horses. M. de Ratine leaned back against the rock panting, and the mare Mimi came to him and put her nose on his shoulder. "*Pardieu*, Mimi, we conquer—thus far," panted Ratine, caressing.

Then the wild squadron came up to him and checked, saluting. "Ah, Contras," said M. de Ratine, "chase me these rascals a little, Contras." He pointed with red sword at Canillac's flying troop. "They disfigure my landscape."

PEAL THE FOURTH

M. de Ratine put up his sword, put his arm through Mimi's bridle, and walked on down the pass to Montluçon. Close above the town a little gray woman waited with her hand to her eyes, peering anxiously through the sunlight.

"My gratitude, mademoiselle, for your whistle," said M. de Ratine.

Denise came to him very quickly. "Ah, sir, you are safe?" she cried. "You are not wounded, sir?"

"I regret, mademoiselle, that I have shed for you only the blood of others. But doubtless they regret that, too. Let us pass to Montluçon." And he offered his arm.

Denise put her little brown hand in it. "And these men who came, are they yours?"

"*Pardieu*, no, mademoiselle. Yours."

"Mine?" cried Denise, round-eyed.

"At least they came to your whistle," said M. de Ratine.

"M. de Ratine, I do not understand you."

Ratine gazed a moment into the wide brown eyes.

"Unhappily," he said in a lower voice—"unhappily now you must."

While he spoke they came upon a big white pavilion. Two grooms ran to take Mimi. Into the pavilion, while she gazed at him wondering, M. de Ratine led Denise. The golden carpet was like down beneath her feet; roses lay fragrant in bowls of silver on the white tables; the canvas walls were hidden behind brocade.

"Mademoiselle, Raoul-Denis-Philibert-Geoffroi, Duc de Contal, presents to you his obeisances and begs you honor him as his guest." So M. de Ratine, to flushing cheeks, to parting lips, to wondering brown eyes.

"But—but—where is M. le Duc?" Denise stammered. M. de Ratine looked down at the hand in his arm. "Mademoiselle, where he would most desire to be."

Denise drew her hand from his arm and started back.

"You are he?" she cried, and her eyes kindled.

He bowed. "But it is, mademoiselle, what I cannot help."

The ivory cheeks were crimson now, her eyes aflame, her bosom was rising fast. "Then—then you were false!" she cried. "You lied to me! You cheated—you tricked me! Yes! To surprise my secrets—you spied—"

"Does anything surprise you in the Duc de Contal?" he said gravely.

"Ah—you—" cried Denise, and a sob broke her voice and she turned away a moment. Then, meeting his eyes again with cheeks all white. "M. le Duc!" she cried fiercely, "I hated you before I knew you—now—I despise!"

"Mademoiselle, you were logical; you are now just," said Contal.

"Aye, sneer at me, sir! You have the power."

"Neither power nor will, *mordieu*!" cried Contal, sharply, flushing beneath the tan. Then he drew himself up and bowed. "Mademoiselle, I will beg you yet rest here till I may provide you safety at Verneuil. That shall be yours by law, as it has always been by right. And the Duc de Contal—eh, the Duc de Contal promises to trouble your eyes no more—"

unless yourself command him." He bowed low and went out.

Denise watched the slim figure stalk out to the sunshine, stood looking long, with her hands clasped on her bosom. Tears began to dim the brown eyes, her throat was trembling, and she bit at her lip.

The Duc de Contal was in the stable with his arm round Mimi's glossy neck. "Ah, Mimi, Mimi, after all—we lose," said he. But Mimi devoured her hard-earned mash. The Duc de Contal sighed for her insensibility and for himself.

Then the golden whistle pealed faintly.

Within the pavilion Denise was vastly concerned with a bowl of crimson roses. Sure, she could not hear the swift step or see Raoul-Denis-Philibert-Geoffroi. Nay, who in all the world could have foretold the coming of him? And yet,

"Mademoiselle, one is here to obey," said the Duc de Contal.

Denise looked down most intent on her roses. "You remember—you told me—one wishes always for what one has not—I—I wish for your pardon."

Contal went down on his knees and took her hand. It trembled a little in his. "We are, then, companions," said he; "for 'tis your pardon I desire very much, Denise," and he kissed her hand.

Denise smiled down at him with misty eyes.

"There was never any one made me so ashamed," said Denise; and then, timidly: "We—we are friends?"

The Duc de Contal rose up. "Denise, one wishes always for what one has not," he said softly.

Denise looked into his eyes a moment, then put her other hand in his. "Still?" said Denise. And was engulfed.



A FRENCH RIVER

THE LOVELY MARNE FROM ITS SOURCE TO PARIS

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL

WE know our France a little, and love it more, and we had long since learned enough of the beauty of its rivers to realize the difficulty of choosing one among them for special exploration. The picturesqueness of the Loire and the Seine no one could deny, and this to us was an argument against them, for it meant that they run through the few familiar and traveled parts of undiscovered France. on the Rhone there would be plenty of

excitement of the sort which led Stevenson to write to I. (they were to have made the trip together, and the scheme fell through) that his regret was he could never know the exact spot where they would have been killed. The river no sooner bursts out of the glacier than it goes diving underground, as it does again farther on, and it amuses itself by various other similar little games rather too exciting for our purpose.

Then there is the Saône; but there is



THE SOURCE OF THE MARNE

also Hamerton's big book about it. Of the other chief French rivers, there remain the Garonne, which, if little known, is not particularly interesting, and the Marne, which is not known at all. We had seen it once, a shadowy stream in the moon light, at Nogent. We had crossed it at Meaux over a bridge lined with old mills—a bridge not to be forgotten. We had caught a glimpse of it at Châlons, when, for the moment, we were more occupied with cathedrals than with rivers. This, certainly, was not knowing much, but it was enough to make us want to know more. And by a happy editorial suggestion to the Marne our choice was directed.

To discover its source on a good map requires no great genius or luck. There it is, as plain as possible, where the narrowing blue line begins, not very far from Langres in the department of the Haute-

Marne. But it is another matter when you get to Langres, magnificently placed on a towering bluff, with a venerable and stirring history and a proper pride in having given birth to Diderot, whose statue stands in the *place*, but with a population absolutely indifferent to their river. Still, I suppose a river one can jump across seems no great thing. The people we asked could only tell us that it did not rise from a near lake, as we had thought, and was not the little stream that we could see running round in the valley; and even of this they were not sure until we had trudged to both lake and stream. Then some one suggested that perhaps the Marne rose somewhere over the hills, which was a trifle vague.

The more we asked, the more curious they all became. What did two foreigners want with the source of the river? Spies, of course; for Langres is very near



CLIFFS ON THE UPPER RIVER



CANAL BRIDGE OVER THE MARNE NEAR LANGRES



A LOCK ON THE MARNE



THE MARNE AT JOINVILLE

the German frontier, and *l'affaire*, the unspeakable *affaire*, had just entered upon a new stage. In the last thirty years the average Frenchman has lost nothing of his old hatred and suspicion of the Germans, a fact that it is well to recognize when traveling through his country. Probably it is natural, and I have no doubt it would be just as bad with us, or a thousand times worse, if Spain were next door to America. However, we made as few inquiries as possible, and on the morning of our second day in Langres

we fortunately did meet a man who may never have gone so far himself, but who actually knew where the source was to be found.

We came to it about three miles to the southeast of the town, in a solitude so

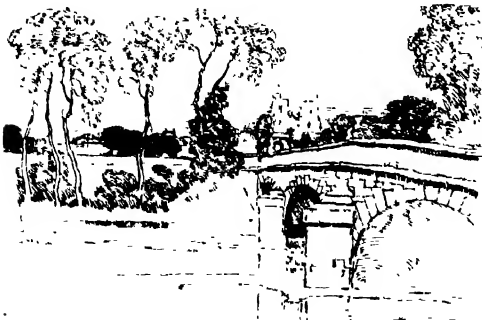
complete that it might have been worlds away. To be accurate, the river has three sources, though this hardly accounts for the confusion on the subject, since they are close together in the same pretty green



THE MARNE NEAR SAINT DIZIER

gorge, shut in by precipitous little cliffs. The first is at the head of the gorge, in a cave called La Marnotte. The French, who, like the Romans, express their love for nature by religious symbols, have consecrated the silent gorge to the Blessed Virgin, whose statue is set up in the rock above the cave—the same Virgin who

crowns the topmost peak of Le Puy, who makes the tragic way of the cross up the steep slopes of Rocamadour, who so often in France guards or completes the beauty of the landscape, so that you wonder which is prettier, the simple piety of the people



VILRY-LE FRANÇOIS



THE BRIDGE NEAR CHÂLONS



THE MARNE AT ÉPERNAY

or their decorative fashion of showing it. At the feet of the Virgin of La Marnotte, steps lead to a locked door in the ground from which the river first flows, or should flow, into sight; but not so much as a drop of water was oozing out when we were there at the end of a tropical summer. Not far from it, however, the other two springs had done their work, and a streamlet began to trickle through the meadow, and, not much farther, there was a little dam and a little mill, and the Marne may be said to have fairly started on its career.

Before long it was passing a tiny village, with a picturesque church, a great war statue, and smelly old farm-houses—the French village. And before it had gone more than a mile or so on its way, it had arrived at all the dignity of a three-arch bridge and a valley of its own. Like everything else in France, the rivers have to work, and here was the Marne, in its babyhood, turning its little mill, and by the time it had run its course down to Langres it was joined by the canal of the Saône and Marne, and from that moment, until it lost itself in the Seine at Paris, it was the River of

Commerce, though, to look at it, you might never have imagined it concerned itself with anything more businesslike than beauty. But France is the thriftiest country in the world, and the busiest, and nothing must be wasted, from the people's labor to the grass that grows by the wayside. We saw the peasants mowing even the narrow strip along the tow-path. As for the Marne, it supplied its canal so industriously that, after Langres, it was little more than a series of dams and back-waters, choked with lilies and reeds.

This made it enchanting from the pictorial point of view. It was a succession of beautiful pictures, which, to be genuine classics, needed only the shepherds playing their pipes in the pleasant shade when the noonday sun is hot and singing in gentle rivalry, but who have long since disappeared before the *pêcheur à ligne*, his wife, and his family.

From the practical point of view, however, there were drawbacks. It became a serious question how we were to get down the river and enjoy these pictures—one reason, perhaps, why so few travelers have seen it. No boat, not so much as a



WHERE THE MARNE BROADENS



THE MARNE NEAR CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

canoe, could be forced through the reeds and the lilies without a great deal of trouble, while, every mile or so, one would have to get out and carry it round a weir—a *bar-rage* of sharp-pointed posts.

The next best plan would be to take a barge on the canal. But we had not the unlimited leisure for a boat that goes at so easy a pace that one may see all day the same church spire on the horizon.

No sooner, however, did the canal join the river than there was a tow-path quite good enough for our bicycles. And it made an extremely pretty road. On one side was the canal, on the other the river. Sometimes the canal went over the river, crossing and recrossing it, once disappearing in a tunnel, and, as a rule, keeping

well out of the way of towns and villages. Indeed, so successfully did the Marne avoid the towns that I remember that first day, after Langres, we passed only one or two little villages until at last, late in the

afternoon, we began to wonder what in the world had become of Chaumont, where we had planned to spend the night. We ought to have come to it, according to the people, "some little quarter of an hour" sooner.

Still we rode, and still there was no Chaumont, and fi-

nally there were no people, and it grew dark. Yet Chaumont is supposed to be on the Marne, and is a town of many thousand inhabitants. But it was as invisible from the waterside as are so many of the towns of the Norfolk Broads, and



AT CHÂTEAU-THIERRY



BELOW CHÂTEAU-THIERRY



THE MARNE AT LA FERTÉ-SOUS-JOUARRE



THE VALLEY OF THE MARNE

we had gone miles beyond it before we discovered our mistake.

This helps to explain the character and the charm of the Marne. It is a pastoral stream, shrinking from noise and excitement of any kind. It is not, like the Seme, "bordered by cities and hoarse with a thousand cries." On its banks is no romantic succession of castles, as on the Loire and the Rhone, or of pretty villages, as on the Saône. It is so shy that often, as at Chaumont, you may think yourself miles away from the nearest house, while beyond the wood or behind the hill rise the smoke and spires of a thriving town. The scenery is as quiet. While most rivers starting from a high plateau force their way violently through gorges and tear like torrents across the country, the Marne flows as placidly as the streams of the Lotus-Eaters' land, and draws its waters as slowly from the purple hills. Here and there the shores contract and fall to the water in vertical cliffs, but on a miniature and dainty scale. Then the

high banks gradually lower, and the landscape widens, and on each side stretches the broad, beautiful plain where cattle are at pasture. Sometimes the plain meets the white horizon, sometimes it is bounded by low, rolling hills, and always it is full of variety of light and shadow. On the Marne one remembers the definition of classic landscape as one in which everything is elegantly, not passionately, treated; for everywhere, in the curves of the river, in the tree foras and in their grouping, in the lines of the rounded hills, in the tender green of the meadow-land, is this elegance—the elegance of Claude, of Corot. The river never quickens its pace. It is not met by any great tributaries, only occasionally by a sluggish brook, which, however, I always found dignified into a river in the guide-book. Nevertheless, it keeps on growing, until at Châlons it is about as big as it ever is; for, after that, the canal drains it so constantly that even near Paris it is in places frequently choked with reeds and lilies.

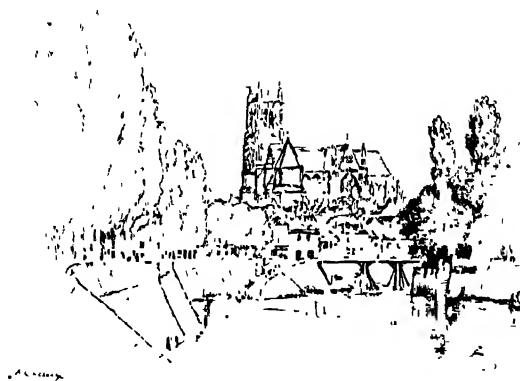


THE BRIDGE OF THE MARNE AT MEAUX



THE MARNE NEAR MEAUX

But the Marne, if it shuns the excitement of towns and villages, has a life of its own, and a very all-engrossing life it seems. We were continually passing the barges, not only trailed by slow horses along the canal, but drawn up among the reeds, the boatman apparently as indifferent to town distractions as is the river. We were also continually passing fishermen, who, the whole way from Langres to Paris, sat in endless rows, solemn, meditative, the one serious element in the river industry.



IN THE CITY OF MEAUX

It is to the credit of the Marne that it is able to retain this shyness, this pastoral charm, while passing through one of the busiest parts of rich, prosperous, hard-working France. The slow barges, the meditative fishermen, the sleepy, green

banks, might make us forget for a time that life held any more urgent task than the idling away of the hot September day. Then, on the rare occasions when we came to a town, we would see the factory chimneys smoking and hear the hum of machinery, and later on, toward Épernay, we would look beyond the poplars to great hill-sides of vines, and it would occur to us that we were in the old province of Champagne, the wealthiest wine-growing country, and that the French

are no mean competitors in the manufacturing race for millions. On the highroad we might have been oppressed by all these signs of commercial energy and prosperity, as one is in the neighborhood of Lille, for example. On the



THE MILLS AT MEAUX

Marne they never ceased to be a surprise; we never could get used to them. Yet almost all the towns the upper river has the courage to approach are commercial. Now and then a little place may try half-heartedly to remain purely picturesque, like Joinville,

which finds its distinction enough to have been the birthplace of the great chronicler whose name it bears. But Joinville is among the few exceptions. Saint-Dizier, one of the first important towns, is wholly commercial. Vitry-le-François, though it owes its name and even its existence to that François who created the love of art in France, and who, I imagine, built its gates and bridges, cannot escape the taint of its position at the junction of the Marne and the canal that connects the river and the river trade with the Rhine. As for Châlons, which comes next and is one of the chief cities in the department of the Marne, it is a big and bustling trade center. Strictly speaking, it is not on the river at all. It stands rather on one of the numerous canals that intersect the entire country about here. It is curious that the French, who have done more than most nations to cultivate the graces of life, should be the people to boast the most perfect system of canals and roads in the world; more curious still that, when most practical, they are still careful not to sacrifice the purely graceful or decorative. The roads and canals are built for use, but, between their serried ranks of



THE MARNE NEAR NOGENT

poplars, they become so many stately groves and avenues crossing the country from end to end.

At Châlons you are in military headquarters. The little soldiers, who dash with red the streets of most large French towns, fill those of Châlons with perpetual scarlet, while

in the cafés there is a ceaseless clanking of officers' swords against the marble-topped tables and a clinking of spurs. And there are big barracks, and many drills, and a stirring sound of bugles. For Châlons is on the direct line from Paris to the frontier, and the old provinces of La Champagne and La Brie have always been a fighting-ground from the remote past of Clovis, which Frenchmen can afford to think of with equanimity, to the vivid yesterday of the Franco-German War, of which I wish the little river could wash away all memories, as it has all traces on its shore. In Châlons it is not much easier to forget

than on the grave-strewn field of Gravelotte or in the well-to-do streets of Sedan, where we had been the summer before.

Châlon has small time to think of art of any kind, past or present, for all its interests that are not military have been absorbed by champagne. For a hundred commercial travelers who stop to study the quality of the year's vintage, the chances are that not more than one artist, or architect, or student, stays to study the really beautiful cathedral of St.-Étienne, with its fine old glass, and the even lovelier church of Notre-



THE MARNE NEAR PARIS



THE CHÂTEAU MARNE

Dame, with its wonderful Romanesque sculptures, and the occasional old fifteenth- or sixteenth-century building that can be found by wandering through the streets.

Still, champagne is only one of the chief interests at Châlons; it is Épernay's whole existence. The place seems fairly to bubble and froth and overflow with champagne, so insolently, almost blusteringly, does it wear its prosperity. It is full of big, aggressively brand-new houses, all as alike as two peas—built after the pattern of a Noah's ark, with a bit of machine-made decoration added. That is the sort of thing that one comes across wherever building is going on throughout France. For it is the present ideal of the Beaux-Arts, and it will be of America, too, if we do not take care; and not even the fine name of *Néo-Grec* bestowed upon it can make up for its empty monotony. I do not understand why there should be so little endeavor to reproduce the beautiful old French domestic architecture, of which examples are to be had in many French

towns. The champagne kings of Épernay would have to go only a short distance up or down the Marne to supply themselves with better models than the academic plans of the modern architect.

However, if one lives in a town called Épernay what inducement is there to think of anything but champagne? And the names of the near towns, not on the Marne, but within easy reach, are also only synonyms for the wine which, Mr. Henry James says, is the most agreeable of all the delightful gifts of France to the world. Sillery is only a few miles away, Rheims not many more. And now, on each side the river, are the green hills where folly grows, and there is one long vista of vineyards. They are never as beautiful as the vineyards of Italy, where the vines, still festooned from tree to tree as in Vergil's time seem, Gautier thought, to be dancing an endless *farandole* through the golden corn. In France nothing disputes the soil with the vines; they twine about low poles, are carefully pruned, and are cultivated with great neatness. I always



CONFLUENCE OF THE MARNE WITH THE SEINE NEAR CHARENTON



IN CHARENTON

remember Mr. James's description of the country about Épernay. "The effect at a distance"—he was in the railway-train,—“was that of vast surfaces, long, subdued billows of pincushion.” An English hop-garden is prettier and more luxuriant than a French vineyard; but when it is a question of the value of a vast space of green in the landscape, there is not much choice, and a Kentish road, winding between hop-gardens and cherry-orchards, has no greater charm than the Marne running and turning, with its willows and poplars, among the sunny, vine-clad hills. But what a difference in results—beer and champagne!

Gradually, as we rode, there was a slight change in the village architecture along the shores. The washed stone houses of the upper river began to give way to half-timbered cottages. But the character of the river scarcely varied. We kept thinking, as we got farther down, that at every town we must find the boats, when we could leave our bicycles for a while, and, drifting or sailing or sculling down the Marne, study the world on its banks from the river itself. But lovely as the river was, there was no drifting or sailing or sculling to be had. There were no boats, except, perhaps, a fisherman's punt lying right across the channel, or a lonely ferry, until we reached Château-Thierry, where, when we wheeled into it in the late afternoon, we did see a little pleasure-craft, with white sails flying, steering toward the golden west.

A few miles farther on, and the pleasure-boat, like the King of France and his twenty thousand men, had to turn round and go home again. For below this, as in the upper stretches, navigation for any distance was impossible. The guide-book may assure you that the river is navigable all the way from Saint-Dizier to Paris, but this means navigable by the aid of the canal to which the river has shifted all its active commercial responsibilities. Free from care, the Marne itself goes meandering off; vagabondizing gaily in the most irrelevant curves and loops, in gleaming rings sluggishly winding through valley and plain, still avoiding the towns when it can. And somewhere about here it leaves La Champagne for La Brie, where the people have the reputation of taking life, when they are not fighting, as easily

as the river—as they should, for nowhere does cultivation look so well able to take care of itself; and on the Marne flows between the same green banks, the same green vineyards, the same green meadows dotted with the cattle one naturally expects to see in the province that has given its name to a world-renowned cheese, and where there is scarcely a town that has not christened another of more strictly local fame.

And so, flowing past Nanteuil and Méry, it comes to La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, a little town with innumerable memories, sad and gay, and perhaps the most perfect picture the river has to show. The ruins of the castle of the Condés are a reminder that this peaceful valley was the scene of the fierce religious wars of the sixteenth century. The town once claimed Mme. de Pompadour among its children, but though the authorities are not now so sure about it, one cannot quite forget her on the Marne just here. For she, too, played a leading part in the prologue to the great tragedy from which even quiet La Ferté could not altogether escape. It was one of the places where Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI stopped as they were brought back, prisoners really, to Paris, after the mad flight to Varennes. From the hill above the town one looks far down a valley so smiling—to use the French adjective for it—one cannot believe it ever served as background for anything sadder than the dance of Corot's nymphs or the shepherding of Watteau's flocks. Everywhere the Marne is lined with Corots, or, to be more exact, with subjects for Corot. The only originality of the great landscape-painter was to see, as no one had seen before, the grace and exquisiteness and elegance of his native land, and to make just such scenery as this on the Marne a mine for all French landscape-painters—only, really, as you can learn in the Salon any year, they have not yet discovered the Marne. People are apt to think of France as the dullest, most monotonous country in Europe, all “weari-some plains,” as Shelley described it. But I can never cycle along French roads or by French rivers without wondering why this should be. Ruskin is one of the few foreigners who have appreciated the variety and distinction of its beauty. There is a passage in his “Modern Paint-

ers" which seems to me to express this beauty so well, in so few words, that I cannot help quoting it. "Of all countries," he says, "for educating an artist to the perception of grace, France bears the bell; and that, not romantic nor mountainous France, not the Vosges, nor Auvergne, nor Provence, but lowland France, Picardy, Normandy, the valleys of the Loire and Seine, and even the district so thoughtlessly and mindlessly abused by English travelers as uninteresting, traversed between Calais and Dijon; of which there is not a single valley but is full of the most lovely pictures, nor a mile from which the artist may not receive instruction: this due chiefly to the grandeur of its lines of poplars and the unimaginable finish and beauty of its tree forms." And between Calais and Dijon, he might have said as truly, the valley of the Marne is the loveliest of all.

After La Ferté, lock-keepers became most disagreeable and the tow-path most awful. We were not allowed to take a boat on the canal, and we could not get one on the river. The only thing to do was to look with envy at the great express canal-boats that rush through by steam from Antwerp, from Brussels, from Havre, to Marseilles, and to conciliate the lock-keeper when we could, and make the short cut with the canal through the fields. For now there was no keeping by the side of the vagabond Marne. It was far too capricious for any road. When we were forced to the highway, we would lose sight of it, and rejoin it, and then lose sight of it again. The result was a series of surprises, none more to our fancy than when we rode suddenly out upon the bridge of mills which leads into Meaux. The little jeweler-shops of the Ponte Vecchio are famous the world over, but who has heard of the picturesque old mills that twice bridge the Marne as it passes by this ancient cathedral town? More pastoral prettiness there may be above, more animation below, but nowhere on the river is there such picturesqueness as here, where the old, many-storied, weather-beaten mills have faced one another for untold years, while below the water has gone dashing over the wheels, and along the shore, now with its embankment, the fishermen have cast their lines, and across the bridge the peasants, in their

heavy market-carts, have rumbled into Meaux.

The town does not altogether carry out the picturesque promise of the river-banks; but I remember with pleasure an old inn, built round a fine court, relic, I fancy, of posting days, with, inside, a stately old stairway and a bedroom overlooking a shady flower-garden. I remember, too, the cathedral, where, ages before it was so cruelly restored, the great nave was filled with the eloquence of Bossuet, name from which instinctively I shrink. I can never outgrow early impressions, and Bossuet, with Bourdaloue and Fénelon, represents for me the tortures of French class. I have hated his eloquence ever since. But I shall have a kindlier feeling for the Bishop of Meaux now that I have been in the cathedral where he preached his tormenting sermons, and have lingered by the stairway up and down which, no doubt, he usually passed from his palace to his pulpit.

Another surprise of another kind was when, below Lagny, once famous for the yearly fair, we were met by an overpowering, all-pervading smell of chocolate, even before we rode into Noisiel. As for the town, it reeked of chocolate. There were storehouses of chocolate, and trains of chocolate starting for the uttermost ends of the earth, and posters in praise of chocolate, and shops for the selling of chocolate, and palaces built upon a solid foundation of chocolate. For at Noisiel are great chocolate factories, and the town seemed to have no other interest or occupation.

A surprise again was waiting at Bry, where we began to feel the influence of Paris, where there was a suburban steam-tram, and where we found quite a different Marne—a cockney Marne, one might say; to which, just as all London escapes on Sunday to the Thames about Hampton Court and Molesey Lock, all Paris comes once a week, when the river for the day is as gay and animated as in the upper reaches it is always slumberous and still. We found boats on the water, and boats to hire, and landing-places all along. And there were the *villas bourgeoises*, the little foolish rose and green and yellow chalets and kiosks, and the gardens with their big balls of white metal among the flowers, which Daudet thought so tragic when he

saw them one December morning through the smoke of battle. Was there ever another country with such power to pull itself together and stand on its own feet again? When one remembers Daudet's description, and then finds the foolish little villas as spick and span as ever, and the gardens as trim, and the only reminder of those terrible days the monument on the hill at Champigny, where so many of the brave little soldiers fell on those two memorable early winter days of 1870, one

sees in a small way what, in a greater, has been accomplished throughout the country by the thrift and energy of the people. It is strange, really, how few traces are left of the German invasion. There is hardly a town that has not still its share of broken sculptures and dishonored churches and palaces to attest to the fury of the Revolution, now a century old; but only a monument here and there, or a tomb, marks the passage of the Germans, even where they worked such havoc as here in the valley of the Marne.

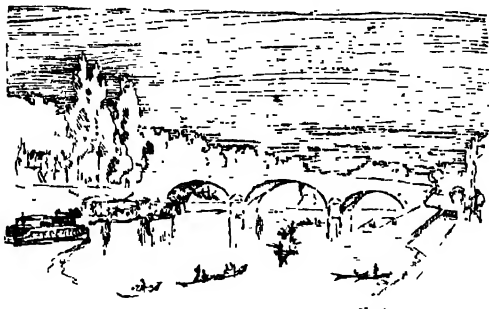
To be honest, one does not think of all this while one wanders down the banks on Sunday. It is far too gay. The river, with its Sunday color and life and movement, was constantly suggesting the Thames to me; but with a difference; for it was as French as the Thames is English. Everywhere the day's festival was in full swing: at Nogent, which well becomes its statue of Watteau, and is as pretty as any village, even Pangbourne or Mapledurham on the Thames; at Joinville-le-Pont, where the Marne, as if in despair to think the end of its wanderings at last within sight, takes one long stupendous turn, the longest on its route, while the canal dives deliberately through the hills to save time; at Charenton, known better as the place where Paris sends its poor mad people. The shores were crowded: on the road, a procession of cycles, the men in their startling jerseys, the women in their hideous bloomers; on the banks, rows of fishermen, and once we came to a fish-

ing *concourse*, all the anglers of the Marne congregated, it seemed, in one spot. The river was crowded with every sort of craft, except where the course was cleared for a wonderful water-tournament, the Parisian version of the Provençal *joute*. And

all along, little inclosures, shut in by reed fences, made an endless ball-room, where men and women turned perpetually in a solemn waltz to the jangling of a steam or other big hurdy-gurdy, and occasionally to the brazen sounds of a shockingly bad

band. The air was as strong with the smell of fried fish as Drury Lane or any little Venetian *calle*, and, mingling with it at the hour of the *apéritif*, were the fumes of absinthe, of which all France is redolent every morning at eleven and every afternoon at five. The crowds were enjoying themselves, as only French crowds can, with a certain grace of manner that is as distinctly the charm of the people as grace of form and line is of the landscape.

But the Marne, though near Paris it has this Sunday interval of gaiety, is on all other days fairly true to itself to the very end. The crowds have gone, and, for the most part, the river runs between shores as rural as if it were still winding through the pasture-lands of La Brie or between the vineyards of La Champagne. Only yesterday, even at Charenton, it must have been as quiet and deserted, for Corot, painting on the banks close by, could find nothing more exciting to put in his picture than a woman in a punt held fast among the reeds and lilies; while to Turner, at the confluence of the Marne and the Seine, the repose seemed so overdone that in his drawing he was forced to stir the river into life by the paddle of a single steamboat. But to-day Charenton is nothing but a mass of smoking chimneys, huge warehouses, busy factories, penny steamboats, and canal barges and barges, a place all astir with the noise and bustle and prosperity of a large port. It was funny to remember that here, where

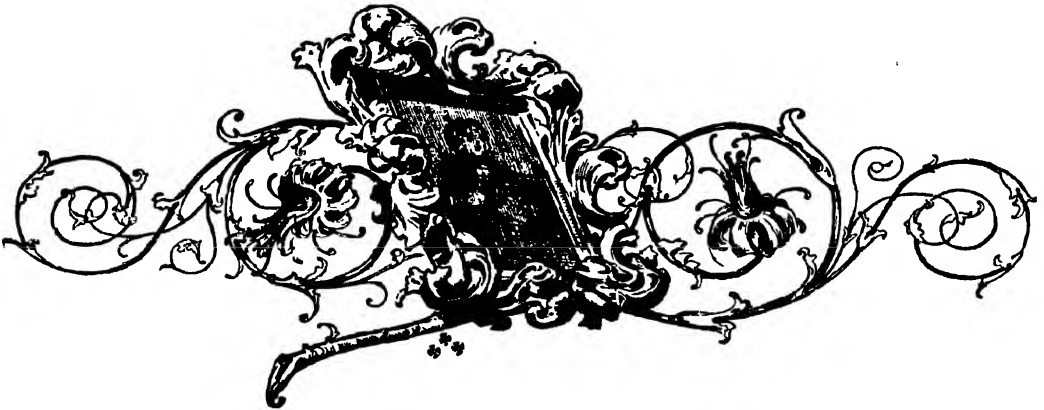


THE OLD BRIDGE AT-CHARENTON

the very air is tainted with commerce, and life becomes eminently practical, not a hundred years ago, Shelley, Mary, and Claire—Mary in a black-silk gown—started to walk across France with a donkey, surely three of the most delightfully foolish and inconsequent young people who ever set out in life together.

The Marne was not less willing than we were to reach the end of its journey at the bridge of Charenton. I have read somewhere that this really is not the end—that the Marne preserves its independence as it flows, side by side with the Seine, past Notre-Dame, past the Louvre and the gardens of the Tuileries, past the golden

dome of the Invalides, past the Champ-de-Mars, and so on all through Paris, past the fortifications, until at Meudon the stronger Seine finally conquers and absorbs it. If there is any scientific authority for this, I do not know. But I should be slow to believe that the Marne, careful heretofore to avoid the towns on its route, would of a sudden show itself so eager to fight its way through the biggest of them all. It may be that, just as the light lingers after the sun has set, so the current cannot be checked at the very point of meeting with the Seine. But the Marne, as a river, ceases to exist at Charenton, and there one of our many voyages of discovery was over.



THE COLONEL'S COLLECTION

BY ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

BY the time they were three days out there were still at least a dozen of his fellow-passengers to whom the Colonel had not imparted, in all confidence, the reason for his crossing; and there were at least another dozen who were as yet in darkness regarding that outrageous circumstance which, at the last hour, had all but brought him to change his mind and refuse to cross at all.

In the matter of the first, he was voy-

aging to Europe to gather that collection of pictures which alone would be worthy of his recently erected mansion in Parkersburg—which, again, with the less-informed, constrained him to unbosom himself even more intimately. It was upon his estate in West Virginia that had been made that recent famous discovery of coal—"I suppose, sehs, to be frank about it, the greatest discove'y of coal that has eveh been made in No'th Ame'ica." The monetary consideration

which the United States Coke & Smelting Company had thrust upon him for even a small portion of that estate "had vi'tually compelled him to set up a place propo'tionate. A man owes no less to his country and his State, seh's."

Having built his mansion, he had been immediately made to feel that it was no less incumbent upon him to go still further. He had purchased five new dogs, all sure enough thoroughbreds, too; but the people in his part appeared to expect other things from him. Finally some of them had suggested pictures, and forthwith he had acquiesced therein. "But when my niece in New Yo'k, from whose studio I had already been able to obtain sev'yal admi'able canvases,—I take it you have all huhd of huh, seh's; huh wo'k yields to that of no painteh on the continent,—when she luhnd that it was natchully my intention to confine myself, save foh huh of cou'se, to the ahtists of my native State, she advised me most strongly to the cont'a'y. 'Uncle Cal,' she said, 'I know yoh natchuli, and I know you will insist on havin' only masteh-pieces. Ve'y well, Uncle,' she said, 'theh 's no use yoh stoppin' half-way. You must go di'ect to Pa'is.'" Hither the Colonel was now betaking himself, *via* Liverpool, London and Dover.

The second matter, the outrageous circumstance, had come from his having taken that Liverpool and London route. In the last five minutes on the New York pier he had learned that Peter the Great could not go along with him. In fact, no canine whatever, not introduced by week-long leading-strings of red-tape, could be landed in the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland at all! It was something which had affronted the Colonel the more intolerably, too, in so much that ever since the war years he had entertained the most friendly relations with England, and he was surely asking very little in return. As he further said, it was n't as if he was bringing the other nine along. "Moh than that, seh's, as it is hahdly necessa'y to say to those of you who cast yoh eyes oveh the animal when on the wha'f, Peter the Great is undoubtedly the finest specimen of Great Dane in the United States. I will not say in the wo'ld, foh I have neveh had the opo'tunity of matchin' him with the im-

peyial kennels of St. Petehsbu'g. You undehtand, of cou'se, seh's, that the Great Dane and the Russian boa'-hound ah one and the same strain."

The Colonel had felt, too, that Peter the Great would have made it easier for him to open the portals of acquaintance-ship. There were still no fewer than five stokers and almost as many deckhands whose admiring friendship the old gentleman had not made as yet. "The human animal, seh, inhehently distrusts and fights shy of his own breed; but what man of fine principle and hono'able soul does not feel a kyind of natchul affinity foh a clean-strain dog! And as foh Peter the Great!"

What alone had persuaded his owner to make the voyage without him was that he had engaged himself to meet his young friend Belknap in Paris a week from Wednesday.

II

BELKNAP was a young man of much talent and good nature. He was just finishing his course in architecture, and he knew his way around with a brush as well. The particular friend of the Colonel's niece in New York had had his very willing promise that, as far as he could possibly be of assistance to the old gentleman, therein should he be wholly at his service; he always took a holiday through most of June, July, and August, anyway. It is not improbable, for reasons which need not intrude themselves upon the present story, that his entire readiness to be good to the Colonel came not altogether from a singleness of mind. But that aside. All that need be said is that he looked forward to his weeks in commission as to weeks of fine-weather sailing on summer seas. He would be undertaking a task in all things congenial, flattering, and easy of accomplishment.

But it did not prove to be easy at all. From the first it might well appear that the Colonel felt that his own position as a connoisseur could alone be established by a policy of judicially pronounced and maintained objections. "Yes, seh, it 's ve'y tol'able, ve'y tol'able, indeed," he would say. "As you p'int out, theh 's coloh in that pictchuh, a te'ible lot of

coloh, I may say. But throw yoh eye oveh that theh middle distance, Belknap; speakin' pu'ely* as ahtist, what do you think of that theh middle distance?" It was not long, too, before he had borrowed "chiaroscuro," "tone color," and "atmospheric values" from Belknap's vocabulary, and he turned them upon him with an effect no less decisive.

His criticisms, moreover, were generally upon much broader lines than those which suggested themselves to the young man's mind. Among other of the "moh mode'n tendencies of the painteh's aht," he deplored the use of too much blue and purple. "And foh the most pah't they leave theih canvases extrao'dina'ily rough. You look at them sideways, and it 's sho as if they 'd left the bahk on them."

His guide said that he would no doubt find the old masters much more admirable; but the Colonel was compelled to pronounce against them, too. "They ah a soht of thing that was all right foh old feudal countries an' mona'chies and so fo'th; but wheh theh 's real progress, you won't find them any moh. When you get back to Ame'ica, Belknap, you 'll find they 've given up paintin' them altogetheh."

Belknap, with a doggedness of good intention which would not be defeated, began to introduce him to various individual artists. They at once proceeded to dine and wine the old gentleman with an effusiveness which only aroused his immediate distrust. "It might be just as well foh you to give them a tip, my friend, always polite, of cou'se, that I 'm a kyind that it's no use tryin' to play with foh a suckeh." He did not like theh green drinks either; and the indigestion which followed the spiced meats of the great boulevard restaurants gave every sign of resulting in a dyspepsia no less of the spirit than of the duodenum. Certain other things worked upon his bile, too. One distinguished young member of the Batignolles studios asked him in very bad English if there was any style of picture which he really preferred. The Colonel, to be quite safe, mentioned Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." The youthful genius, who was of the following of Puvis de Chavannes, thereby received a shock that he could not, for all

his tact of profession and nationality, altogether dissimulate. "And afteh bein' careful to hold in ev'ything I might have said," blew off the Colonel afterward, "about *his* skim-milk, bleached-out, dyin'-of-wea'yiness soht of wo'k!"

Two days later they met him in the Parc Monceau. With him there was a fine gray deer-hound wearing a muzzle. And this last circumstance more than confirmed the Colonel in his opinion of him. "He an't even got an eye foh beauty," he said. "Without that mis'erable rat-trap round his jaws theh 's a dog that would be runnin' out six inches of fluted rose-leaf finch than you 'll see in any of yoh conse'vato'ies. And as foh the humanity of it, why, seh, a dog gets the same natchul comfo't in takin' his cool-off through his tongue that a-way as a man does in takin' his iced julep through a straw."

Belknap began walking him through the Salons. But it was plain that the old gentleman was gradually filling with that antipathy to all pictures which comes from dragging one's self day by day between alleys of miles of them. In the end he began to hunch his shoulders and to balk with an old man's stubbornness. He wanted young Belknap's advice, as he told himself, "but I neveh could stand to be fo'ced. And while it was a great pleasuh to view theih Salons,—though I could n't see the need foh moh than *one* of them,—theh was sholy no need foh Belknap to begin talkin' of stah'tin' out in the mawnin' befoh I had been oveh to the Heyald Office to see if any Charleston men o' Parkersburgers had been arrivin' recently." Was it that the old gentleman had walked into a world not realized, and his vagueness of uncertainty and discontent came from a kind of general homesickness?

At any rate, he had been in Paris for six weeks, spring had become midsummer, and he had yet to put his first canvas into storage. About Belknap's neck hung the millstones of responsibility. He had a choice of doing a number of things, all equally inadvisable. But about that time another exhibition of art was opening in Brussels. It was an exhibition of "Independents," and the Flemish "Independents" go to a length in the impressionistic faith which would give qualms

pause to Monet and Renoir. That their work, therefore, would find favor with the Colonel was in no wise probable. But it would at least be cooler in Belgium, and a wholesome change of air. Belknap spoke to the Colonel about it, and the Colonel showed at once that he would go most gladly.

III

THEIR arrival in Brussels might indeed have been a *joyeuse entrée*; but they had scarcely driven out of the station yard when they passed two Belgian dogs in muzzles. Belknap hastily explained that this was enforced by civic statute. The old gentleman shut his lips and sat back. On the next square, however, his eyes fell upon something whereat nothing in the world could have restrained him.

It was a third dog, and this time it was not merely muzzled, but, in complete harness and under the guidance of a leather-faced young peasant, was tugging at a heavy vegetable barrow.

The Colonel was out and on the curb before the landau had stopped. Belknap kept his seat long enough to realize the futility of either argument or expostulation, then he followed. And acting as half-way interpreter, he turned the Colonel's explosions of West Virginian into French for their coachman's understanding; the latter in his turn bewilderedly turned them into broken Flemish for the comprehension of the countryman. In five minutes the dog had changed hands; it was out of harness forever, and the Colonel was lifting it in front of him. In another quarter of an hour he was helping one of the white-aproned hall-boys of the Hôtel Splendide to tie it in a boskily secluded corner of the inner court.

The old man was still breathing hard. "Lawd!" he said. "I neveh huhd of such a thing! The mis'able, lazy, misbegotten scound'el! I sh'u'd say if he 'd spent *minutes*, he 's spent *days* rivettin' up that collah and yoke and traces! And I don't doubt he was calculatin' to have the helpless beast haul that go-caht of his foh the rest of his natchul life!"

It was again Belknap's duty to supply enlightenment. But this time he shirked. It would only spoil the Col-

onel's luncheon; he could break it to him over the cigars. But after luncheon he shuffled again; it would be some diversion first to go over and look at the exhibition of the "Independents."

That exhibition was one which only too quickly removed any final doubts he had as to what would be the old gentleman's opinion of the artistic standards of the *nouveau siècle*. The teller of this tale has no desire to make it the vehicle of any narrow and Philistine point of view of his own, but it must be written down without equivocation that the first room into which chance turned the Colonel's steps was hung with canvases which were to him, at least, of as staggering a novelty as if they had been so many sections of framed wall-paper or of pictorial rag-carpet. From the beginning of their picture-viewing pilgrimages, Belknap had been defeated in all his efforts to have the old gentleman preserve the proper focusing distance; he had always insisted upon getting in close; "to look foh the hidden mastch-touches." Now, however, he went backward as if he had been thrown upon his beam-ends.

"Good God, Belknap!" he said; "I—I neveh—" Then, with sudden doubt: "I trust that you will not see fit to make spoht of me, seh."

No, Belknap was certainly not making sport of him. He could at any rate readily assure himself of that; it was no double insult that was being inflicted upon his intelligence. He advanced to close quarters, and fixedly regarded some of the canvases again. If he had felt it necessary in Paris to criticize that abuse of blues and purples in our modern art, he was now given an opportunity to pass judgment upon pictures which might well seem to have been soused in the ultramarine of the domestic wash-tub. He saw "Sunsets at Sea" which were like archaic eggs broken on the end of coal-oil barrels. Nay, he saw pictures upon which the paint had manifestly been neither brushed nor flung nor squirted. They were entirely composed of regular, bean-sized rhombs—chromatic harlequin coats of lavender and pea-green, violet and orange.

"I 'll neveh believe it," the Colonel kept saying, "I 'll neveh believe it! And, save us! oveh yandeh they ah *wo'se*, if

anything! No, Belknap; right heah 's wheh I quit. This is aht with the distempheh, the chicken-pox, the pip! No, seh; no fu'ther foh me! I'll go*get some fresh aih! We can meet again at the hotel round suppeh-time. You'll most likely find me lookin' ateh that theh dog of mine."

He got down the stairs, and fleeing through the square, made up the hill toward the Porte de Namur.

He had not gone a hundred yards along the boulevard before he received the third shock of the day. It was dog again. This time the animal was laboriously approaching him between the shafts of a cart on which were piled several hundreds of the first edition of "Le Soir." This time the Colonel did not shout at the man in charge of it; he had begun to recognize that Walloon was even less a natural form of human intercommunication than was French itself. He simply put himself in the middle of the road, and spread his arms as he had seen the gendarmes do on Paris crossings. The man, as yet only half-persuaded that he had to do with a disordered mind, veered off and attempted to steer around him. The Colonel sprang over and blocked him again. But even then he did not allow his indignation to explode. He merely brought his cane up to the guard and shook it quiveringly.

When, several minutes after that, the first Englishman came up the boulevard, and pushed stolidly into the crowd, now all but filling the street from curb to curb, with a voice of tremulous thunder the Colonel was addressing himself to the multitude at large. "Yes, sehs, by chance and good fo'tune I've got the both of them in the one day! The otheh*was oveh in the loweh paht of the town. I should say he was the beginneh, foh his caht was oldeh. But if this heah chap has had it luhned to him, he's gone fu'theh in it. He's had *shafts* built foh the puppose! As you see, though, I ain't a-threatenin', fellow-citizens. I'm containin' myself, I'm actin' peaceable. I've got a little money to spend in a case like this, and all I'm a-askin' him is to say how much he'll take foh the animal the way he stands."

Belknap returned from the company of the "Independents" about five. He learned that the old gentleman had got

back an hour earlier, and in the courtyard of the Hôtel Splendide there was tied another canine, even leaner and more ill-favored than the first. Truly, the thing was becoming altogether too ridiculous. Six weeks in Paris without buying a picture! Six hours in Brussels and already—He made for the smoking-room. There he found the Colonel with frightful gestures detailing the outrage anew to a pair of wholly uncomprehending and very nervous-looking young Luxembourg-ers.

Belknap drew him off, got him into another corner, and sitting down with him, eye to eye, told him the truth in all its fullness. The Colonel, a hand on each knee, his head thrust forward, his mouth staringly a-gape at the ignominy of it, had to learn that in that Belgian capital, and, indeed, in very many other centers of the Flemish and Teutonic peoples, the practice of using dogs as animals of draught was general. The wonder was that he had not seen more of it already. They did not merely pull vegetable barrows and newspaper carts; he would find them put to almost every kind of hauling job in which their strength could prove of value.

The old man sat dumb. For once in twenty years his cigar had gone black out, half-smoked.

"Why," continued Belknap, a trifle ill at ease, "it is n't really anything out of the way, you know. It's merely using them like horses."

"But, *Lawd!* a ho'se—a ho'se has *al-ways* had to wo'k. He's like a man: he's neveh knowed no betteh. But a dog—a dog's bawn with the free spiyit."

"Well, then, sticking to dogs; there's the Eskimo husky. And the Indians—"

"Sholy, sholy; but, with the husky, that's jest his natchul way of havin' *fun*. He's out on the snow and ice, hitched free and loose, and given a chance to run like bedevilled Ned. He's got company, he's got sümmehtettin' room, he can take his tuhn-an'-a-half around befoh he lies down—why, he's got length of tetheh enough to fight in in comfo't. He ain't muzzled up, and hooped in, drudgin' and draggin' a go-caht oveh Belgian blocks. And you tell me that theh ah hund'eds of dogs both heah and round-about a-doin' that?"

Belknap had once more to affirm it.



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley.

"IT WAS OUT OF HARNESS FOREVER, AND THE COLONEL WAS LIFTING IT IN IN FRONT OF HIM"

"Ve'y well," said the Colonel, "I 've been given *my* commission. And I can see it was sho Providence that sent me hufleh. I cya'n't covch theih *whole* kentry.—I 'm due home by the fyust of September,—but I 'm a-goin' to go my distance towa'ds stoppin' the thing *heah*."

IV

THE Colonel's plan for stopping it was not elaborate: it was simply that of buying up all the dogs in servitude that he could get his hands upon. But he went to work with the system and organization of an old campaigner. You can get anything save virtue and happiness from the major-domo of a Continental hotel. Next

morning the Colonel obtained the services of an interpreter and general commercial agent. He was a sleek, much-smiling young man whose name, mispronounced though it was by his fellow-countrymen, the old gentleman could still recognize as "John." It was something which made essentially for a wider basis of understanding and confidence.

And, indeed, when John comprehended what was desired of him from the present alienated foreigner, he showed unmistakably that it was employment capable of affording him some of the truest pleasure given to mortals this side of Paradise. When one of those stodgy Brabançons with his four-footed vassal swung into their field of vision, the Colonel

might swell with rage renewed, but in John's soul was only pure delight. Here was a *hobercau* who had every belief that his dog would go home with him that night and with him return to town yet

again to-morrow: on the contrary, in half an hour he would have no dog at all. And, if, too, that commercial agent subverted commissions not mentioned in the contract, he accomplished it with an an



Drawn by Arthur I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"NO, BELKNAP, RIGHT HEAR 'S WHEN I QUIT"

istic virtuosity which did not allow the old man's feelings to be wounded by the first suspicion of it.

But, all that apart, it was such a buying combination as had never before sought the highways and market-places of Brussels. Milk carts were indefinitely halted. Ice barrows, diminutive tumbrils laden with baskets and sea-weed, *brancards* of yellow sand for café floors, bread carts, laundry carts, perambulating fruit and refreshment stands, one by one they fell into the untiring net.

And when, by the afternoon of that second day, dogs, all alike of the most sad-eyed, gaunt, unlovely kind, were arriving at the Splendide no longer singly, but in twos and threes, there had been worked up a degree of popular excitement about the portals of that hotel, and an amount of expostulation from the guests within it, for which, having that peculiarly shrinking and self-conscious nature of high-class hostelry, it had no relish whatever. And when presently there again entered the Colonel, heaving of bosom, but fiercely triumphant of eye, the majordomo was regretfully compelled to call upon him most politely in his room.

The old gentleman had already learned a few things about the urbane and affable European. He started his right hand toward his pocket.

It was one of those flanking movements which must of necessity be victorious. The majordomo, as a true tactician, surrendered at once. Moreover, his *morale* still being excellent, he was able further to oblige the Colonel by remembering that leading into the rear court from the street behind it there was a little passage; and adjacent thereto was a large, if ancient, shed, which the "General" would doubtless find much more suited to his purposes than the court itself. Also it would give him much more room.

The Colonel could already foresee the need of that. He came back to luncheon, indeed, on the morrow, to inform Belknap, with a new burst of enthusiasm, that he had just made final arrangements to ship the first batch of the emancipated over to free America on the next Antwerp boat. "I cyan't in natchuh keep them any longer as they ah. It's eithe chain them in leash o' let them out in muz-

zle. And, as you said you'self yeste'day, theh ah suhtain conditions which sooner o' lateh become impossible. I've wiahed a letteh to the fahm; Chahlie and Jack 'll meet them in New Yo'k, and in anotheh two days they'll have moh room to run in than fox-hounds. But come out and look at them befoh they go. It ain't any Madison Squaih Gya'den Kennel Show; but it's somethin' foh a right-thinkin' moh'tal to get a whole lot moh *satisfaction* out of."

He left the young man in the garden while he went around to the pantry window after a basket of beefsteak. And, as Belknap waited there, he felt himself ringed in by the gaze of his wondering fellow-guests more painfully than ever. Nor was it only that. In this last week this most absurd of counter-currents had completely washed his feet from under him. If the Colonel had ever intended to avail himself of his services, it was evident that he had absolutely forgotten it by now.

The old gentleman returned with the basket, and from the fountained court they passed through the little wicket and thence into the open door of the Colonel's barracoon.

It was certainly no kennel show. If tethered dogs stretched down both sides of it, there was no sudden and tumultuous "Yar-r" to greet the visitors. Crosses of hounds and Newfoundlands, Danes and pointers and shepherds, bulls and mastiffs and retrievers—all these there were, but not a clean-bred dog, not an animal that any fancier could have called beautiful in the whole lank, somber company. And from only one or two of those poor, bony tykes did a weak, uncertain yelp go up when the Colonel flung open the top of his basket.

For the present he was feeding only those which he had redeemed that morning. And if it was with bursts of famished greed that they bolted the meat so prodigally tossed to them, once they had eaten, they fell back into a kind of furtive nervousness, as if they believed that to attract attention would the sooner betray them for what they really were. "Lawd!" said the Colonel, letting himself down on an old wine crate, "my h'ah't does sholy go out to them! It seems like they've fai'ly fohgotten how



Drawn by Arthur J. Keller. Holocene phase of erosion on H. C. Merrill.

to *snarl*." Toward one another, indeed, they acted with that dulled tolerancy of the over-driven. There was no thought of fighting. Heaven only knows that the desire for anything but rest had been long fagged out of them.

And Belknap felt the pity of it, too. But the imp of protest died slowly in him. "I should think by this time," he said, "you'd be getting some idea of what you've tackled."

What pettishness there was in the observation the Colonel overwhelmingly ignored. "Some idea, Belknap? You well may say it! In these last two or three days I've seen things I can't hardly ask you to believe. You mahk that noble old codgeh up theh in the shadow? That dog, seh, is half Saint Be'nahd, and he was pullin' at a caht full of bottles and bones! No wondeh he cyan't bring hisself to hold his head up. At his age I don't reckon he eveh will again. And you see these theh six I've put under the windows? Do you know how they weh hahnessed? *Beneath* the caht, seh; yes, seh, ev'y God-fohgotten man Jack of 'em! Not only had they to drudge the soul out of theih selves, but theh had to do it unde conditions wher it would seem like it was no moh use foh them to have eyes, o' eahs, o' nose, o' any senses whatsoever! Now, seh, what is the greatest blot on Ame'ca, the dog-chuhn, compahed with *that*? I tell you again, Belknap, it was somethin' moh than chance that brought me up to this misbegotten bu'g."

"Yes, yes, I know," said the young man, with a baffled hopelessness, which, however, had sweetened and was more generous now; "but what about your *picture*?"

"Pictchuhs? Pictchuhs? Why, heavens an' yuth, I sholy don't need to say that I've no time foh that soht of thing jest now!" He rubbed his forehead for a moment, then added with something of apology, "Pe'haps a little lateh, Belknap; pe'haps a little lateh."

"You say you'll have to be sailing for home within a fortnight?"

"Sholy. I've promised Eugina, that niece of mine, foh the fyest of Septembeh."

"Well, but—" Yes, even as he opened his mouth, understanding invaded him.

He looked down the length of the shed, and realized that the Colonel's collection had not merely been begun; it was rapidly shaping itself toward its completion.

THROUGHOUT the days that followed the Colonel rested not in completing it. Experience, too, had made him keener and more resourceful. That fiend-like astuteness which guides the hateful steps of the dog-catcher in our home cities was in those two weeks far distanced and surpassed in that chief city of the Belgians. By this time the Colonel did not stop with the purchase of the dog alone; he made his bargain include the harness, thereby taking double measures to checkmate and paralyze the shameless traffic for the future. By dint of exercising superhuman self-control, he had become otherwise canny, too. Now, only when John had the bargain safely made and the dog was in his hands did that queller of canine slavery give full voltage to his feelings.

The stolid mask of the huckster or dairyman or truck farmer expressed only a wordless and gawking amazement. To him, for the serf he had just been deprived of, the coin he was carrying off in his baggy velveteens probably represented the most adequate of compensation; but the Colonel never for a moment took any such view of the transaction. All the old gentleman saw was that the lout was compelled to depart from the field hauling his cart himself. "Yes, tug ahead," he would send after him, "you great, big, hulkin' mass of uselessness! Hitch up yoh bettehs, will you? Yes, tug and haul, and try to sweat out some of yoh *meanness*! I reckon I've put a spoke in yoh wheel that you'll remembereh foh long time to come."

When it was a case of a woman, chivalry interposed its shield. Yet, here too, if the Colonel said nothing, he bent upon each and every one of those much-offending females such a regard as he could not but feel would gradually sear deeper and deeper into their souls with a never-to-be-forgotten lesson. Nor could he deny himself that fierce smile of triumph when the rescued dog was safely his.

As for the mere barter and exchange aspect of it, if time had permitted the Colonel to continue his buying during many days more, indubitably he would have loosed the links and parted the rivets of all the lesser intramural commerce of Brussels. It was not alone that the price of dogs was skied; for in this case none purchased ever got back upon the street again. And many late possessors of them were soon to realize that there was little prospect enough of their being able to get substitutes until such time as they would no longer be of use to them. There were milk and paper-routes which so fell away from all their former regularity that all their former patrons fell away from them. There were bundles of laundry that were delayed so long in delivery that it had been almost better for those laundrymen had they never attempted to deliver them at all. There were small fruits and vegetables unreckonable which got to market only for the tailings; and the sellers thereof were of so weakened and enfeebled a spirit that the buyers might have them at any price they chose. In short, there ensued such a degree of retributive demoralization as would almost have satisfied the Colonel himself.

In rural Brabant, moreover, the good old horror of the legend of Doctor Faustus still survives; and there were ancient, fire-side crones who did not hesitate to mutter that there had been people who had sold their dogs, and who had found out later that at the same time they had been selling *something else*. And the dog himself, but now turned coal-black, forked-tailed, and dragonish of breath,—would in due season return to require that *something* of them! It was only too well remembered, indeed, with what diabolical a blending of exultation and fury that buyer of dogs had roared upon their former owners, once the bargain had been completed. If the Colonel had returned only a few weeks later, he would have encountered many canines which he could not have purchased had he had behind him the united funds of the Bank of England and the *Crédit Lyonnais*!

But when, *this* time, the old gentleman finally took his departure, the majority

of those who looked on were of the opinion that there did not seem to be any *immediate* necessity for his return.

Some of us were so fortunate as to be able to tramp the length of the "Farm" with him the Christmas following. Obviously it contained all the dogs that he could have any present use for. Nor had he as yet been able to get the idea out of the minds of many of his humbler neighbors that he had some commercial scheme ahead which called for the employment of canine hair or peltries. "Sho," he said shamefacedly, "you don't need to look at 'em so te'ible close to see that theh ain't any mighty likelihood of *that*! The new life is only beginnin' to get into theih *vitals* and *bones*; it'll be anotheh yeah befoh it wo'ks out of theih *epidermises*!"

The new life was certainly there, however. We found dogs tearing deliriously through the bush with no apparent aim save that of unrestricted motion. Others would suddenly be seized with the fit and dash round and round in a circle, ten or fifteen courses at a stretch. And having done so they would as suddenly drop tail and ears and slip away again before Fate should notice them, and once more recall the cart and harness. "But they ah pickin' up, pickin' up," said the old gentleman, forcing an affectionate channel through some fifty or three score of them. "Yes, sehs, and some of the *youngch* ones have actchully got fah enough to begin to fight!"

Coming back, one of our party was so tactless as to speak of the matter of buying pictures. Strangely enough, the Colonel was not offended, however. In fact, it seemed to give him an opportunity of making an explanation which for a long time had been upon his mind.

"Pictchuhs? Look heah, sehs," he whispered in all confidence; "of cou'se I did n't want to staht any ahgument with Belknap by saying so oveh theh, but I 'm forced to confess to *you*, gentlemen, that havin' seen the best ancient and havin' seen the best mode'n, I 've got a niece in New Yo'k that can twuhl a bresh around the whole *passel* of 'em."



Engraved on wood by Timothy Cole from the painting in the National Gallery, London. See "Open Letters."

DOÑA ISABEL CORBO DE PORCEL, BY GOYA

BY STAGES

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS



DID N'T see the pickles anywhere, John."

"They're in the boot with the other things, Mummy."

"Then why don't we start?"

The driver of the Raymond-Yosemite Cannon Ball Express, a slim, tall, brown man in a long dust-coat and wide felt hat, wearing as to his hands fringed gauntlets and as to his upper lip a veritable swash-buckler's mustache, half black and half white, turned upon the fat proprietor of the Raymond Hotel a pair of lazy, insolent gray eyes and said in a sad voice:

"Jest step inside, Georgie, and put a little catch-up on the belated traveler's aigs."

"Then we are waiting for some one," said Mrs. Selkirk to John.

"Yes, Mummy."

"But I don't see where he 's going to sit. We booked the two middle seats."

"There be three middle seats, Mummy. You shall sit on the outside, I 'll sit in the middle, and he can have the other rail."

"He 's a her," drawled the driver, in his sad voice.

At that moment she came out of the dining-room. She was a slim maiden in a dust-coat, with a gay, little, wistful face that looked straight into your eyes from the heart of a brown sunbonnet. John Selkirk thought that he had never before seen a maiden whom a sunbonnet became. He stepped from the stage to the platform and lifted his hat.

"Would you prefer the middle or the outside seat?" he said.

She was the kind of girl who blushes before speaking, and then speaks in a perfectly assured voice, and discloses two rows of white teeth.

"I 'll sit in the middle," she said.

When they were seated and had tucked a thin dust-cloth about their knees, a voice in the rear of the stage called, "All ri'," the driver drawled, "Git ap!" and cracked his whip, and the horses entered the first mile of the seventy which the stage was to travel that day at a respectable trot.

The box-seat was occupied by the driver, and the Honorable Butler-Lee and wife of London, England; the middle seat by Mrs. Selkirk, the fair stranger, and John Selkirk, in the order named; and the rear seat by a Chinese dignitary and two members of his suite. Just outside of Raymond the stage began to be overtaken by clouds of dust of its own making. The driver chewed and spat; the Honorable and Mrs. Butler-Lee coughed and complained; Mrs. Selkirk dozed, for it was only six in the morning; and the three Orientals, to whom dirt is the capital sin, assumed expressions of dignified disgust which they were to forsake for only one moment during the entire journey. But John Selkirk and the fair stranger were already deep in a conversation, and objected neither to the heat of the sun nor to the assaults of the dust.

The Selkirks, mother and son, were moneyed San Franciscans of good family. John Selkirk was thirty-five, at a guess, a little stout, a good shot, able enough to look after his own and his mother's property, an amiable club-man, and something of a snob. His youth had been wild, and he had reached the border of middle age without the least wish to sacrifice his lazy independence to a wife or to give hostages to fortune.

"Yes," said the fair stranger, "I 'm going to join friends in the valley; and as for traveling alone—why, a woman can go anywhere in America by herself, the men are so chivalrous."

"Yes, are n't they?" said Selkirk, rather proud to be included in the generality. "And are you and your friends going to be strenuous, and climb all the trails, and have your pictures taken on overhanging rocks, and all that?"

"I shall be strenuous," said the fair stranger, with a slight accentuation of her usual ante-responding blush, "but I shall not do any climbing. I shall remain strictly on the ground floor of the valley and—and do—chores."

"I never do any chores if I can help it," said Selkirk. "I've even acquired something of a name for general uselessness."

"You say that with a tinge of pride."

"Yes; I think men are usually very well satisfied to have any reputation at all. A man might have none, and that would indicate beyond doubt that nobody took any interest in him. Would you mind waking my mother? I am afraid she will fall out."

"She must n't be waked," said the fair stranger; "getting up early and sleeping on trains is much too hard on older women. I'll see that she does n't fall."

She slipped her slender arm over the back of the seat and part way around Mrs. Selkirk's angular shoulders: a slight guttural sound on the part of the aristocratic old lady was the only response to this kindly intentioned act; and it may be that the old lady also leaned a trifle toward and on her young protectress. There was something so simple and hearty about the episode that John Selkirk felt a certain enlargement and warming in the region of his heart.

"You must n't tire yourself," he said.

"Indeed, no," she said; "it is so nice to have something to do."

"Shall you be in the valley long?"

"Oh, yes, quite a long time. And you?"

"It depends," said Selkirk, "on circumstances. If we like it, you know, and if—if mama finds somebody to talk to, and—"

The stage lurched with violence, and Mrs. Selkirk woke with a start.

"Good heavens!" she said. "Have I been asleep?"

The good heavens did not answer, but John Selkirk said, "Audibly. Mummy," and laughed his pleasant laugh.

Mrs. Selkirk felt the fair stranger's arm

being stealthily withdrawn from about her shoulders.

"My dear," said Mrs. Selkirk, "I am *very* grateful, and I promise you I shall not go to sleep again."

"I wonder," said John Selkirk to himself, "if anything interesting would happen if I should go to sleep and show signs of falling out?"

It was five o'clock. Up the last piece of tortuous and steeply inclined road between the outer world and Yosemite, and drawn by its last relay of jaded horses, crept the Cannon Ball Express. Occidentals and Orientals were of one color, and of one degree of exhaustion. Their eyes were full of dust, their ears, noses, mouths, and throats were full of dust. Their shoes were full of dust, their pockets, purses, watches, and minds were full of dust. Only the driver looked human. The noses of the Honorable and Mrs. Butler-Lee, which at starting had been cheerful and red, were now a sickly gray, and their owners leaned against each other like persons sick at sea. Fong Lang Tang and the two members of his suite were a sickly gray from top to toe, but what could be seen of their faces continued to wear expressions of dignified disgust. In the very middle of the middle seat, with arms extended on each side for props, and far too exhausted to sleep, sat Mrs. Selkirk. Quarter of a mile ahead of the stage, tramping through the dust, were the only cheerful members of the party.

"But you're not going to forsake us entirely for your friends in the valley, Miss Chester? You'll throw a man a word now and then, and even go for a walk, won't you?" It's not quite the square thing to make a whole journey endurable and then desert."

Little Miss Chester allowed something like a sigh to escape her.

"Shall we hurry," she said, "and try to get to Inspiration Point before the others? Somehow I think it would be more—more fun to see it for the first time like this."

"So do I," said Selkirk, and they set off at a great pace.

"Do you see that cream-colored rock through the tops of the trees? No; higher—there. That must be part of the valley."

"Yes," said little Miss Chester; "that must be El Capitan. Don't you feel as if

something wonderful were going to happen—just round the corner?"

They had crossed the top of the divide and were descending the zigzagging road which is at the actual lower end of the valley, but cut off from any vision of it by a whole forest of magnificent pines. And then suddenly and tranquilly the curtain of pines swept back, as it were, and they were on a bare space of moss and rock, and before them and around them and above was spread the valley.

"Heavens!" said Selkirk, "but it's peaceful!" They seated themselves side by side on a smooth stone, and for some moments did not speak.

"I'm glad," said Selkirk, presently, "that we saw it first like this, without the others."

"It is good, is n't it?" she said.

"It—it," said the lazy and careless Selkirk, "makes a man think different. It's the only beautiful thing I ever saw that—that was n't sad, too."

"Yes," she said, "it's very, very cheerful and hopeful." It may be that it was accidental: she started to her feet. "Here comes the stage," she said.

"I—I—beg your pardon," said Selkirk, "I—"

The stage came rumbling and clattering down the hill and drew up in the open. The Honorable and Mrs. Butler-Lee gazed upon the serene valley, but were too exhausted to speak; Mrs. Selkirk tried to smile at her son, but the dust on her face turned the expression into a very fair representation of a death's-head; and the three Orientals for one fleeting instant put away their expressions of dignified disgust.

THREE hours later Mrs. Selkirk and her son, bathed and refreshed, were shown seats in the dining-room. Everybody else had been fed, and they had the place to themselves.

Selkirk glanced over the menu and, without looking up, gave the orders to the servant-girl.

"You did n't look at her, John," said his mother.

"At whom?"

"The maid. She—she's *notre compagne de voyage*."

"Why, Mummy, you don't mean—a servant—waiting on us—on *me*."

"Yes, my dear."

He pushed back his chair.

"In that case," he said, "I've dined quite enough. You'll find me outside."

"John," said Mrs. Selkirk, "I knew all along. We had a little talk after lunch at Wawona. Her father was the celebrated Emmanuel Chester of Oakland. There is no better blood in the State. But the estate went to pieces after he died, and Jean Chester has to—to do this sort of thing to support her mother. I have no feelings toward her but of admiration. No, don't make things any harder for the poor girl. She—she cried on my shoulder at Wawona."

Little Miss Chester came in from the kitchen bearing a tray upon which were two plates of barley consommé and two plates of fried trout.

John rose with the utmost deference.

"Have you dined, Miss Chester?" he said.

"Why—why, not yet, Mr. Selkirk; there's a big Raymond party in, and we've been very busy in—in the kitchen."

"Then you will oblige me," he said, "by joining my mother and me. We have not dined, either."

Little Miss Chester looked very much perplexed.

"Please sit down," he said.

She looked pitifully from Selkirk to the vacant chair to which he was pointing. He took the tray from her, and set it at one side.

"Miss Chester," he said, "I have never used force toward a woman, but if you don't sit down with my mother and me I shall make you." Then she sat down at his right hand.

"Will you begin on soup?" he said in his ordinary, lazy voice.

"But—" she protested.

"You are here," he said, "on a pleasure trip with my mother and me. You will go back to town with us and back to your mother in Oakland, and if it is necessary that you should work, we will find something better for you to do."

Her hands rested nervously on the edge of the table. Quite openly Selkirk covered one of them with one of his.

"Please don't," said little Miss Chester; "I think I'm going to cry."

The head waitress stood uncomfortably

near the little comedy, first on one foot and then on the other.

"Please," said Selkirk, "will you get some more soup and fish?"

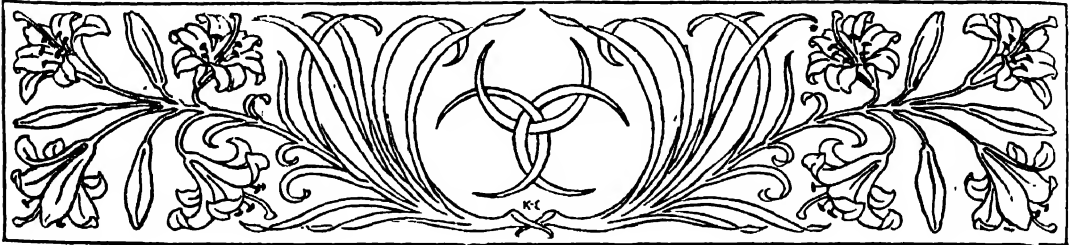
With one haughty stare at little Miss Chester the head waitress swung on her lippy heel and vanished through the swinging door into the kitchen.

John Selkirk chuckled.

"To-morrow," he said, "Miss Chester, you and I will get on a couple of donkeys and ride up to—Glacier Point."

But little Miss Chester was crying very quietly into her soup.

And at sight of that, without more ado, once and forever, Selkirk gave himself over to the indolent luxury of loving and being loved.



THE NEGRO AND THE SOUTH

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS

Author of "Two Runaways," etc.



THIRTY years ago, when I was a boy in Georgia's central city, one part of the suburbs given over to negroes contained an aggregation of unfurnished, ill-kept, rented cabins, the occupants untidy, and, for the most part, shiftless. Such a thing as virtue among the female members was in but few instances conceded. Girls from this section roamed the streets at night, and vice was met with on every corner. Recently, in company with a friend who was interested in a family residing in the same community, I visited it. I found many families occupying their own homes, flowers growing in the yards and on the porches, curtains at the windows, and an air of homelike serenity overflowing the entire district. In the house we entered, the floors were carpeted, the white walls were hung with pictures, the mantels and tables held bric-à-brac. In one room was a parlor organ, in another a sewing machine, and in another a piano, where a girl sat at practice.

In conversation with the people of the

house and neighborhood, we heard good ideas expressed in excellent language and discovered that every one with whom we came in contact was possessed of sufficient education to read and write, while many were much further advanced.

Just one generation lies between the two conditions set forth, and the change may be said to indicate the urban negro's mental and material progress throughout the whole South. Of those of us who see only gloom ahead for the negro, the question may be fairly asked, Where else in the world is there a people developing so rapidly?

The men who have purchased these houses, the women who keep them, have achieved a higher standard of citizenship, and the reaction on their descendants has, so far as their influence is operative, helped to free the streets of vice. So far as this community is concerned, one great stride toward the elevation of the race has been taken and the pace set.

I single out this community because it is near at hand, and its history within my own experience, and because the factors

underlying its regeneration are those on which the South must rely for an eventual settlement of the most dangerous phase of the so-called race question—a settlement to arrive rapidly along natural lines, if undisturbed by the mistaken zeal of meddlers, and slowly in proportion to their interference.

The community is on the high-road to a better civilization, because the male members command a higher scale of wages, and because they have become home-owners. And they command higher wages partly because the country is prosperous, but mainly because education has opened up to them a pathway for ideas and taught them to observe and think. For it may be stated as a fundamental that progress ever travels on ideas and abject poverty is embalmed in ignorance.

To attempt an analysis of the singular but well-known sense of manhood and independence that comes with the consciousness of a home all paid for by one's own labor, would require more space than this whole article may hope to command, and it would be unnecessary to a full appreciation of it by the home-owning public. Every man who has possessed in fee simple a spot of land knows the feeling. The happiness of home-owning strikes the American negro with peculiar force. The centuries have taught him that the people who command respect are the owners of lands and homes; and once in his own home, the home itself begins to teach him higher things. The home at once demands to be made attractive. It demands respect not only from its occupants, but from its neighbors. It demands safety from invasions. It takes on a sanctity that extends to every member of the family, and decent living is the rule. No stranger may at night signal in the shutters of this house, no woman venture forth to roam the streets. It has become the home of a self-respecting American citizen.

And having secured for himself a permanent home, the possessor adds himself to the higher class and demands that the public around him share the respect he feels for himself. Moreover he becomes amenable to the reasons which sway all other home-owners. He sees the force of arguments for low taxation, good streets, adequate police service, quick transporta-

tion, and fire departments. And seeing so much, he eventually learns that his ballot must neither be suppressed nor sold.

And every man removed from the ranks of the homeless to the ranks of the home-owners is an element of danger to a community converted into an element of safety.

The safety of the South lies in such conversions. The first attack on the problem of the negro, therefore, is to make his interests coincide with those of the whites—make him a home-owner.

There is, however, a deeper philosophy in the possession by fee simple of a home than is indicated in the foregoing. At the risk of becoming dogmatic, I confidently venture the statement that no man can expand to his full possibilities in a rented house. The Christian virtues blossom in their perfection about one's own fireside. Every lesson of morality, every elevated thought, doubles there its power and influence. And this is as true of the nomad's tent, the negro's cottage, as of the homes of the rich and strong. Here is the beginning of all good government; the family is the type of the state. The men who have learned to command their own full powers and restrain themselves constitute, when united, a community, and the union of communities is the state. As a nation, we may bathe our brows in the clouds, but we shall always warm our feet by the firesides of home.

While I do not advocate the selling of their farming lands by Southerners to anybody, the logic of the Southern solution is to lay a pathway by education to the jungles of the negro's mind and encourage him to become a home-owner and a citizen. And so irresistible is this logic that those who stand for his total disfranchisement stand also committed against his education. In protecting his own home, he will necessarily protect those of his white neighbors. In rendering his family secure, he will secure also the families of all. It is the give and take of civilization, and history records revolution and ruin where one element of society is too long reckless of the safety and welfare of another.

And in the conclusion of this argument for the negro in his own home, I shall state that though closely connected with the press for twenty-five years, I

have never known a home-owning negro to commit the nameless crime.

Perhaps I am too much an optimist to be a valuable witness in the unending trial of the negro before the bar of public opinion by press and pulpit; but I see no unavoidable danger to the South in his presence. On the contrary, I believe in his final, complete, and peaceful incorporation into the American system without injury to himself or to his white neighbor. Forty years ago he emerged from slavery virtually without more than the clothes he wore on his back. Twenty years later he owned in this city (Macon) \$167,990 worth of taxable property, and in 1903, \$253,950. In 1886 the aggregate value of the negro's property in this city and the surrounding county was \$445,220, and these values had risen in 1904 to \$823,295. Elsewhere he has done even better. There is hope for a race with such a history, and those who talk of substitution and deportation may do well to consider where the South will find a substitute who will preserve the peace and achieve more. The negro has much to learn, but the question arises, Is it easier to teach him, put him to work when idle, restrain him when evil-minded, and strip him down to an earnest, industrious worker while the leaven of home influence is working in him, or easier to call in an illiterate alien of different language and centuries of the shadow of a king and make an American of him?

And who is going to deport the negro, and under what law? Deportation is the idlest dream ever dreamed by an American. The fact is, few serious-minded Southerners want to part with him.

It is the negro's misfortune that he may by a few stump speeches and a pot of ink be made a bogey on the approach of every election. Let us meet this fact squarely and philosophically; no man, woman, or child living to-day will ever see an end to this bogey business in politics. Its recurrence is inevitable. But all the people need not be fooled all the time; and so may we of to-day who have graduated take a dispassionate view of the solution.

Looking back through the American history of the negroes and considering the vicissitudes of their life, the hardships some of them have endured and the resultant condition, their faithfulness in

captivity, their peacefulness for two hundred years, their swift evolution from complete ignorance, their rapid adoption of the white man's methods, and their amiable life as a people, the fair-minded and unprejudiced student must accord them a high place among the laboring populations of the earth. As a race they have done well. As a race they are doing well. As a race they can and do produce criminals. So does our own; so does every race under the sun, every state, every city.

But the crime of a white man against a white man or white woman is one thing, and the crime of a negro against a white man or white woman is another. Human nature and the instinct of the race make it so. It is the South's misfortune; it is the misfortune of the law-abiding negro. There is no remedy for the fierce passions of resentment against the negro criminal except the complete evolution of the negro.

Shall we assist or retard it? For what is the South spending its millions on the negro if not to assist it? I regret that there are good men in some regions who believe that an ignorant, hopeless people are easier to control and safer to live with than an educated and aspiring people. We are accustomed to call the South's difficulty "the race question," and in accepting this term we lose sight of the real issue, and debate impossible remedies. It seems to me that the real difficulty lies in the fact that we have in the South a conflict between two degrees of moral development embarrassed by a difference in race. There is no race conflict. The South is immensely friendly to the good negro.

Is there anything in the South's domestic organization so endangered by these people as to justify a sacrifice of individual independence and freedom of thought? The white race controls the legislative departments as well as the judiciary, political, and municipal. They have the military organization and control of the schools, and are greatly in the majority, with the ratio working yearly in their favor to an increased degree. They have the wealth of the South, the lands, the mines, and the railroads. And they have the experience of centuries as well as the sympathy of the world, including

that of their late opponents, whose money they are handling by millions. Over and above all, they are backed by the Anglo-Saxon instinct to command.

We know to the youngest college boy that this country will never in part or in the whole be governed or directed by other than the white race. There is room enough here for the negro as a citizen, room to expand, develop, and be a man; and nowhere on earth is he safer in person and property than in the South; but there is no chance for him, or for any other than the Caucasian, to control the destinies of this nation or any State therein. The situation is not of his or anybody's making. Neither political party is responsible for it. It is simply a question of race and majority against race and minority; and the white race increases both by natural increase and accessions from without, while the negro is limited to natural increase.

There is no threat to the South in the negro's presence there. For at last the only negro who threatens our civilization is the criminal negro, and the only white man who threatens the negro is the white criminal, and our whole system is a failure if this question may not be left where Georgia has placed it, in the keeping of the courts, the church, and the school-house. It is safe to leave it there. And while he gropes his way toward the light,

it is wise and charitable to give him aid, comfort, and the benefit of a broad Christian tolerance.

The situation is one that appeals to the common sense of the Southern people; and this term may be enlarged to embrace the law-abiding, property-holding, and intelligent men of African descent. I believe these men, recognized as factors in our industrial development, will become passionate lovers of their native land and defenders of their homes side by side with their white neighbors. It needs only tolerance, forbearance, encouragement, and the recognition of individual merit to accomplish this. Social equality, the nightmare of the former generation, the jest of this, has no bearing on the subject. Let us, without regard to party, invoke the material aid of these people to build up the South, and continue, but in an increased degree, to give them guarantee of the same security of life, liberty, and property that we enjoy.

As among us the higher type control, so among them. Side by side, each in his own sphere, the Southern white man and the Southern negro may abide mutually helpful as Americans.

Neither can settle the questions involved in their lives, but both may; and despite political riders, I believe both will. I must believe this or prepare my descendants to face anarchy.



NATIONAL MONUMENTS

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

COUNT not the cost of honor to the dead!
 The tribute that a mighty nation pays
 To those who loved her well in former days
 Means more than gratitude for glories fled;
 For every noble man that she hath bred,
 Immortalized by art's immortal praise,
 Lives in the bronze and marble that we raise,
 To lead our sons as he our fathers led.
 These monuments of manhood, brave and high,
 Do more than forts or battle-ships to keep
 Our dear-bought liberty. They fortify
 The heart of youth with valor wise and deep;
 They build eternal bulwarks, and command
 Eternal strength to guard our native land.



IN THE STRAND, APPROACHING ST MARY LE STRAND



HE LONDON 'BUS'.

• PICTURES BY •
• THORNTON •
• OAKLEY •



Half tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins
AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE STRAND



Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

A JAM ON LONDON BRIDGE—TOWER BRIDGE IN THE DISTANCE



Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

LUDGATE HILL—ON THE WAY FROM ST. PAUL'S

FENWICK'S CAREER¹

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Author of "The Marriage of William Ashe," "Lady Rose's Daughter," "Eleanor," etc

XIII

GREAT LANGDALE was once more in spring. After the long quiet of the winter, during which these remoter valleys of the Lakes resume their primitive and self dependent life, there were now a few early tourists in the two Dungeon Ghyll hotels, and the road traffic had begun to revive. Phoebe Fenwick, waiting and listening for the post in an upper room of Green Nab Cottage, ran hurriedly to the window several times in vain, drawn by the sound of wheels. The cart which clattered past was not that which bore Her Majesty's mails.

At the third of these false alarms she lingered beside the open casement window, looking out into the valley. It was a weary woman who stood thus,—motionless and drooping; a woman so tired, so conscious of wasted life and happiness, that although expectation held her in a grip of torture, there was in it little or nothing of hope.

Twelve years since she had last looked on those twin peaks, those bare fields and winding river! Twelve years! Time, the inexorable, had dealt with her, and not softly. All that rounded grace which Fenwick had once loved to draw had dropped from her, as the bloom drops from a wild cherry in the night. Phoebe was now thirty five—close on thirty six; and twelve years of hard work, joyless struggle, and pursuing remorse had left upon her indelible marks. She had grown excessively thin, and lines of restlessness, of furtive pain and suspicion, had graven themselves, delicately, irrevocably, about her eyes and mouth, on her broad brow

and childish neck. There were hollows in the cheeks, the cutting of the face seemed to be ruder, and the skin browner, than of old. Nevertheless, the leanness of the face was that of energy, not that of emaciation. It pointed to life in the open air, a strenuous physical life; and, but for the look of fretting, of ceaseless and troubled longing with which it was associated, it would rather have given beauty than taken it away.

Her eyes were more astonishing than ever; but there was a touch of wildness in them, and they were grown in truth too big and staring for the dwindled face. A pathetic face!—as of one in whom the impulse to weep is always present, yet for ever stifled. It had none of that noble intimacy with sorrow which so often dignifies a woman's whole aspect; it spoke rather of the painful, struggling, desiring will, the will of passion and regret, the will which fights equally with the past and with the future, and is, for Buddhist and Christian alike, the torment of existence.

Again a sound of wheels drew her eyes to the road. But it was only the Hawkhead butcher going his rounds. He stopped below the cottage, and Miss Anna's servant went out to him. Phoebe sighed afresh in disappointment, her ears still strained the while to catch the first sound of that primitive horn, wherewith the postman in his cart, as he mounts the Langdale valley, summons the dwellers in the scattered farms and cottages to come and take their letters.

But very likely there would be no letter at all. This was Thursday. On Saturday Miss Anna had met her and Carrie at Windermere, and had brought them to the old place. Sunday and Monday had

¹ Copyright, 1906, by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

been filled with agitated consultations. Then, on Tuesday, a neighbor living in Elterwater, and an old friend of Miss Anna's, had gone up to London, bearing with her a parcel addressed to "John Fenwick, Constable House, East Road, Chelsea," which she had promised to deliver, either personally, or through one of the servants of the boarding house whither she was bound.

This lady must have delivered it on Wednesday,—some time on Wednesday,—she would not pledge herself. But probably not till the afternoon, or evening. If so, there could be no letter. But if not a letter, a telegram; unless, indeed, John were determined not to take her back; unless her return were in his eyes a mere trouble and burden; unless they were to be finally and for ever separated. Then he would take his time,—and write.

But—*Carrie!* Phoebe resumed her wandering from room to room, and window to window, her mind deafened as it were by the rush of her own thoughts—unable to rest for a moment. He must want to see Carrie! And that seeing must and should carry with it at least one interview with his wife, at least the permission to tell her story, face to face.

Was it only a week since under a sudden impulse she had written to Miss Anna?—from the Surrey lodging, where for nearly two months she had hidden herself after their landing in England. Each day since then had been at once the longest and the shortest she had ever known. Every emotion of which she was capable had been roused into fresh life, crowding the hours; while at the same time each day had flown on wings of flame, bringing the moment,—so awful, yet so desired—when she should see John's face again. After the slow years of self-inflicted exile, after the wavering weeks and months of repentance, doubt, and changing resolution, life had suddenly become breathless,—a hurrying rush down some Averman descent, toward crashing pain and tumult. For how could it end well? She was no silly girl to suppose that such things can be made right again with a few soft words and a kiss.

Idly her mind wandered through the past; through the years of dumb, helpless bitterness, when she would have given

the world to undo what she had done, and could see no way, consistently with the beliefs which still held her; and through the first hours of sharp reaction, produced partly by events in her own history, and partly by fresh and unexpected information. She had thought of John as hard, prosperous, and cruel; removed altogether out of her social ken, a rich and fashionable gentleman who might have and be what he would. The London letter of a Canadian weekly paper had given her the news of his election to the Academy. Then, from the same source, she had learnt of the quarrel, the scene with the Hanging Committee, the noisy resignation, and all the controversy surrounding it. She read and re read every line of this scanty news, pondering and worrying over it. How like John, to ruin himself by these tempers! And yet of course he had been abominably treated!—anyone could see that. From her anger and concern sprang new growths of feeling in a softened heart. If she had only been there!

Well!—what did it matter? The great lady who advised and patronized him no doubt had been there. If she had not been able to smooth out the tangle, what chance would his despised wife have had with him?

Then—last fall—there had come to the farm in the green Ontario country, a young artist, sent out on a commission from an English publishing firm who were producing a great illustrated book on Canada. The son of the house, who was at college in Montreal, had met him, and made friends with him; had brought him home to draw the farm, and the apple-orchards, heavy with fruit. And there, night after night, he had sat talking in the rich violet dusk; talking to this sad-faced Mrs. Wilson, this Englishwoman, who understood his phrases and his ways, and had been in contact with artists in her youth.

John Fenwick! Why of course he knew all about John Fenwick! Quarrelsome, clever chap! Had gone up like a rocket, and was now nowhere. What call had he to quarrel with the Academy? The Academy had treated him handsomely enough—much better than it had treated a lot of other fellows. The public would n't stand his airs and his violence.



Drawn by Albert Sterner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill.

"CARRIE CAME UP TO HIM AND LINKED HER ARM IN HIS" (SEE PAGE 239)

He was n't big enough. A Whistler might be insolent, and gain by it; but the smaller men must keep civil tongues in their heads. Oh, yes, talent of course—enormous talent!—but a poor early training, and a man wants all his time to get the better of *that*,—instead of spouting and scribbling all over the place. No—John Fenwick would do nothing more of importance.—Mrs. Wilson might take his word for that—sorry if he had said anything unpleasant of a friend of hers. General report besides made him an unhappy, moody kind of fellow, living alone, with very few friends, taking nobody's advice,—and as obstinate as a pig about his work.

So said this young Daniel-come-to-judgment, between the whiffs of his pipe, in the Canadian farm-garden, while the darkness came down and hid the face of the silent woman beside him.

And so Remorse, and anguished Pity, sprang up beside her—gray and stern comrades—and she walked between them night and day. John, a lonely failure in England—poor and despised. And she, an exile here, with her child. And this dumb irrevocable Time, on which she had stamped her will, so easily, so fatally, flowing on the while, year by year, toward Death and the End!—and these voices of "Too late!" in her ears!

But still the impulse of return grew,—mysteriously it seemed,—independently. And other facts and experiences came strangely to its aid. In the language of Evangelicalism which had been natural to her youth, Phœbe felt now, as she looked back, that she had been wonderfully "led." It was this sense indeed which had softened the humiliation and determined the actual steps of her homeward pilgrimage; she seemed to have been yielding to an actual external force in what she had done.

For it had not been easy, this second uprooting. Carrie, especially, had had her own reasons for making it difficult. And Phœbe had never yet had the courage to tell her the truth. She had spoken vaguely of "business" obliging them to take a journey to England,—had asked the child to trust her—and taken refuge in tears and depression from Carrie's objections. In consequence, she had seen the first shadow descend on Carrie's

youth; she had been conscious of the first breach between herself and her daughter.

In a sudden agony, she walked back to the window in her own room, looking this time, not towards Elterwater and the post, but towards Dungeon Ghyll and the wild upper valley.

Anna Mason had taken Carrie for a walk. At that moment, on Phœbe's prayer, she was telling the child the story of her father and mother.

Phœbe's eyes filled. She was, in truth, waiting for judgment—at the hands of her husband—and her daughter. Ever since their flight together, Carrie had been taught to regard her father as dead. As the years went on, "poor Papa" was represented to her by a few fading memories, by the unframed picture which her mother kept jealously locked from sight, which she had been only once or twice allowed to see.

And now? Phœbe recalled the anguish of that night, when Carrie, returning to her mother in Surrey, from a day's expedition to town, with a Canadian friend; described the queer, passionate, gray-haired man—"Mr. Fenwick they called him"—whom she had seen directing the rehearsal at the Falcon Theatre. Phœbe had a vision of herself leaning back in her chair, wrapped in shawls, feigning the exhaustion and blindness of nervous headache,—while the child gave her laughing account of the scene; in the intervals of kissing and comforting "poor mummy?"

And that drive from Windermere, beside Miss Anna, with Carrie opposite!—Carrie excitable, happy, talkative,—her father's child,—now absorbed in a natural delight, exclaiming at the beauty of the mountains, the trees, the river, catching her mother's hand, to make her smile too, and then in a sudden shyness and hardness, looking with her deep jealous eyes at the unknown friend opposite, wondering clearly what it all meant, resenting that she was told so little, and too proud to insist on more,—or, perhaps, afraid to pierce what might turn out to be the unhappy or shameful secret of their life?

Yet Phœbe had tried to make it plausible. They were going to stay with an old friend, in a place which Carrie and her parents had lived in when she was a baby, near to the town where she was born. She knew already that her mother*

was from Westmoreland, from a place called Keswick; but she understood that her mother's father was dead, and all her people scattered.

Until they came actually in sight of the cottage, the child had betrayed no memory of her own; though as they entered Langdale her chatter ceased, and her eyes sped nervously from side to side, considering the woods and fells and whitewashed farms. As they stopped, however, at the foot of the steep pitch leading to the little house, Carrie suddenly caught sight of it,—the slate porch, the yew-tree to the right, the sycamore in front. She changed color, and as she jumped down, she wavered and nearly fell.

And without waiting for the others she ran up the hill and through the gate. When she met them again at the house-door, her eyes were wet.

"I've been into the kitchen,"—she said, breathlessly,—*"and it's so strange!—I remember sitting there, and a man"*—she drew her hand across her brow—"a man, feeding me. That—that was father?"

Phœbe could not remember how she had answered her; only some trembling words from Anna Mason, and an attempt to draw the child away,—that her mother might enter the cottage alone and unwatched. And she had entered it alone, — had walked into the little parlor.

The next thing she recollected—amid that passion of desperate tears which had seemed to dissolve her, body and soul—were Carrie's arms round her, Carrie's face pressed against hers.

"Mother! mother! Oh! what *is* the matter? Why did we come here? You've been keeping things from me all these weeks,—for years even. There is something I don't know— I'm sure there is. Oh, it *is* unkind. You think I'm not old enough—but I am. Oh! you ought to tell me, mother!"

How had she defended herself? staved off the inevitable, once again? All she knew was that Miss Anna had again come to the rescue, had taken the child away, whispering to her. And since then, in these last forty-eight hours,—oh! Carrie had been good! So quiet, so useful,—unpacking their clothes, helping Miss Anna's maid with the supper, cooking, dusting,

mending, as a Canadian girl knows how,—only stopping sometimes to look round her, with that clouded, wondering look, as though the past invaded her.

Oh! she was a darling! John would see that,—whatever he might feel toward her mother. "I stole her,—but I've brought her back. I may be a bad wife,—but there's Carrie! I've not neglected her—I've done the best by her."

It was in incoherent, unspoken words like this that Phœbe was for ever pleading with her husband, even now.

Presently, in her walk about the room, she came to stand before the mantelpiece, where a photograph had been propped up against the wall by Carrie,—of a white-walled farm, with its outbuildings and orchards—and, gleaming beneath it, the wide waters of Lake Ontario. Phœbe shuddered at the sight of it. Twelve years of her life had been wasted there.

Carrie, indeed, took a very different view.

Restlessly the mother left her room and wandered into Carrie's. It was already—by half-past nine—spotlessly clean and neat; and Eliza, the girl from Hawks-head, had not been allowed to touch it. On the bed lay a fresh "waist," which Carrie had just made for herself, and on the dressing-table stood another photograph,—not a place this time, but a person,—a very evident and very good-looking young man!

Phœbe stood looking at it forlornly. Carrie's young romance,—and her own spoilt life,—these two images held her. Carrie would go back, in time, across the sea,—would marry, would forget her mother.

"And I'm not old, neither,—I'm not old."

Trembling she left the room. The door of Miss Anna's was open. Phœbe stood on the threshold, looking in. It had been her room and John's in the old days. Their very furniture was still there,—as in the parlor, too. For John had sold it all to their landlord, when he wound up affairs. Miss Anna knew even what he had got for it,—poor John!

She dared not go in. She stood leaning against the door-post, looking from outside, like one in exile, at the low-raftered room, with its oak press, and its bed, and its bit of green carpet. Thoughts

passed through her mind,—thoughts which shook her from head to foot.

The cottage was now enlarged. Miss Mason, when she took it on lease three years before this date, had built two new rooms, or got the Hawkshead landlord to build them. She had retired now, on her savings; and there lived with her an old friend, a tired teacher like herself. It was one of those spinster marriages,—honorable and seemly *ménages*—for which the Lakes have always been famous. But Miss Wetherby was now away, visiting her relations in the south. Had she been there, Phœbe could never have made up her mind to accept Miss Anna's urgent invitation. She shrank from everybody,—strangers, or old acquaintance, it was all one. The terror which rankled in her mind, next to the disabling, heart-arresting terror of the first meeting with her husband, was that of the first moment when she must discover herself to her old acquaintance in Langdale or Elterwater,—in Kendal or Keswick,—as Phœbe Fenwick. She had arrived, closely veiled, as "Mrs. Wilson," and she had never yet left the cottage door.

Then again she caught her breath, remembering that at that very moment Carrie was learning her true name from Miss Anna,—was realizing that she had seen her father without knowing it, was hearing the story of what her mother had done.

"Perhaps she'll hate me!" thought Phœbe miserably. Through the window came the soft spring air. The big sycamore opposite was nearly in full leaf, and in the field below sprawled the helpless, new-born lambs, so white beside their dingy mother. The voice of the river murmured through the valley, and sometimes, as the west wind blew stronger, Phœbe's fine and long-practiced ear could distinguish other and more distant sounds, wafted from the leaping waterfalls which threaded the ghyll, perhaps even from the stream of Dungeon Ghyll itself, thundering in its prison of rocks. It was a characteristic Westmoreland day, with high gray cloud, and interlacing sun, the fells clear from base to top, their green or reddish sides marked with white farms, or bold clumps of fir; with the blackness of scattered yews, landmarks through generations; or the purple-gray of the emerg-

ing limestone. Fresh, lonely, cheerful,—a land at once of mountain solitude, and of a long-settled, long-humanized life,—it breathed kindly on this penitent, anxious woman; it seemed to bid her take courage.

Ah! the sound of a horn echoing along the fell. Phœbe flew down to the porch; then, remembering she might be seen, perhaps recognized by the postman, she stepped back into the parlor, listening, but out of sight.

The servant, who had run down to fetch the letters, seemed to be having something of an argument with the postman. In a few minutes she reappeared breathless.

"There's no letters, mum," she said, seeing Phœbe at the parlor window—"And I doan't think this has owt to do here." She held up a telegram, doubtfully,—yet with an evident curiosity and excitement in her look. It was addressed to "Mrs. John Fenwick." The postman had clearly made some remark upon it.

Phœbe took it.

"It's all right. Tell him to leave it."

The girl, noticing her agitation and her shaking fingers, ran down the hill again to give the message. Phœbe carried the telegram up-stairs to her room, and locked the door.

For some moments she dared not open it. If it said that he refused to come?—that he would never see her again? Phœbe felt that she should die of grief,—that life must stop.

At last she tore it open:—

"Sending messenger to-day. Hope to follow immediately. Welcome."

She gasped over the words, feeling them in the first instance as a blow,—a repulse. She had feared,—but also she had hoped,—she scarcely knew for what,—yet at least for something more, something different from this.

He was not coming, then, at once! A messenger! What messenger could a man send to his wife in such a case? Who knew them both well enough to dare to come between them? Old fiercenesses woke up in her. Had the word been merely cold and unforgiving it would have crushed her indeed; but there was that in her which would have scarcely dared complain. An eye for an eye—no

conscience-stricken creature but admits the wild justice of that.

But a "messenger!"—when she that was lost is found, when a man's wife comes back to him from the dead! Phœbe sat voiceless, the telegram on her lap, a kind of scorn trembling on her lip.

Then her eye caught the word "welcome,"—and it struck home. She began to sob, her angry pride melting. And suddenly the door of her room opened, and there on the threshold stood Carrie,—Carrie, who had been crying too,—with wide, startled eyes, and flushed cheeks. She looked at her mother, then flew to her, while Phœbe instinctively covered the telegram with her hand.

"Oh, mother! mother!—how could you? And I *laughed* at him—I did—I *did*!" she cried, wringing her hands. "And he looked so tired! And on the way home Amélie mimicked him—and his voice—and his queer ways; and I laughed. Oh! what a beast I was! Oh! mother, and I told you his name, and you never—never—said a word!"

The child flung herself on the floor, her feet tucked under her, her hands clasped round her knees, swaying backwards and forwards in a tempest of excited feeling, hardly knowing what she said.

Phœbe looked at her bewildered; then she removed her hand, and Carrie saw the telegram. She threw herself on it, read the address, gulping, then the words—

"A messenger!" She understood that no more than her mother. It meant a letter perhaps? But she fastened on "immediately"—"welcome."

And presently—all in a moment—she leapt to her feet, and began to dance and spring about the room. And as Phœbe watched her, startled and open-mouthed, wondering if this was all the reproach that Carrie was ever going to make her, the flushed and joyous creature came and flung her arms round Phœbe's neck, so that the fair hair and the brown were all in a confusion together, and the child's cheek was on her mother's,—

"Mummy!—and I was only five, and you were n't so very old—only seven years older than I am now—and you thought father was tired of you—and you went off to Canada right away. My!—it was plucky of you—I will say that for you.

And if you had n't gone, I should never have seen George. But—oh! mummy, mummy!"—this between laughing and crying—"I do guess you were just a little fool!—I guess you were!"

MISS ANNA sat down-stairs listening to the murmur of those hurrying voices above her in Phœbe's room. She was darning a table-cloth, with the Manchester paper beside her; and she sat peculiarly erect, a little stern and pinched,—breathing protest.

It was extraordinary how Carrie had taken it. These were your Canadian ways, she supposed. No horror of anything—no shyness. Looking a thing straight in the face, at a moment's notice,—with a kind of humorous common-sense,—refusing altogether to cry over spilt milk, even such spilt milk as this,—in a hurry, simply, to clear it up! A mere metaphorical refusal to cry, this,—for after all there had been tears. But the immediate rebound, the determination to be cheerful, though the heavens fell, had been so amazing! The child had begun to laugh before her tears were dry,—letting loose a flood of sharp, shrewd questions on her companion; wondering, with sparkling looks, how "George" would take it; and quite refusing to provide that fine-drawn or shrinking sentiment, that "moral sense," in short, with which, as it seemed to the elder woman, half hours of this quality in life should be decently accompanied. Little heathen! Miss Anna thought grimly of all the precautions she had taken to spare the young lady's feelings,—of her own emotions,—her sense of a solemn and epoch-making experience. She might have saved her pains.

But at this point the door up-stairs opened, and the "little heathen" descended presently to the parlor, bringing the telegram. She came in shyly, and it might perhaps have been seen that she was conscious of her disgrace with Miss Anna. But she said nothing; she merely held out the piece of pink paper; and Miss Anna surprised out of her own "moral sense," fell upon it, hastily adjusting her spectacles to a large and characteristic nose.

She read it frowning. A messenger! What on earth did they want with such a person? Just like John!—putting the

disagreeables on other people. She said to herself that one saw where the child's levity came from.

"It 's nice of father, is n't it?" said Carrie,—rather timidly,—touching the telegram.

"He'd better have come himself," said Miss Anna, sharply.

"But he is coming!" cried Carrie. "He's only sending a letter—or a present—or something—to smooth the way—just as George does with me. Well, now then,"—she bent down, and brought her resolute little face close to Miss Anna's—"where 's he to sleep?"

Miss Anna jumped,—pushed back her chair,—and said coldly: "I'll see to that."

"Because, if he 's going into my room," said Carrie, thoughtfully,—“something 'll have to be done to lengthen that bed. The pillow slips down, and even I hung my feet out last night. But, if you 'll let me, I could fix it up—I could make that room real nice."

Miss Anna told her to do what she liked. "And where 'll you sleep to-night, pray?"

"Oh! I 'll go in to mother."

"There 's a second bed in my room," said Miss Anna, stiffly.

"Ah! but that would crowd you up," said the girl softly; and off she went.

Presently there was a commotion upstairs,—hammering, pulling, pushing.

Miss Anna wondered what on earth she was doing to the bed.

Presently Phœbe came down, white and fluttered enough to satisfy the most exacting canons. Miss Anna tried not to show that she was dissatisfied with the terms of the telegram, and Phœbe did not complain. But her despondency was very evident, and Miss Anna was extremely sorry for her. In her restlessness she presently said that she would go out to the ghyll, and sit by the water a little. If anybody came, they were to shout for her. She would only be a stone's-throw from the house.

She went away along the fell-side, her head drooping,—so tall and thin, in her plain dress of gray Carmelite, and her mushroom hat trimmed with black.

Miss Anna looked after her. She knew very little indeed, as yet, of what it was that had really brought the poor thing

home. Her own fault, no doubt. Phœbe would have poured out her soul, without reserve, on that first night of her return to her old home. But Miss Anna had entirely refused to allow it. "No, no!" she had said, even putting her hand on the wife's trembling lips; "you sha'n't tell me. Keep that for John,—it's his right. If you've got a confession,—it belongs to *John!*"

On the other hand, of the original crisis,—of the scene in Bernard Street, the spoilt picture, and the letters of Madame de Pastourelles, Miss Anna had let Phœbe tell her what she pleased, and in truth,—although Phœbe seemed to be no longer of a similar opinion,—it appeared to the ex-schoolmistress that John had a good deal to explain,—John and the French lady. If people are not married, and not relations, they have no reasonable call whatever to write each other long and interesting letters. In spite of her education, and her reading, Miss Anna's standards in these respects were the small puritanical standards of the English country town.

THE gate leading to the steep pitch of lane opened and shut. Miss Anna rose hastily and looked out.

A lady in black entered the little garden, walked up to the door, and knocked timidly. Was this the "messenger?" Miss Anna hurried into the little hall.

"Is Mrs. Fenwick in?" asked a very musical voice.

"Mrs. Fenwick is sitting a little way off on the fell," said Miss Anna, advancing. "But I can call her directly. What name, please?"

The lady took out her card.

"It's a French name," she said, with smiling apology, handing it to Miss Anna.

Miss Anna glanced at it, and then at the bearer.

"Kindly step this way," she said, pointing to the parlor, and holding her gray-capped head rather impressively high.

Madame de Pastourelles obeyed her, murmuring that she had sent her carriage on to the Dungeon Ghyll Hotel, whence it would return for her in an hour.

EUGÉNIE had made her first speech,—her first embarrassed explanation. She and Miss Anna sat on either side of the parlor

table, their eyes on each other. Eugénie felt herself ill at ease under the critical gaze of this handsome gray-haired woman, with her broad shoulders, and her strong brows. She had left London in hurry and agitation, and was after all but very slenderly informed as to the situation in Langdale. Had she inadvertently said something to set this formidable-looking person against her and her mission?

On her side Miss Anna surveyed the delicate refinement of her visitor; the black dress, so plain, yet so faultless; the mass of brown hair, which even after a night's railway journey was still perfectly dressed,—no doubt by the maid without whom these fine ladies never venture themselves abroad; the rings which sparkled on the thin fingers; the single string of pearls, which alone relieved the severity of the black bodice. She noticed the light, distinguished figure, the beauty of the small head; and her hostility waned within her. John's smart friend belonged to the pampered ones of the earth, and Miss Anna did not intend to be taken in by her, not for a moment.

"Mr. Fenwick has been terribly overworked,"—Eugénie repeated, coloring against her will,—*"and yesterday, he was quite broken down by your letter. It seemed too much for him. You will understand, I'm sure. When a person is so weak, they shrink,—don't they?—even from what they most desire. And so he asked me—to—to come and tell Mrs. Fenwick something about his health, and his circumstances these last two years—just to prepare the way. There is so much—is n't there?—Mrs. Fenwick cannot yet know; and I'm afraid—it will pain her to hear."*

The speaker's voice faltered and ceased. She felt through every nerve that she was in a false position, and wondered how she was to mend it.

"Do I understand you that John Fenwick is coming to see his wife to-night?" said Miss Mason at last, in a voice of battle.

"He arrives by the afternoon train," said Eugénie, looking at her questioner with a slight frown of perplexity.

"What is the matter with him?" said Miss Anna, drily.

Eugénie hesitated; then she bent for-

ward, the color rushing again into her cheeks.

"I think"—her voice was low and hurried, and she looked round her to see that the door was shut, and they were really alone,—*"I think it has been an attack of depression—perhaps—perhaps—melancholia. He has had great misfortunes and disappointments. Unfortunately my father and I were abroad, and did not understand. But, thank God!"—she clasped her hands involuntarily—"I got home yesterday—I went to see him—just in time——"*

She paused, looking at her companion as though she asked for the understanding which would save her further words. But Miss Anna sat puzzled and cold.

"Just in time?" she repeated.

"I did n't understand at first," said Eugénie, with emotion; "I only saw that he was ill and terribly broken. But he has told me since—in a letter I got just before I started. And I want you to advise me—to tell me whether you think Mrs. Fenwick should know——"

"Know what?" cried Miss Anna.

Madame de Pastourelles bent forward again, and said a few words under her breath.

Anna Mason recoiled.

"Horrible!" she said,—*"and—and so cowardly! So like a man!"*

Eugénie could not help a tremulous smile; then she resumed,—

"The picture had come,—just come. It was that which saved him. Ah, yes,"—the smile flashed out again—"I had forgotten! Of course, Mrs. Fenwick must know! It was the picture—it was *she* that saved him, but your note, by some strange accident, had escaped him. It had fallen out, among some other papers on the floor,—and he was nearly beside himself with disappointment.* I was lucky enough to find it, and give it him. But oh! it was pitiful to see him."

She shaded her eyes with her hand a moment, waiting for composure. Miss Anna watched her, the strong mouth softening unconsciously.

"And so, when he asked me to come and see his wife first,—to tell her about his troubles and his breakdown,—I felt as if I could not refuse,—though, of course, I know"—she looked up appealingly—"it may well seem strange and

intrusive to Mrs. Fenwick. But perhaps when she understands how we have all been searching for her these many months——"

"Searching!" exclaimed Miss Anna. "Who has been searching?"

Her question arrested her companion. Eugénie drew herself more erect, collecting her thoughts.

"Shall we face the facts as they are?" she said at last, quietly. "I can tell you very shortly how the case stands."

Miss Anna half rose—looked at the door—sat down again.

"Mrs. Fenwick, you understand, may return at any time!"

"I will be very short. We must consult—must n't we?—for them both."

Timidly—her eyes upraised to the vigorous old face beside her—Eugénie held out her delicate hand. With a quick impulsive movement—wondering at herself—Miss Anna grasped it.

A little while later Miss Anna emerged from the parlor. She went up-stairs to find Carrie.

Carrie was sitting beside the open door of her room, calmly ripping up a mattress. The bed behind her had been substantially lengthened, apparently by the help of a packing-case, in which Mrs. Fenwick had brought some of her possessions across the Atlantic. A piece of white dimity had been tacked round the packing-case.

"Carrie! what on earth are you doing?" cried Miss Anna in dismay.

"It's all right," said Carrie,—"I'm only making it over. It's got lumpy." Then she laid down her scissors, flushed, and looked at Miss Anna.

"Who's that down-stairs?"

"It's a lady who wants to see your mother. Will you go and fetch her?"

"Father's 'messenger'?" cried Carrie, springing up, and breathing quick.

Miss Anna nodded. "Your mother should be very grateful to her," she said in rather a shaky voice.

Carrie put on her hat in silence, and descended. The door of the parlor was open, and between it and the parlor-window stood the strange lady, staring at the river and the fell opposite,—apparently deep in thought.

At the sound of the girl's step Eugénie turned.

"Carrie!" she cried involuntarily—"you are Carrie!" And she came forward, impetuously holding out both her hands. "How like the picture—how like!"

And Eugénie gazed in delight at the small, slight creature, so actively and healthily built, in spite of her fairy proportions, at the likeness to Fenwick in hair and skin, at the apple-freshness of her color, the beauty of her eyes, the lightness of her pretty feet.

Twelve years!—and then to find *this*, dropped into your arms by the gods—this living, breathing promise of all delight! Deep in Eugénie's heart there stirred the pang of her own pitiful motherhood, of the child who had just flickered into life, and out of it, through one summer's day.

She shyly put her arm round the girl.

"May I"—she said timidly—"may I kiss you?"

Carrie, with down-dropped eyes, a little grave, submitted.

"I am going to tell my mother. Father sent you, did n't he?"

Eugénie said "Yes" gently, and released her. The child ran off.

PHOEBE came slowly into the room, with an uncertain gait, touching the door and the walls like one groping her way.

"Oh! Mrs. Fenwick!"

It was a little cry from Eugénie—deprecating, full of pain. Phoebe took no notice of it. She went straight to her visitor.

"Where is my husband, please?" she said, in a strong, hoarse voice, mechanically holding out her hand, which Eugénie touched, and then let drop,—so full of rugged, passionate things were the face and form she looked at.

"He's coming by the afternoon train." Eugénie threw all her will into calmness and clearness. "He gets to Windermere before five,—and he thought he might be here a little after six. He was *so* ill yesterday—when I found him—when I went to see him! That's what he wanted me to tell you before you saw him again,—and so I came first,—by the night train."

"You went to see him—yesterday?" said Phoebe, still in the same tense way. She had never asked her guest to sit, and

she stood herself, one hand leaning heavily on the table.

"I had heard from the lawyers—the lawyers my father had recommended to Mr. Fenwick—that they had found a clue—they had discovered some traces of you in Canada—and I went to tell him."

"Lawyers?" Phœbe raised her left hand in bewilderment. "I don't understand."

Eugénie came a little nearer. Hurriedly, with changing color, she gave an account of the researches of the lawyers during the preceding seven months,—interrupted in the middle by Phœbe.

"But why was John looking for us, after—after all this time?" she said, in a fainter, weaker voice, dropping at the same time into a chair.

Eugénie hesitated; then said firmly, "Because he wished to find you, more than anything else in the world. And my father and I helped him all we could——"

"But you did n't know?"—Phœbe caught piteously at her dress,—“you did n't know——?”

"That Mr. Fenwick was married? No—never!—till last autumn. That was his wrong-doing, toward all his old friends."

Phœbe looked at the dignity and pureness of the face before her, and shrank a little. "And how was it found out?" she breathed, turning away.

"There was a Miss Morrison——"

"Bella Morrison!" cried Phœbe suddenly, clasping her hands,—“Bella! Of course, she did it to disgrace him.”

"We never knew what her motive was. But she told—an old friend—who told us."

"And then—what did John say?" The wife's hands shook,—her eyes were greedy for an answer.

"Oh! it was all miserable!" said Eugénie, with a gesture of emotion. "It made my father very angry, and we could not be friends any more,—as we had been. And Mr. Fenwick had a wretched winter. He was ill—and his painting seemed to go wrong—and he was terribly in need of money—and then came that day at the theatre——"

"I know," whispered Phœbe, hanging on the speaker's lips,—“when he saw Carrie?”

"It nearly killed him," said Eugénie

gently. "It was like a light kindled, and then blown out."

Phœbe leant her head against the table before her, and began to sob,—“If I'd never let her go up that day! When we first landed I did n't know what to do—I could n't make up my mind. We'd taken lodgings down at Guildford—near some acquaintances we'd made in Canada. And the girl was a great friend of Carrie's,—we used to stay with them sometimes in Montreal. She had acted a little at Halifax and Montreal,—and she wanted an opening in London—and somebody told her to apply at that theatre—I forget his name."

"Halifax!" cried Eugénie,—“Halifax, Nova Scotia? Oh, now I understand! We have searched England through. The stage-manager said one of the young ladies mentioned Halifax. Nobody ever thought——"

She paused. Phœbe said nothing; she was grappling with some of the new ideas presented to her.

"And this was his second search, you know," said Eugénie, laying a hand timidly on Phœbe's shoulder. "He had done all he could—when you left him. But when he lost sight of Carrie again—and so of you both—it wore his heart out. I can see it did. He is a broken man." Her voice trembled. "Oh, you will have to nurse—to comfort him. He has been in despair about his art—in despair about everything. He——"

But she checked herself. The rest was for him to tell.

"For a long time, he seemed—so—so successful," said Phœbe, plucking at the table-cloth, trying to compose voice and features.

"Yes—but it did n't last. He seemed to get angry with himself—and everybody else. He quarreled with the Academy—and his work did n't improve—it went back. But then—when one's unhappy——"

Her smile and the pressure of her hand said the rest.

"He'll never forgive me!" said Phœbe, her voice thick and shaking. "It can never be the same again. I was a fool to come home."

Eugénie withdrew her hand. Unconsciously, a touch of sternness showed itself in her bearing, her pale features.

"No, no!" she said, with energy. "You will comfort him, Mrs. Fenwick—you will give him heart and hope again. It was a cruel thing—forgive me if I say it once!—it was a cruel thing to leave him! A man like that—with his weaknesses and his temperament—which are part of his gift really—its penalty—wants his wife at every turn,—the woman who loves him—who understands. But to desert him for a suspicion!—a dream! Oh! Mrs. Fenwick, there are those who—who are really starved—really forsaken—really trampled under foot—by those they love!"

Her voice broke. She stood gazing straight before her, quivering with the passion of recollection. Phœbe looked up—awed—remembering what John had said, so long ago, of the unhappy marriage, the faithless and cruel husband. But Eugénie's hand touched her again.

"And I know that you thought—I—had made Mr. Fenwick—forget you. That was so strange! At that time—and for many years afterwards—my husband was still alive. If he had sent me a word—any day—any hour—I would have gone to him—to the ends of the world. I don't mean—I don't pretend—that my feeling for him remained unchanged. But my pride was—my duty was—that he should never find me lacking. And last year—he turned to me—I was able to help him—through his death. I had been his true wife—and he knew it."

She spoke quietly, brushing the tears from her eyes. But with the last words, her voice wavered a little. Phœbe had bowed her head upon the hand which held hers, and there was no spectator of the feeling in Eugénie's face. Was her pure conscience tormented with the thought that she had not told all, and could never tell it? Her innocent tempting of Fenwick,—as an act partly, of piteous self-defence against impulses of quite another quality and power,—this must remain her secret to the end. Sad evasions, which life forces upon even the noblest worshippers of truth!

After a minute, she stooped and kissed Phœbe's golden hair.

"I was so glad to help Mr. Fenwick—he interested me so. If I had only known of you—and the child—why, how happy we might all have been!"

She withdrew her hand, and walked

away to the window, trying to calm herself. Phœbe rose and followed her.

"Do you know?" she said piteously,—"can't you tell me?—Will John take me back?"

Eugénie paused just a moment; then said steadily, "He is coming here, because you are his wife,—because he is faithful to you,—because he wants you. Don't agitate him too much! He wants resting and healing. And so do you!" She took Phœbe's hands again in hers. "And how do you think anybody is to deny you anything, when you bring such a gift as that?"

Carrie and Miss Mason were entering the little garden. Eugénie's smile, as she motioned towards the girl, seemed to reflect the May sunshine, and Carrie's young charm.

BUT after Madame de Pastourelles was gone, a cloud of nervous dread fell upon the little cottage and its inmates. Phœbe wandered restlessly about the garden, waiting—and listening—hour after hour.

The May evening drew towards sunset. Flame descended on the valley, striking athwart the opening which leads to its farthest recess, superbly guarded by the crags of Bowfell, and turning all the mountain-side above the cottage, still dyed with the fern of "yester-year," to scarlet. A fresh breeze blew through the sycamore leaves, bringing with it the cool scents of rain-washed grass. All was hushed—richly hued—expectant—like some pageant waiting for its king.

Alas—poor king! In the full glory of the evening light, a man alighted from a wagonette at the foot of the cottage hill, and dragged his weary limbs up the steep ground. He opened the gate, looking round him slowly to right and left.

Then, in the porch, Fenwick saw his wife. He walked up to her, and gripped her wrists. She fell back with a stifled cry; and they stood there,—speechless and motionless—looking into each other's eyes.

XIV

PHŒBE first withdrew herself. In that first moment of contact, Fenwick's changed aspect had pierced her to the heart. But the shock itself brought self-control.

"Come in," she said, mechanically; "Miss Anna's gone out."

"Where's Carrie?" He followed her in, glancing from side to side.

"She—she'll be here directly." Phœbe's voice stumbled over the words.

Fenwick understood that the child and Anna Mason were leaving them to themselves out of delicacy; and his exhaustion of mind and body recoiled impatiently from the prospect of a "scene," with which he felt himself wholly unable to cope. He had been sorely tempted to stay at Windermere, and telegraph that he was too ill to come that day. Such a course would at least have given him the night's respite. But a medley of feelings had prevailed over the impulse; and here he was.

They entered the little parlor, and he looked round him in amazement, muttering, "Why, it looks just as it did,—not a thing changed."

Phœbe closed the door, and then turned to him trembling.

"Won't you—won't you say you're glad to see me, John?"

He looked at her fixedly, then threw himself down beside the table, and rested his head on his hands.

"It's no good to suppose we can undo these twelve years," he said, roughly; "it's no good whatever to suppose that."

"No," said Phœbe—"I know."

She too sat down, on the other side of the table, deadly pale, not knowing what to say or do. Suddenly he raised his head and looked at her, with his searching painter's eyes.

"My God!" he said, under his breath,—"we are changed, both of us—are n't we?"

She too studied the face before her, the gray hair, the red-rimmed eyes, of which the lids fluttered perpetually, shrinking from the light, the sombre mouth; and slowly a look of still more complete dismay overspread her own; reflected, as it were, from that half-savage discouragement and weariness which spoke from the drawn features, the neglected dress, and slouching figure, and seemed to make of the whole man one sore, wincing at a touch. Her heart sank,—and sank.

"Can't we begin again?" she said in a low voice, while the tears rose

in her eyes. "I'm sorry for what I did."

"How does that help it?" he said irritably.—"I'm a ruined man. I can't paint any more,—or at any rate the world does n't care a ha'p'orth *what* I paint. I should be a bankrupt,—but for Madame de Pastourelles——"

"John!" cried Phœbe, bending forward—"I've got a little money—I saved it—and there are some shares a friend advised me to buy, that are worth a lot more than I gave for them. I've got eight hundred pounds,—and it's all yours, John,—it's all yours."

She stretched out her hands in a yearning anguish, and touched his.

"What friend?" he said, with a quick suspicious movement, taking no notice of her statement; "and where have you been—all these years?"

He turned and looked at her sharply.

"I've been in Canada—on a farm—near Montreal."

She held herself erect, speaking slowly and carefully, as though a moment had arrived for which she had long prepared; through rebellion, and through yielding; now in defiance, and now in fear: the moment when she should tell John the story of her flight. Her manner, indeed,—for one who could have understood it,—proved a curious thing; that never, throughout their separation, had she ceased to believe that she should see her husband again. There had been no finality in her action. In her eyes the play had been always going on, the curtain always up.

"You know I told you about Freddy—Freddy Tolson's—coming to see me—that night? Well, it was the things he said about Canada made me do it. Of course I didn't want to go where he was going. But he said that one could get to Canada for a few pounds, and it took about nine days. And it was a fine place, and anyone could find work. He'd thought of it, he said, but as he had friends in Australia, he was going there. And so, when he'd left the cottage, I thought—if, when I came up to town,—I—I did find what I expected,—I'd take Carrie,—and go to Canada."

Fenwick rose, and thrusting his hands into his pockets began to walk up and down excitedly.

"And of course—as you expected it—you found it," he said bitterly. "Who could ever have *conceived* that a woman could act in such a way! Why, I had been kissing your photograph the minute before! Lord Findon had been there, to tell me my pictures were in the Academy all right, and he'd given me five hundred pounds for them—and the check——"

He stopped in front of her, rapping the table with his finger for emphasis,—"The check was actually in the drawer!—under your hand—where I'd left it. It was too late to catch the north post for a letter to you, so I went out to tell one or two people, and on the way I bought some things for you at a shop,—prettinesses that I'd never been able to give you. Why, I thought of nothing but you."

His voice had risen to a cry. He stooped, bending over the table, his haggard face close to hers.

She recoiled, and burst into a wild sob—

"John, I—I could n't know!"

"Well, go on,"—he said abruptly, raising himself—"go on: You found that picture in my room,—I'll tell you about that presently,—and you wrote me the letter. Well, then you went back to Euston, and you sent Daisy away. After that?"

His stern, sharp tone, which was really the result of a nerve tension hardly to be borne, scared her. It was with painful difficulty that she collected her forces enough to meet his gaze and to reply.

"I took Carrie to Liverpool. We had to wait three days there. Then we got on a steamer for Quebec. The voyage was dreadful. Carrie was ill, and I was so—so miserable! We stopped at Quebec a little. But I felt so strange there, with all the people speaking French—so we went on to Montreal. And the Government people there who look after the emigrants found me a place. I got work in a hotel—a sort of housekeeper. I looked after the linen, and the servants, and after a bit I learnt how to keep the accounts. They paid me eight dollars a week, and Carrie and I had a room at the top of the hotel. It was awfully hard work. I was so dead tired at night, sometimes I could n't undress. I would sit down on the side of my bed to rest my

feet; and then the next thing I'd know would be waking in the morning, just as I was, in my clothes. But so long as I slept, it was all right.—It was lying awake—that killed me!"—

The trembling of her lips checked her, and she began to play nervously with the fringe of the table-cloth, trying to force back emotion. He had again seated himself opposite to her, and was observing her with a half-frowning attention, as of one in whom the brain action is physically difficult. He led her on, however, with questions, seeing how much she needed the help of them. From Montreal, it appeared, she had gone to a fruit-farm in the Hamilton district, Ontario, as housekeeper to a widower with a family of children varying in age from five to sixteen. She had made the acquaintance of this man,—a decent, rough, good-tempered fellow, Canadian-born,—through the hotel. He had noticed her powers of management, and her overwork; and had offered her equal pay, an easier task, and country air, instead of the rush of Montreal.

"I accepted for Carrie's sake. It was an apple-farm, running down to Lake Ontario. I had to look after the house and the children, and to cook—and wash—and bake—and turn one's hand to anything. It was n't too hard,—and Carrie went to school with the others,—and used to run about the farm. Mr. Crosson was very kind. His old mother was living there,—or I—would n't have gone,"—she flushed deeply—"but she was very infirm, and could n't do anything. I took in two English papers,—and used to get along somehow. Once I was ill, with congestion of the lungs,—and once I went to Niagara, with some people who lived near. And I can hardly remember anything else happening. It was all just the same—day after day,—I just seemed to be half alive."—

"Ah! you felt that?" he said eagerly—"you felt that? There's a stuff they call curair. You can't move,—you're paralyzed,—but you feel horrible pain. That's what I used to feel like,—for months and months. And then sometimes—it was different—as if I did n't care twopence about anything, except a little bit of pleasure,—and should never vex myself about anything again. One

was dead, and it did n't matter—was rather pleasant indeed."

She was silent. Her seeking, pitiful eyes were on him perpetually, trying to make him out, to acquaint herself with this new personality, which spoke in these harsh staccato phrases,—to reconcile it with the excitable, sanguine, self-confident man whom she had deserted in his youth.

"Well,"—he resumed, "and what was your farmer like?" Then, suddenly,—lifting his eyes—"Did he make love to you?"

She colored hotly, and threw back her head.

"And if he did, it was no one's fault!—neither his nor mine. He was n't a bad fellow!—and he wanted some one to look after his children."

"Naturally. Quite content also to look after mine!" said Fenwick, with a laugh which startled her,—resuming his agitated walk, a curious expression of satisfaction, triumph even, on his dark face. "So you found yourself in a false position?"

He stopped to look at her, and his smile hurt her sorely. But she had made up her mind to a long patience, and she struggled on.

"It was partly that made me come home,—that, and other things?"

"What other things?"

"Things—I saw—in some of the papers about you," she said, with difficulty.

"What—that I was a flat failure?—a quarrelsome ass, and that kind of thing? You began to pity me?"

"Oh, John, don't talk to me like that?" She held out her hands to him in appealing misery. "I was *sorry*, I tell you!—I saw how I'd behaved to you. I thought if you had n't been getting on, perhaps it was my fault. It upset me altogether!"

But he did n't relent. He still stood—fiercely interrogative—his hands in his pockets, on the other side of the table.

"And what else was there?"

Phœbe choked back her tears.

"There was a woman—who came to live near us,—who had been a maid"—She hesitated—

"Please go on!"

"Maid to ~~Madame~~ de Pastourelles,"—

she said hastily, stumbling over the French name.

He exclaimed: "In Ontario!"

"She married a man she had been engaged to for years; he'd been making a home for her out there. I liked her directly I saw her; and she was too delicate for the life; she came in the fall, and the winter tried her dreadfully. I used to go in to nurse her—she was very much alone,—and she told me all about herself—and about"—

"Madame?"

Phœbe nodded, her eyes swimming again in tears.

"And you found out you'd been mistaken?"

She nodded again.

"You see—she talked about her to me a great deal. Of course I—I never said anything. She'd been with her fifteen years—and she just worshiped her. And she told me about her bad husband—how she'd nursed him, and that,—and how he died last year!"

A wild color leapt into Fenwick's cheeks.

"And you began to think—there might be a false position—there too,—between her and me?"

His cruel broken words stung her intolerably. She sprang up, looking at him fiercely. "And if I did, it was n't all selfishness. Can't you understand, I might have been afraid for her,—and you,—as well as for myself?"

He moved again to the window, and stood with head bent, twisting his lip painfully.

"And to-day you've seen her?" he said, still looking out.

"Yes—she was very, very kind," said Phœbe humbly.

He paused a moment, then broke out—"And now you see—what you did!—what a horrible thing!—for the most ridiculous reasons! But after you'd left me—in that way—you could n't expect me to give her up—her friendship—all I had. For nine or ten years, if I prospered at all, I tell you it was her doing—because she upheld me,—because she inspired me—because her mere existence shamed me out of doing—well, what I could never have resisted, but for her. If I ever did good work, it was her doing—if I have been faithful to you,

in spite of everything, it was her doing too!"

He sank down upon the window-seat, —his face working. And suddenly Phœbe was at his knees.

"Oh, John—John—forgive me!—do. John!—try and forgive me!" She caught his hands in hers, kissing them, bathing them with her tears. "John, we *can* begin again!—we're not so old. You'll have a long rest—and I'll work for you night and day. We'll go abroad with some of my money. Don't you know how you always said, if you could study abroad a bit, what good it'd do you? We'll go, won't we? And you'll paint as well as ever—you'll get everything back. Oh John! don't hate me!—don't hate me! I've loved you always—always—even when I was so mad and cruel to you. Every night in Canada, I used to long for it to be morning—and then in the morning I longed for it to be night. Nothing was any good to me, or any pleasure—without you. But at first, I was just in despair—I thought I'd lost you forever—I could never, never come back. And then afterwards—when I wanted to come back—when I knew I'd been wicked—I didn't know how to do it,—how to face it. I was frightened—frightened of what you'd say to me—how you'd look!"

She paused, her arms flung round him, her tear-stained face upraised. In her despair, and utter sincerity, she was once more beautiful,—with a tragic beauty of character and expression, not lost for one moment upon the man beside her.

He laid his right hand on her head amid the masses of her fair hair, and held it there, forcing her head back a little, studying her in a bitter passion,—the upper lip drawn back a little over the teeth, which held and tormented the lower.

"Twelve years!"—he said slowly, after a minute, his eyes plunging into hers—"twelve years!—What do you know of me now?—or I of you? I should offend you twenty times a day. And—perhaps—it might be the same with me."

Phœbe released herself, and laid her head against his knee.

"John!—take me back—take me back!"

"Why did you torture me?" he said

hoarsely. "You sent me Carrie six weeks ago—and then swept her away again."

She cried out. "It was the merest accident!" And volubly—abjectly—she explained. He listened to her, but without seeming to understand,—his own mind working irrelevantly all the time. And presently he interrupted her,—

"Besides,—I'm unhinged,—I'm not fit to have women dependent on me. I can't answer for myself. Yesterday—if that picture had come at eight o'clock instead of seven—it would have been too late!"

His voice altered strangely. Phœbe fell back upon the floor, huddled together,—staring at him.

"What do you mean?"

"I should have destroyed myself. That's what I mean. I had made up my mind. It was just touch and go."

Phœbe sat speechless. It seemed as though her eyes—so wide and terrified—were fixed in their places, and could not release him. He moved impatiently; the appeal, the horror of them, were more than he could bear.

"And much better for you if I had!—and as for Carrie!—Ah!—good heavens! there she is."

He sprang up in agitation, looking through the open window, yet withdrawing from it. Phœbe too rose, the color rushing back into her cheeks. This was to be her critical, her crucial moment. If she recovered him, she was to owe it to her child.

Carrie and Miss Mason came along the path together. They had been in a wood beside the Elterwater road; not knowing how to talk to each other; wandering apart, and gathering flowers idly, to pass the time. Carrie held a large bunch of bluebells in her hand. She wore a cotton dress of grayish-blue, just such a dress as Phœbe might have worn in her first youth. The skirt was short, and showed her tripping feet. Under her shady hat with its pink rose, her eyes glanced timidly towards the house, and then withdrew themselves again. Fenwick saw that the eyes were in truth darker than Phœbe's, and the hair much darker,—no golden mist like her mother's, but nearer to his own,—a warm brown, curly and vigorous. Her face was round and rosy, but so delicately

cut and balanced, it affected him with a thrill of delight. He perceived also that she was very small,—smaller than he had thought, in the theatre. But at the same time, her light proportions had in them no hint of weakness or fragility. If she were a fairy, she was no twilight spirit; but rather a cheerful dawn-fairy,—one of those happy household sprites, that help the work of man.

He went and opened the door for them, trembling.

Carrie saw him there—paused—and then walked on quickly—ahead of Miss Mason.

"Father!" she said gravely, and looking at him, she held out her hand.

He took it, and then, drawing her to him, he kissed her hurriedly. Carrie's cheeks grew very red, and her eyes moist, for a moment. But she had long since determined not to cry,—because poor mummy would be sure to.

"I guess you'll be wanting your tea," she said shyly, looking from him to her mother,—*"I'll go and see to it."*

Miss Anna came up behind, concealing as best she could the impression made upon her by the husband and wife as they stood in the porch, under the full western light. Alack! here was no happy meeting!—and it was no good pretending.

Fenwick greeted her with little or no demonstration of any sort, though he and she, also, had never met since the year of Phœbe's flight. His sunken eyes indeed regarded her with a look that seemed to hold her at bay,—a strange look full of bitterness. She understood it to mean that he was not there to lend himself to any sham sentimental business; and that physically he was ill, and could stand no strain, whatever women might wish.

After a few questions about his journey, Miss Anna quietly begged him to come in and rest. He hesitated a moment, then with his hands in his pockets followed her to the parlor; while Phœbe, with Carrie's arm round her, went faltering upstairs.

MISS ANNA made no scene, and asked for no information. She and Carrie bustled to and fro, preparing supper. Fenwick at his own request remained alone in the parlor. But when supper-

time came, it was evident that he was too feeble to face an ordinary meal. He lay back in Miss Anna's armchair with closed eyes, and took no notice of Phœbe's timid summons. The women looked in upon him, alarmed and whispering together. Then Miss Anna drew Phœbe away and mixing some milk and brandy sent Carrie in with it. "He go away to-morrow!" she said, in Phœbe's ear,—*"we shall see!"*

As Carrie entered the parlor with the milk and brandy, Fenwick looked up.

"Where am I to sleep?" he asked her abruptly, his eyes lingering on her.

"In my room," she said softly; "I'm going in to Miss Anna. I've lengthened the bed!"

A faint smile flickered over his face.

"How did you do that?"

"I nailed on a packing-case. Isn't it queer?—Miss Anna had n't any tools. I had to borrow some at the farm,—and they were the poorest scratch lot you ever saw. Why, everybody in Canada has tools."

He held her with a shaking hand, still looking intently at her bright face.

"Did you like Canada?"

She smiled.

"Why, it's lovely!" Then her lips parted eagerly. She would have liked to go on talking, to make acquaintance. But she refrained. This man,—this strange new father—was "sick,"—and must be kept quiet.

"Will you help me up to bed?" he murmured, as she was just going away.

She obeyed, and he leant on her shoulder as they mounted the steep cottage stair. Her physical strength astonished him,—the amount of support that this child of seventeen was able to give him.

She led him into his room, where she had already brought his bag, and unpacked his things.

"Is it all right, father? Do you want anything else? Shall I send mother?"

"No, no," he said hastily—"I'm all right. Tell them I'm all right; I only want to go to sleep."

She turned at the door, and looked at him wistfully.

"I did make that mattress over—part of it. But it's a real bad one."

He nodded, and she went away.

"A dream!" he said to himself—*"a dream!"*

He was thinking of the child as she stood bathed in the mingled glory of sunset and moonlight flowing in upon her from the open window; for the long day of northern summer was still lingering in the valley.

"Ah! if I could only *paint*!—oh God, if I could *paint*!"—He groaned aloud, rubbing his hands together in a fever of impotence and misery.

Then he tumbled into bed, and lay there weak and passive, feeling the strangeness of the remembered room, of the open casement window, of the sycamore outside, and the mountain forms beyond it; of this pearly or golden light in which everything was steeped.

In the silence he heard the voice of the beck, as it hurried down the ghyll. Twelve years, since he had heard it last; and the eternal water "at its priest-like task" still murmured with the rocks, still drank the rain, and fed the river. No rebellion there; no failure; no helpless will!

He tried to think of Phœbe, to remember what she had said to him. He wondered if he had been merely brutal to her. But his heart seemed a dry husk within him. It was, as it had been. He could neither think nor feel.

Next day he was so ill that a doctor was sent for. He prescribed long rest, said all excitement must be avoided, all work put away.

Four or five dreary weeks followed. Fenwick stayed in bed most of the day, struggled down to the garden in the afternoon, was nursed by the three women, and scarcely said a word from morning till night that was not connected with some bodily want or discomfort. He showed no repugnance to his wife, would let her wait upon him, and sit beside him in the garden. But he made no spontaneous movement towards her whatever; and the only person who evidently cheered him was Carrie. He watched the child incessantly,—in her housework, her sewing, her gardening, her coaxing of her pale mother, her fun with Miss Anna, who was by now her slave. There was something in the slight foreignness of her ways and accent, in her colonial resource and independence, that delighted and amused him like a pleasant piece of acting. She had the cot-

tage under her thumb. By now she had cleaned all the furniture, "coloured" most of the walls, and mended all the linen, which had been in a sad condition,—Miss Anna's powers being rather intellectual than practical. And through it all, she kept a natural daintiness and refinement; was never clumsy, or loud, or untidy. She came and went so lightly,—and always bringing with her the impression of something hidden and fragrant, a happiness within, that gave a dancing grace and perfume to all her life.

To her father she chattered mostly of Canada, and he would sit in the shade of the cottage, listening to her while she described their life; the big rambling farm, the children she had been brought up with, the great lake, with its ice and its storms, the apple orchards, the sleighing in winter, the beauty of the fall, the splendour of the summers, the boom that was beginning "up west." Cunningly, in fact, she set the stage for an actor to come; but his "cue" was not yet.

It was only from her indeed that he would hear of these things. If Phœbe ventured on them his manner stiffened at once. Miss Anna's strong impression was, still, that with his wife he was always on his guard against demands he felt himself physically unable to meet. Yet it seemed to her, as time went on, that he was more and more aware of Phœbe, more sensitive to her presence, her voice.

She too watched Phœbe, and with a growing involuntary respect. This changed woman had endured "hardness," had at last followed her conscience; and rebuffed and unforgiven as she seemed to be, she was clothed none the less in a new dignity, modest and sad, but real. She might be hopeless of recovering her husband; but all the same, the law which links that strange thing, spiritual peace, with certain surrenders, had already begun to work, unknown even to herself.

As she moved about the cottage and garden indeed, new contacts, new relations slowly established themselves, unseen and unexpressed, between her and the man who scarcely noticed her in words, from morning till night. "I should offend you twenty times a day," he had said to her—"and perhaps it might be the same with me!" But they did not offend each other!—That was the

merciful new fact, asserting itself through this silent, suspended time. She was still beautiful. The mountain air restored her clear pure colour; and what time had robbed her of in bloom, it had given her back in *character*,—the artist's supreme demand. Self-control, bitterly learnt,—fresh capacities, moral, or practical,—these expressed themselves in a thousand trifles. Not only in her tall slenderness and fairness was she presently a challenge to Fenwick's sharpening sense; she began, in a wholly new degree, to interest his intelligence. Her own had blossomed; and in spite of grief, she had brought back with her some of the ways of a young and tiptoe world. Soon he was, in secret, hungry for her history,—the history he had so far refused to hear. Who was this man who had made love to her?—how far had it gone?—he tossed at nights thinking of it. There came a time when he would gladly have exchanged Carrie's gossip for hers; and through her soft silence, as she sat beside him, he would hear suddenly in memory, the echoes of her girlish voice, and make a quick movement towards her,—only to check himself in shyness or pride.

Meanwhile he could not know that he too had grown in her eyes, as she in his. In spite of all his errors and follies, he had not wrestled with his art, he had not lived among his intellectual peers, he had not known Eugénie de Pastourelles through twelve years, for nothing. Embittered he was, but also refined. The nature had grown harsher and more rugged,—but also larger, more complex, more significant, better worth the patientcies of love. As for his failure, the more she understood it, the more it evoked in her an angry advocacy, a passionate championship, a protesting faith,—which she had much ado to hide.

And all this time letters came occasionally from Madame de Pastourelles,—indifferently to her or to him,—full of London artistic gossip, the season being now in full swim, of sly stimulus and cheer. As they handed them to each other, without talking of them, it was as though the shuttle of fate flew from life to life,—these in Langdale, and that in London,—weaving the three into a new pattern

which day by day replaced and hid away the old.

THE days lengthened towards midsummer. After a spell of rain, June descended in blossom and sunshine on the Westmoreland vales. The hawthorns were out, and the wild cherries. The bluebells were fading in the woods, but in the cottage gardens the lilacs were all fragrance, and the crown-imperials showed their heads of yellow and red. Each valley and hill-side was a medley of soft and shimmering colour, save in the higher, austerer dales, where as in Langdale, the woods scarcely climb, and the bare pastures have only a livelier emerald to show, or the crags a warmer purple, as their testimony to the spring.

Fenwick was unmistakably better. The signs of it were visible in many directions. His passive, silent ways, so alien to his natural self and temperament, were at last breaking down. One evening, Carrie, who had been to Elterwater, brought back some afternoon letters. They included a letter from Canada, which Carrie read over her mother's shoulder, laughing and wondering. Phœbe was sitting on a bench in the garden, an old yew-tree just above her on the slope. The heads of both mother and child were thrown out sharply on the darkness of the yew background,—Phœbe's profile, upturned, and the abundant coils of her hair, were linked in harmonious line with the bending figure and beautiful head of the girl.

Suddenly Fenwick put down the newspaper which Carrie had brought him. He rose, muttered something, and went into the house. They could hear him rummaging in his room, where Phœbe had lately unpacked some boxes forwarded from London. He had never so far touched brush or crayon during his stay at the cottage.

Presently he returned with a canvas and palette.

"Don't go!" he said peremptorily to Carrie, raising his hand. "Stand as you were before."

"You don't want me?" asked Phœbe, startled, her pale cheeks suddenly pink.

"Yes, yes, I do!" he said impatiently. "For God's sake don't move, either of you!" *

He went back for an easel, then sat down and began to paint.

They held themselves as still as mice. Carrie could see her mother's hands trembling on her lap.

Suddenly Fenwick said in emotion: "I don't know how it is,—but I *see* much better than I did."

Miss Anna looked up from the low wall on which she was sitting. "The doctor said you would, John, when you got strong," she put in quickly. "He said you'd been suffering from your eyes a long time without knowing it. It was nerves like the rest."

Fenwick said nothing. He went on painting, painting fast and freely,—for nearly an hour. All the time Phœbe could hardly breathe. It was as though she felt the doors opening upon a new room in the House of Life.

Then the artist put his *canvas* on the grass, and stood looking at it intently.

"By Jove!" he said presently. "By Jove!—that'll do."

Phœbe said nothing. Carrie came up to him and linked her arm in his.

"Father, that's enough. Don't do any more."

"All right. Take it away,—and all these things."

She lifted the sketch, the palette and brushes, and carried them into the house.

Then Fenwick looked up irresolutely. His wife was still sitting on the bench. She had her sewing in her hands.

"Your hair's as pretty as ever, Phœbe," he said, in a queer voice. Phœbe raised her deep lids slowly, and her eyes spoke for her. She would offer herself no more,—implore no more,—but he knew in that moment that she loved him more maturely, more richly, than she had ever loved him in the old days. A shock, that was also a thrill ran through him. They remained thus for some seconds gazing at each other. Then, as Carrie returned, Phœbe went into the house.

Carrie studied her father for a little, and then came to sit down on the grass beside him. Miss Anna had gone for a walk along the fell.

"Are you feeling better, father?"

"Yes—a good deal."

"Well, then—now—I can tell you *my* news."

And she deliberately drew out a photo-

graph from her pocket, and held it up to him.

"Well,"—said Fenwick, mystified. "Who's the young man?"

"He's *my* young man,"—was Carrie's entirely self-possessed reply. "I'm going to marry him."

"*What?*" cried Fenwick. "Show him to me."

Carrie yielded up her treasure rather timidly.

Fenwick looked at the picture, then put it down angrily.

"What nonsense are you talking, Carrie! Why, you're only a baby. You ought n't to be thinking of any such things."

Carrie took her head resolutely.

"I'm not a baby. I've been in love with him more than a year."

"Upon my word!" said Fenwick, "you must have begun in the cradle! And has it never occurred to you—lately—that you'd have to ask my leave?"

Carrie hesitated.

"In Canada I would n't have to," she said at last decidedly.

"Oh! they've abolished the Fifth Commandment there, have they?"

"No—no. But the girls choose for themselves!" said Carrie, tossing back her brown curls with the slightest touch of defiance. Fenwick observed her, his brow clouding.

"And you suppose that I'm going to say Yes at once to this mad proposal?—that I'm going to give you up altogether, just as I've got you back? I warn you at once, I shall not consent to any such thing!"

There was silence. Fenwick sat staring at her, his lips moving, angry sentences of authority and reproach forming themselves in his mind,—but without coming to speech. It was intolerable, inhuman,—that at this very moment, when he wanted her most, this threat of fresh loss should be sprung upon him. She was *his*—his property. He would not give her up to any Canadian fellow, and he altogether disapproved of such young love-affairs.

"Father—" said Carrie, after a moment,—“when George asked me—we did n't know—”

"About me? Well, now you do know," said Fenwick, roughly. "I'm here,—and

I have my rights." He put out his hand and seized her arm, looking at her, devouring her, in a kind of angry passion.

Carrie grew a little pale and, coming nearer, she laid her head against his knee.

"Father, you don't understand what we propose."

"Well, out with it, then!"

"We would n't think about being married for three years. Why, of course we would n't! I don't want to be settled all that soon. And besides we're going abroad,—you, and mummy, and I. I'm going to take you!" She sat up, tossing her pretty head, her eyes as bright as stars.

"And be thinking all the time of the Canadian chap?—bored with everything!" growled Fenwick.

Carrie surveyed him. A film of tears sparkled.

"I'm never bored. Father!"—she held herself erect, throwing all her soul into every word—"George is—*awfully—nice!*"

Ah! the "life-force"! There it was before him, embodied in this light, ardent creature, on whose brown head, and white dress the June sun streamed, through the sycamore-leaves. With a groan—suddenly—Fenwick weakened.

"What's his horrid name?—who is he?—quick!"

Carrie gave a little crow—and began to talk, sitting there, on the grass, with her hands round her knees. The interloper it appeared had every virtue, and every prospect. What was to be done? Presently Carrie crept up to him again.

"Father!—he wants to come to Europe. When you've found a plan,—if we let him come and hitch up alongside of us somewhere,—why, he would n't be any trouble!—I'd see to that! And you don't know whether—whether a son—might n't suit you!—Why!—you've never tried!"

He made an effort, and held her at arm's length.

"I tell you, I can say nothing about it—nothing—till George has written to me."

"But he has.—this mail!" And in triumph she hastily dragged a letter out of the little bag at her waist, and gave it him. "It came this afternoon, only I did n't know if you might have it."

He laughed excitedly, and took it.

AN hour later, Fenwick rose. The day had grown cool. A fresh breeze was blowing from the north down the fell-side. He put his arm round Carrie as she stood beside him, kissed her, and in a gruff, unintelligible voice murmured something that brought the tears again to her eyes. Then he announced that he was going for a short walk. Neither Phœbe nor Miss Anna was to be seen. Carrie protested on the score of his health.

"Nonsense! The doctor said I might do what I felt I could do."

"Then you must say good-bye to me. For Miss Anna and I are going directly."

Fenwick looked scared, but was soon reminded that Miss Anna was to drive the child that evening to Bowness, where Carrie was to be introduced to some old friends of Miss Anna's and stay with them a couple of days. He evidently did not like the prospect, but he made no audible protest against it, as he would perhaps have done, a week before.

Carrie watched him go,—followed his figure with her eyes along the road.

"And I'm glad *we* 're off!" she said to herself, her small feet dancing; "we've been cumbering this ground—Miss Anna and I—a deal too long!"

HE was soon nearly a mile from home; rejoicing strangely in his recovered power of movement, and in the freshness of the evening air. He found himself on a hill above Elterwater, looking back on the lake, and on a wide range of hills beyond, clothed, in all their lower slopes, with the full leaf of June. Wood rose above wood, in every gradation of tone and loveliness, creeping upward through blue haze, till they suddenly lost hold on the bare peaks, which rose augustly clear, into the upper sky. The lake with its deep or glowing reflections,—its smiling shore,—the smoke of its few houses,—lay below him; and between him and it, glistening sharply, in a sun-steeped magic, upon the blue and purple background of the hills and woods,—a wild cherry, in its full mantle of bridal white.

What tranquillity!—what color!—what infinite variety of beauty! His heart swelled within him. Life of the body,—and life of the soul—seemed to be flow-

ing back upon him, lifting him on its wave, steeping him in its freshening strength. "My God!" he thought, remembering the sketch he had just made, and the mastery with which he had worked—"if I am able to paint again!—if I am!"

An ecstasy of hope arose in him. What if really there had been something wrong with his eyes!—something that rest might set right? What, if he had wanted rest for years?—and had gone on defying nature and common sense?

And, in a moment, as he sat there, looking out into the evening, the old whirl of images invaded him,—the old tumult of ideas—clamouring for shape and form,—flitting, phantom-like, along the woods, and over the bosom of the lake. He let himself be carried along, urging his brain, his fancy, filled with indescribable happiness. It was years since the experience had last befallen him! Did it mean the return of youth?—conception?—creative power? What matter!—years, or hardship?—if the mind could still imagine, the hand still shape?

He thought of his own series of the "Months"—which he had planned among these hills, and had carried out perfunctorily and vulgarly, in the city, far from the freshness and infinity of Nature. All the faults of his designs appeared to him; and the poverty of their execution. But he was only exultant, not depressed. Now that he could judge himself, now that his brain had begun to react once more, with this vigor, this wealth of idea,—surely all would be well.

Then for the first time, he thought of the money which Phœbe had saved. Abroad. Abroad! Italy?—or France? To go as a wanderer and a student, on pilgrimage to the sources of beauty and power. What was old, or played-out? Not Beauty!—not the mind within him,—not his craftsman's sense. He threw himself on the grass, face downwards, praying as he had been wont to do in his youth, but in a far more mystical, more inward way; not to a far-off God, invited to come down, and change or tamper with external circumstances; but to something within himself, identified with himself, the power of beauty in him, the resurgent forces of hope—and love.

At last, after a long time, as the summer twilight was waning, there struck through his dream the thought of Phœbe,—alone in the cottage,—waiting for him. He sprang up, and began to hurry down the hill.

PHŒBE was quite alone. The little servant who only came for the day had gone back to the farm where she slept, and Carrie and Miss Anna had long since departed on their visit.

Carrie had told her mother that "Father" had gone for a walk. And strangely enough, though he was away two hours, and she knew him still far from his usual strength, Phœbe was not anxious. But she was mortally tired,—as though of a sudden, a long tension had been loosened, a long effort relaxed.

So she had gone up-stairs to bed. But she had not begun to undress, and she sat in a low chair near the window, with the casements wide open, and the twin-peaks visible through them under a starry sky. Her head had fallen back against the chair; her hands were folded on her lap.

Then she heard Fenwick come in, and his step coming up the stairs.

It paused outside her door, and her heart beat so that she could hardly bear it.

"May I come in?"

It seemed to her that he did not wait for her low reply. He came in and shut the door. There was a bright color in his face, and his breath came fast, as he stood beside her, with his hands on his sides.

"Are you sure you like my coming?" he said brusquely.

She did not answer in words, but she put out her hand, and drew him toward her.

He knelt down by her, and she flung an arm around his neck, and laid her fair head on his shoulder with a long sigh.

"You are very tired?"

"No. I knew you would come."

A silence. Then he said waveringly, stooping over her—

"Phœbe,—I was very hard to you. But there was a black pall on me—and now it's lifting. Will you forgive me?—my dear—my dear!"

She clung to him with a great cry. And once more the torrent of love and repentance was unsealed, which had been arrested through all these weeks. In broken words—in mutual confession—each helping, each excusing the other,—the blessed, healing time passed on its way; till suddenly, as her hand dropped again upon her knee, he noticed, as he had often bitterly noticed before, the sham wedding-ring on the third finger.

She saw his eyes upon it, and flushed.

"I had to, John," she pleaded. "I had to."

He said nothing, but he thrust his hand into the breast pocket of his coat, and brought out the same large pocket-book which still held her last letter to him. He took out the letter, and offered it to her. "Don't read it," he said peremptorily. "Tear it up."

She recognized it, with a sob, and, trembling, did as he bade her. He gathered up the small fragments of it, took them to the grate, and lit a match under them. Then he returned to her—still holding the open pocket-book.

"Give me your hand."

She held it out to him, bewildered. He slowly drew off the ring, put it aside; then from the inmost fold of the pocket-book he took another ring, slipped it on her finger, and kissed the hand. After which he knelt down again beside her, and they clung to each other,—close and long.

"I return it"—he murmured—"after twelve years! God bless you for Carrie. God bless you for coming back to me. We 'll go to Italy. You shall do that for me. But I 'll repay you—if I live. Now, are you happy? Why, we 're young yet!"

And so they kissed; knowing well that the years are irreparable, and yet defying them; conscious, as first youth is never conscious, of the black forces which surround our being, and yet full of passionate hope; aware of death, as youth is never aware of it, and yet determined to shape something out of life; sad and yet rejoicing, "cast down, but not destroyed."

EPILOGUE

OF Eugénie, still a few words remain to say. About a year after Fenwick's return she lost her father. A little later Elsie Welby died. To the end of her life she had never willingly accepted Eugénie's service, and the memory of this alack, is for Eugénie among the pains that endure. What influence it may have had upon her later course can hardly be discussed here. She continued to live in Westminster, and to be the friend of many. One friend was tacitly accepted by all who loved her as possessing a special place, and special privileges. Encouraged and inspired by her, Arthur Welby outlived the cold and academic manner of his later youth, and in the joy of richer powers, and the rewards of an unstained and pure affection, he recovered much that life seemed once to have denied him. Eugénie never married him. In friendship, in ideas, in books, she found the pleasures of her way. Part of her life she spent—with yearning and humility—among the poor. But with them she never accomplished much. She was timid in their presence, and often unwise; neither side understood the other. Her real sphere lay in what a great Oxford preacher once enforced at St. Mary's, as—"our duty to our equals"—the hardest of all. Her influence, her mission, were with her own class; with the young girls just "out," who instinctively loved and clung to her; with the tired or troubled women of the world, who felt her presence as the passage of something pure and kindling which evoked their better selves; and with those men, in whom the intellectual life wages its difficult war with temperament and circumstance, for whom beauty and truth are realities, and yet—great also is Diana of the Ephesians! Thus in her soft, glancing woman's way, she stood with the "helpers and friends of mankind." But she never knew it. In her own opinion few persons were so unprofitable as she; and but for her mystical belief, the years would have brought her melancholy. They left her smile, however, undimmed. For the mystic carries within a little flame of joy, very hard to quench. The wind of Death itself does but stir and strengthen it.



THE JAY-BIRD

BY LE ROY T. WEEKS

HO, there, gay marauder,
Rummaging the wood!
Pompous self-applauder,
Braggart and defrauder,
Bold as Robin Hood.
Saucy imp in white and blue,
What 's your title? Tell me true.
Comes the answer, sharp, metallic:
"Smart
Aleck!
Smart
Aleck!"

Impudent freebooter,
Pirate of the grove,
Scoffer and disputer,
Harasser and looter,
Everywhere you rove.
But from out that noisy throat
Often comes a liquid note:
"Kickapoo,
Peek-a-booo,
Link-a-loo,
Inkle-poo!"

Then again he 'll whisper—
Oh, but he is sly!
Like a happy vesper
You will hear the lisper,
In the leaves near by,
Crooning to his nesting mate
Songs beyond me to translate:
"Tear,
Tee,
Twink,
Twee!
Room for two—just you and me!"

Here I lie a-soaking
In the scented shade,
While he goes a-poking
All about and joking
Like a jolly blade.
Then he 'll order round his wife,
With her busy, busy life:
"Fill the kittle!
Fill the kittle!
Fill up the kittle!
Fill the tea-kittle!"

Once I watched a robin
Plastering her nest.
How she kept a-bobbin'
In and out, and daubin',
Shaping with her breast.
Jay-bird came a-dancing by,
And the dwelling caught his eye—
Sucked the eggs and flew away!
Jay!
Jay!
Jay!




SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PAST

WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

I. THE GROVE OF DODONA

BY ANDRÉ SAGLIO

UST as the flood tide, in receding, leaves a dark pool in the hollow of a rock, so the first conquerors of the soil of Greece, overwhelmed by new invaders, had left a reminder of their passage in the small colony that lingered on in one of the wild valleys of Epirus, where the wail of the cold wind of the mountains vied with the greater voice of the thunder, which is so prevalent in the mountains of Epirus. This weird spot was called Dodona, and was dedicated to the worship of Zeus.

The descendants of Hellenes, rough, uncouth men, appointed themselves priests of this faith inherited from their ancestors, and became interpreters of the divine revelations. They foretold the future in the flight of the doves, as they moved in the thick branches of the sacred grove, in the rustle of the leaves of the oaks, in the murmur of the fountain, or in the sound of the wind on the bronze tripods about the temple.

Even long before Homer's time pilgrims toiled along the roads leading to Dodona, to interrogate the oracle. This faith lasted till Christian emperors had ruined the temples, and burnt the last of the speaking trees. Tradition had it that it was there Hercules learned that the end of his labors was nigh; Cræsus, King of Lydia, sent ambassadors there; Agesilaus, King of Sparta, did not start on his Asian campaign until he had consulted the venerable oaks; and Demosthenes gained the ear of the Athenians by telling them to inquire of Dodona what attitude to assume toward Philip of Macedon.

Often, and with reason, the prophecy was confused or even false; but such was the faith in the infallibility of the holy oracle that the victims attributed their failure to their own lack of intelligence. It happened in this wise that the Athenians, having engaged in a disastrous campaign in Sicily because the oracle had ordered them to found a colony at Syracuse, discovered, all too late, the existence of another Syracuse, a neighboring village in a valley not far away. No more was needed to convince them that the great Zeus had intended to designate this spot, despite its evident inadaptability for such colonization. Thus, during many centuries, the oracle of Dodona enjoyed both fame and wealth. A dove spread its wings over the topmost branches of the ancient trees, around which were twined garlands of flowers; about the rugged trunks stood precious tripods in which incense fumed; an army of priests and priestesses received the offerings, put in place the propitiatory baskets of cakes and sacred barley, and offered the victims in sacrifice.

But little by little this holy zeal flagged. Sceptic conquerors robbed the temple of its valuable ex-votos, and these were followed again by mere brigands, who pillaged without arousing the humiliated divinities to the punishment of such audacious profanity. A new era had come. A church replaced the pagan temple; a bishop reigned at Dodona in the place of the forgotten oracles. The voice of the fateful valley is heard to-day only by the scholar, who, searching in the soil, finds there ashes of great conflagrations and relics of mighty conflicts mingled with the debris of ancient and forgotten sacrifices.



THE GROVE OF DODONA BY ANDRÉ JANTHIER.

TO THE JUNGFRAU PEAK BY TROLLEY

A WONDERFUL ALPINE RAILWAY

BY ERNST VON HESSE WARTEGG



SWITZERLAND is the home of mountain railways. With an area not larger than one third of the State of New York, there may be counted about a hundred railways for the sole purpose of carrying passengers to mountain-tops varying in height from a few thousand to six or eight thousand feet. The month of August, 1905, witnessed the opening of a way carrying tourists even far above these altitudes, beyond the clouds, to ten thousand five hundred feet; and, when completed, its highest point will reach nearly fourteen thousand feet above the sea—at the top of the famous Jungfrau, the queen of the Berner Oberland.

There are other mountain railways on the globe attaining much higher altitudes than even this, and on the Ovoya Railway of Peru I myself traveled a considerable distance above sixteen thousand feet; but most of these roads were built for the development of commerce and mining industries. The Swiss mountain railways, however, are almost exclusively in the service of tourists only, numbering in Switzerland alone not far from a million every year. They come to admire the scenic wonders of the little country on the roof of Europe, or to seek shelter against summer heat at the many mountain resorts. The majority of these mountain railways are paying investments. Switzerland, being a country of mountains, is consequently, also, a country of water-courses, fed by the inexhaustible store of snow and ice covering many square miles of the Alpine chains. Alaskan ice-fields

are bedded in between the peaks right in the heart of Switzerland, and although a great deal has been written about the general recession of glaciers, which in some instances amounts to a hundred and more feet year for year, such losses are quite insignificant compared with the enormous extent of these ice-deposits. A number of them have depths of several thousand feet, with millions of tons of solid hard-frozen ice, continually supplied from fresh snowfalls above. They feed Rhine and Rhone, Po and Danube, during the dry summer months, and the many mountain streams of Switzerland, forming beautiful cascades and falls and rapids, furnish the power which carry tourists in comfortable railway-carriages to the very tops from which they themselves come. They are led to turbine-pits, drive-wheels, and generators, and are thus converted into electric power. The Swiss, having no coal-deposits of their own, have become acknowledged experts in this branch of technical engineering, furnishing turbines and electric plants for the whole world. Thus, for instance, the gigantic turbines at Niagara Falls, many of which generate forces of from ten to twelve thousand horse-power each, have been constructed almost without exception by Swiss firms.

The success of the Alpine railways, notably of those around Interlaken, encouraged Mr. Guyer-Zeller, an engineer of Zurich, to venture a railway to the top of the Jungfrau. He obtained the concessions from the Swiss federal council, and being a man of wealth and enterprise, he set to work at once, notwithstanding

apparently insurmountable difficulties. To-day the first half of the work is completed, and thousands of tourists visit the famous glaciers of the Eiger and the sea of ice on the other side of the Jungfrau range as an afternoon excursion, sipping their five-o'clock tea in the subterranean station of the Eiger pyramid, ten thousand five hundred feet above the sea!

Poor Guyer-Zeller did not see the success of his enterprise. Like Favre, the creator of the Gotthard Railway, still unsurpassed as a technical and scenic marvel, and Brandt, the builder of the Simplon Railway, he died in the midst of his work, like a soldier on the battle-field.

Every visitor to Interlaken is naturally familiar with the Berner Oberland Railway, leading through the wildly romantic gorge of the Zweilütschinen River to the station of the same name. At this charming spot, surrounded by the snow-covered giants of the Oberland, the river is formed by the junction of the Black and the White Lütschine, the former coming from the glaciers of famous Grindelwald and the picturesque Wetterhorn group, the latter from the vast ice-fields of the Jungfrau range proper. Between the valleys of these gushing, foaming, turbulent mountain streams rises one of the loveliest mountains of Switzerland, the Wengernalp, with dark pine woods and bright-green pastures, where great quantities of *Alpenrosen*, a species of small, red rhododendron, may be gathered during the summer months, and from where the Jungfrau group is best seen in all its wonderful glory. From Zweilütschinen the Oberland Railway skirts the western foot of the Wengernalp, following the deep wooded gorge of the White Lütschine to Lauterbrunnen, passes over the Wengernalp Mountain to Grindewald, returning to Zweilütschinen along the course of the Black Lütschine, thus describing the outlines of a pan with the handle attached to it. At the end of the handle is Interlaken. The scenery along this popular road rivals in beauty and imposing grandeur that of the Andes and northern India.

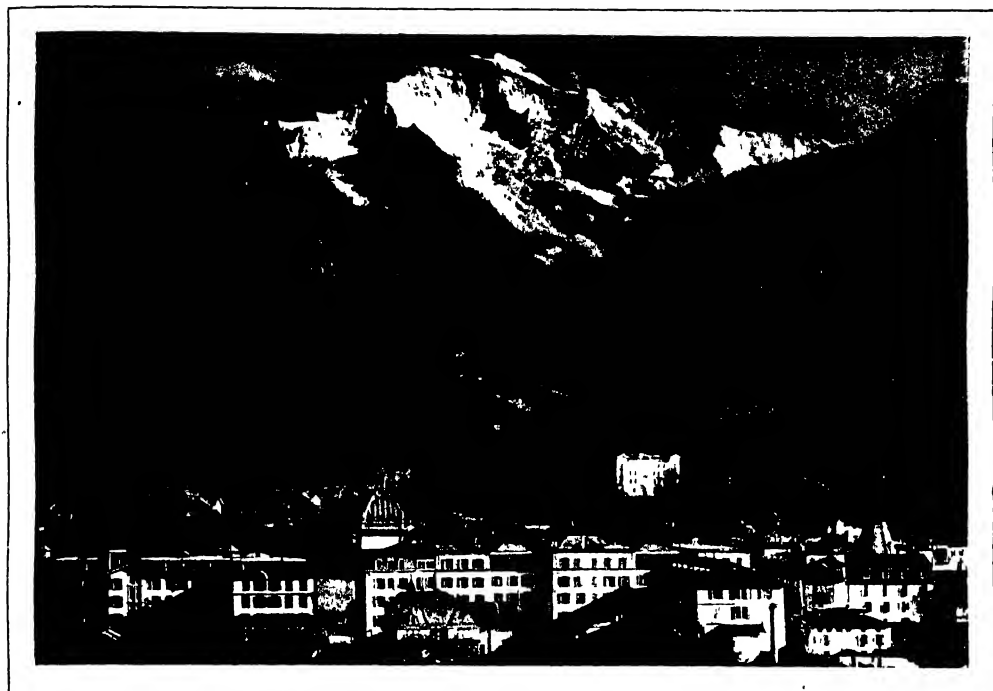
In order to reach the Jungfrau Railway, the tourist takes this *Oberlandbahn* as far as the Kleine Scheidegg, the highest point of the Wengernalp pass, 6800 feet above sea-level. Shortly before reaching Zwei-

lüttschinen, he will notice, bedded deeply in the river-gorge, a few large buildings half covered by the branches of gigantic pine-trees above. Here the power plant of the Jungfraubahn is located. To obtain the required height of fall, the water of the Lütschine is taken from far up the river and conducted through steel tubes six feet in diameter to a point one hundred and thirty feet above the turbine-wheels. The pits contain six turbines, the two largest of which have a capacity of 500 horse-power each. Altogether a force of 2650 horse-power is obtained, quite sufficient for driving the electric locomotives, lighting the tunnels, and warming the houses of the working force up among the glaciers. After the completion of the railway to the top of the Jungfrau, another plant, with a capacity of 10,000 horse-power, will be established on the banks of the Black Lütschine, near the romantic village of Burglauen, below Grindelwald.

In summer-time, when the warm sun is melting off the ice-deposits, both streams are filled to overflowing; but in spring and autumn there is at times insufficient water to drive the turbines, and for this emergency gas-engines have been installed at the power-houses.

As at the Niagara Falls plant, the generators are firmly joined to the turbine-shafts, rotating along with the wheels at the rate of 380 revolutions a minute. The electricity thus generated is conducted over three copper wires to the mountains above, and the high wooden poles carrying them accompany the railway-track as far as the Kleine Scheidegg. Here, in full view of the three giants, Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau, the new railway branches off in easterly direction toward the enormous ice-fields of the Eiger, while due south, not over four miles from the starting-point as the crow flies, the Jungfrau raises her snowy head above the clouds.

A direct route from the Scheidegg to the Jungfrau being out of the question, this roundabout course for the track had to be adopted. Between these two points spreads one of the most terrible gorges of the Swiss Alps, cut thousands of feet deep through the hard rock and surrounded by enormous glaciers and snow-fields. Down below rushes the roaring



INTERLAKEN, WITH THE JUNGFRAU IN THE DISTANCE.

Trümmelbach, the discharge of all these masses of ice being so powerful that in the course of ages even the towering walls of the Black Monk were cut in two in order to find its outlet to the Lauterbrunnen Valley, the Yosemite of Switzerland. The entire height of the Trümmelbach Falls from the source of this stream down to the valley, a distance of only two miles and a half, is over a mile and a half! The tremendous force of this stream can therefore be imagined.

With perpendicular rocks on all sides, the gorge of Trümmelbach, cut out by the Trümmelbach, could naturally not be spanned by a bridge, nor even doubled by an open-air railway, for there is not an inch of solid level ground available for the foundation. The glaciers themselves are moving slowly, imperceptibly, downward, and even if sufficient rock-bed could be found, the numerous avalanches of snow and rock and ice would frustrate every effort to get across this deadly abyss. Visitors to the Wengernalp may witness this grand spectacle daily during the summer. Hundreds and thousands of tons of ice, mingled with snow and masses of rock and sand, are then beginning to

move slowly downward, increasing in speed the lower they get, till they break up and tumble furiously in big jumps to the deep gorge below, amid deafening thunder, echoed many times by the towering mountains around.

Consequently there was only one way to get the railway to the top—the way through the mountains themselves. For the first mile the track crosses the green pastures of the Wengernalp toward the Eiger glacier till the station of that name is reached, and a short distance beyond one sees the entrance of the tunnel, which, when completed, will be six miles in length, to the ten miles of the famous Gotthard tunnel. At Eigergletscher, a station about seven thousand feet above sea-level, has sprung up within a few years one of the highest settlements of Europe. This curious place, surrounded by perpetual ice, without a tree or shrub or any vestige of vegetation, with eight months of winter and no spring or autumn, has been chosen for the headquarters of the railway, with work-shops, engine-houses, residences for officials, and barracks for workmen. These are mostly Italians, of whom about a hundred and



PANORAMA FROM THE SCHYNIGE PLATTE—PART I

fifty are constantly at work higher up the road, day and night, in turns of eight hours each, without any ill effect on account of the high altitude. As the village is sometimes entirely cut off from the outside world by snow, storehouses have been erected, containing provisions for several months. An electric bakery furnishes fresh bread, and an electric plant produces water by melting snow and ice.

The railway track has a third rail for the cog-wheels of the electric engines and the two small cars forming a train. Inside the tunnel the grade is rather steep, in few places less than twenty-five per

cent. The cars are comfortable, the road-bed surprisingly smooth, the tunnel itself is well lighted by electricity, and the tourist may think himself traveling in the underground railway of Paris. The illusion is even enhanced on reaching the third station, Eigerwand, after a ride of twenty minutes. The train stops, and the passengers alight inside a vast hall, with signal-boxes and other installations as in underground Paris. Only the temperature is different. Tourists are shivering in the intense cold, sometimes below the freezing-point, although the warm summer sun may shine outside.



THE WENGERNALP



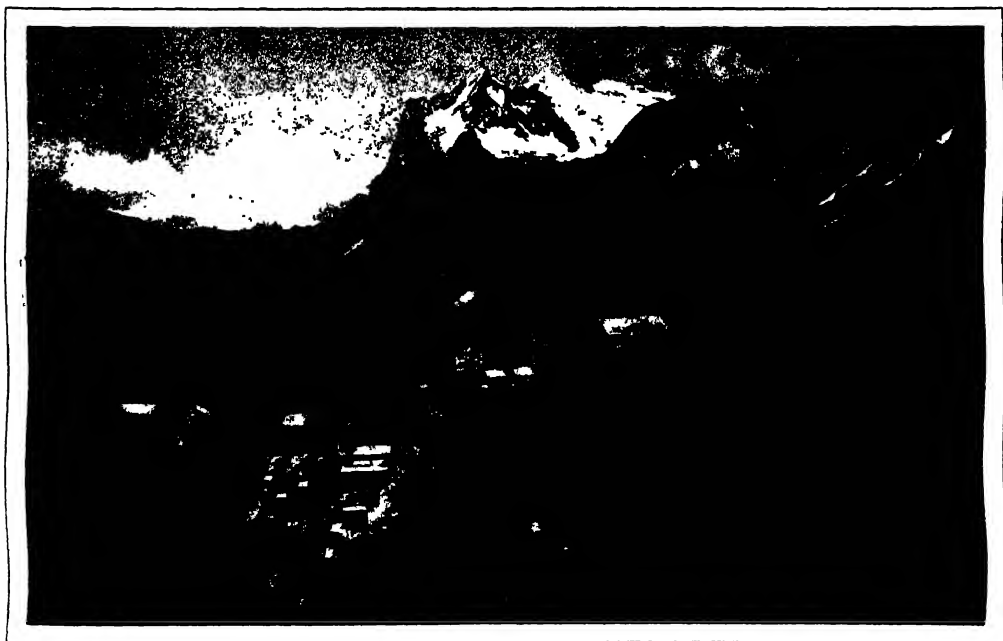
PART II —(THE DOTTED LINE INDICATES THE ROUTE OF THE JUNG-FRAU RAILWAY)

At Eigerwand the road has reached ten thousand feet, double the height of the Adirondack summit. A post-office and telephone-station, a large restaurant with buffet and bar and numerous tables, have been established here, and the traveler may rest and take his refreshments as in the Champs Elysée. Only when he approaches the large openings in the rock through which this underground station receives light from outside will he be forcibly reminded of the real character of his surroundings.

Nobody who has traveled on the Wengernalp road down to Grindelwald will

ever be able to forget the stupendous natural pyramid of the Eiger, rising almost perpendicularly through the clouds, without any break or step, the icy diadem of its head glittering above them in the rays of the bright sun, two miles above the valley. One might be reminded of the towering stone masses of the Cologne Cathedral, the largest Gothic structure of Europe. But fifteen of such cathedrals placed side by side, and seventy more piled in eighteen rows upon one another, may give an idea of the dimensions of the Eigerwand.

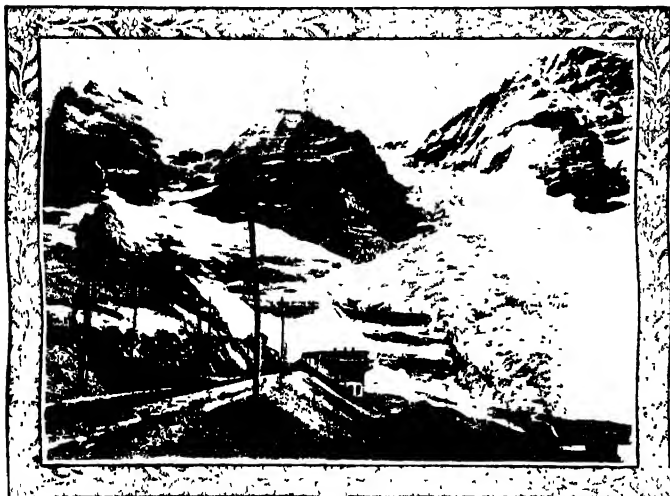
If examined with a powerful glass, a



KLEINE SCHEIDEGG STATION—THE WETTERHORN IN THE BACKGROUND

row of five holes not larger than pinheads may be detected in the upper half. They represent the five window-openings, each fifteen feet wide, cut through the rock in the station. The view, as seen from them, comprises not only the northern part of Switzerland, with mountain-range after

travelers will find the rough, rocky walls and the roof of this cave station finely paneled with wood, good parqueting laid on the floor, huge glass windows, and a large restaurant where table d'hôte will be served by waiters in dress-coats. Moreover, there will be a telegraph and telephone station, a post-office for postal-card "fiends," a station-house, and quarters for the railway officials. Even an underground hotel is in course of construction, with comfortable rooms for the accommodation of travelers. Imagine a hotel in the bowels of the Eiger at the height of ten thousand feet, with glaciers and snow-fields and clouds below! A glimpse out of the huge

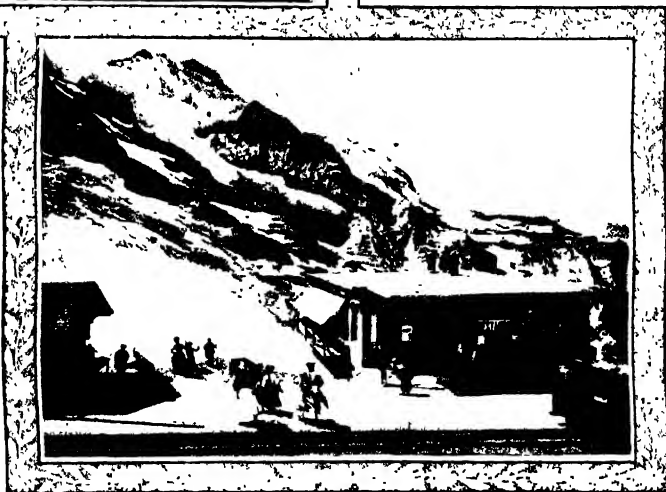


THE EIGER AND MÖNCH
FROM THE EIGERGLETSCHER
STATION

mountain-range, but also a large portion of Germany; for the Vosges Mountains of Alsace and the Black Forest of the Grand Duchy of Baden are clearly visible, while far below, at the foot of the Eiger, the vast hotels and dwelling-houses of pretty Grindelwald are seen, appearing not larger than match-boxes.

The overpowering effect of this wonderful sight is withal somewhat softened by the green pastures and dark forests, by the *Sennhütten* nestling on the slopes, and by the towns and villages far down in the valleys. A ride of ten minutes more brings the tourist to the Ultima Thule for the time being, station Eismeer.

The station itself is similar to the previous one—a vast cave hewn out of the natural chalky rock, with massive columns left standing to support the roof. Future



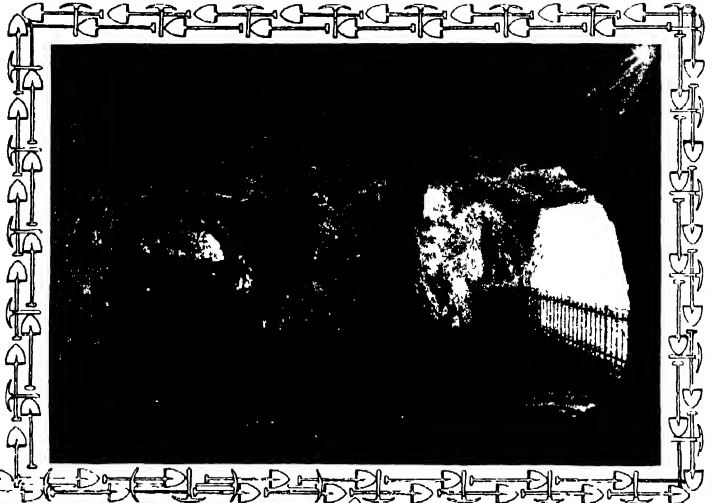
EIGERGLETSCHER STATION—THE JUNGFRAU IN THE DISTANCE

rock windows will show the tourist, as the port-hole of an arctic ship, a vast frozen sea. Imagine a portion of the ocean whipped into towering waves by a furious cyclone, and then this cyclone suddenly stopped, the motion of the turbulent waves arrested, and the water frozen to hard ice. This is the Eismeer, stretching for miles eastward from the very feet of the onlooker. A few steps down a stairway hewn in the



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE RAILWAY FROM INTERLAKEN TO THE JUNGFRAU PEAK

rock will bring him on the ice. He will be surrounded by enormous blocks, hundreds of tons in weight, like frozen waves, side by side or piled upon one another, cracked and broken by the imperceptible but constant movement of the glacier over its rocky bed downward to the Grindelwald gorge, sheets of ice overlapping, heaps of ice, pinnacles of ice, fields of ice, with wide



THE LOOK-OUT FROM THE EIGERWAND STATION



INTERIOR OF THE EIGERWAND STATION

cracks of immeasurable depth running in all directions. Surrounding this picture of the wildest desolation, this landscape of the moon, standing boldly forth against the clear background of the blue sky, are the kings of the Alps—the dark masses of the Wetterhorn group, the terrible Schreckhorn, the towering peaks and precipitous ridges of the highest giants of the Bernese Alps, the Finsteraarhorn, the Lauteraarhorns, the Strahlegghorns, the two Viescherhorns, and, finally, closing this vast amphitheater, the lower Mönchsjoeh, nearly joining the Eiger.

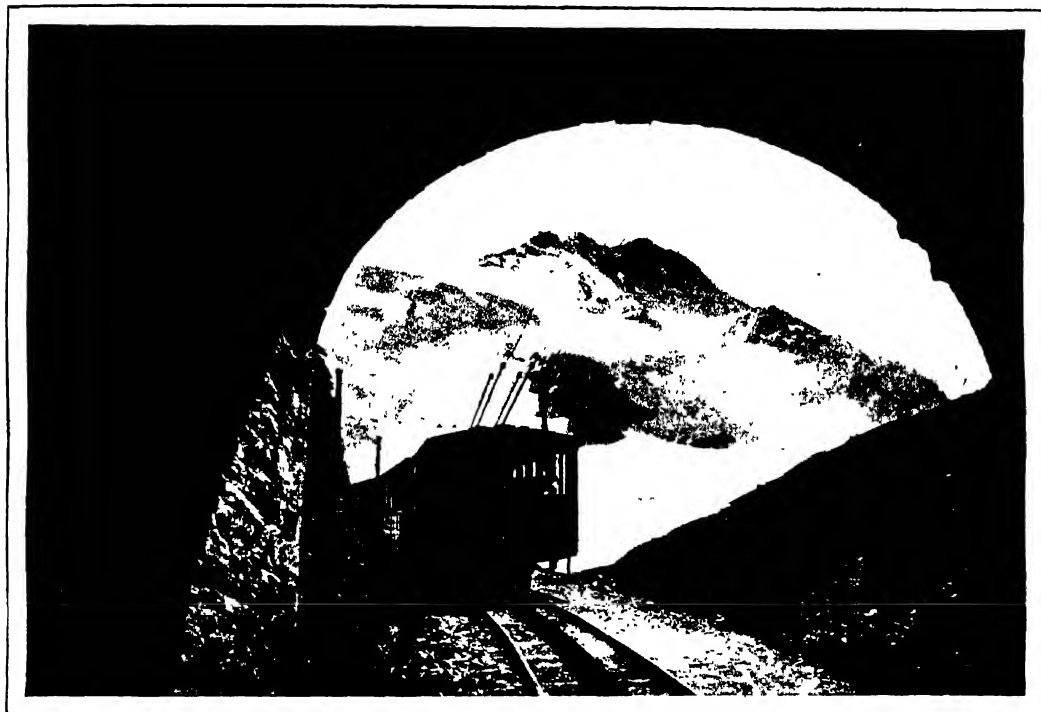
And while we are admiring silently and awe-stricken this majestic panorama, one of the grandest of the Alps, it may happen that monstrous masses of ice,

suddenly break loose from the top and tumble down toward the rocky, icy gorges below with thunderous roar, reëchoed by all the peaks of this Alpine theater. Snow and icy spray as dry as dust may be driven by the tremendous force of the air toward the dumfounded spectators, frightening them away to the interior of the cave; and when the echo has died away, stillness will set in again in these regions of death—stillness as it is unknown to humanity below, stillness unbroken even by the flight of bird or by the chirping of cricket; for there is no vestige of organic life to be found here. Those who tarry there will be like the man in the moon, with ice-fields for lawns, snowflakes for grass, and wild rocks for a forest.

Those fond of winter sports will enjoy all the skating, tobogganing, snow-shoeing, and curling their hearts may desire. Moreover, the whole climbing sport must necessarily be revolutionized by the Jungfrau Railway. Henceforth climbers will avoid the fatigue of the first day's climbing to the regions of the Eismeer by taking the train to that station. And when the Jungfrauabahn is finished, tourists not

devoted to Alpine sports will be able to sit on the top of the Jungfrau, bask in the rays of the sun, and admire the magnificent panorama, without climbing higher than the footboard of a railway-carriage. It has taken six years and as many millions of francs to bring the road to the Eismeer, half-way up; it will take as much time and money again to finish the tunnel.

From a point about two hundred and thirty feet below the Jungfrau summit an electric lift will be constructed through the gneiss rock to the very top. Then tourists from Interlaken will be able to undertake one of the most delightful excursions, and witness one of the grandest sights in the world, within a few hours, at an expense of about eight dollars.



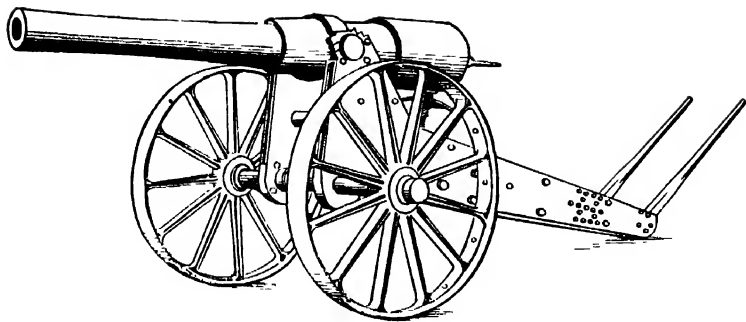
LOOKING FROM WITHIN THE ENTRANCE TO THE EIGER TUNNEL—
THE JUNGFRAU IN THE DISTANCE

BROWNING

BY JEANIE PEET

NEAR a great forest, one cried out "Obscure!"
As if it angered him; the other, "True:
Yet none the less those shadowed deeps allure.
Keep to the sanded alleys, friend! For you
Such paths were laid. 'Tis one good reason more
Why I prefer the forest to explore.

"Just where the thick-starred tapestry of vines
Seems to say 'No admittance,' look, they part!
Far sweep the fragrant vistas through the pines.
Obscure? Like nature, like the human heart."



THE 4 INCH BREECH-LOADING GUN CALLED "LONG CECIL," CONSTRUCTED
BY MR LABRAM DURING THE SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY

THE AMERICAN HERO OF KIMBERLEY

BY T. J. GORDON GARDINER



WHEN a man rises to eminence under a foreign flag, especially by distinguished service in war, his career usually awakens interest among his compatriots. It is strange, therefore, that the name of George F. Labram of Detroit should be virtually unknown in this country. Mr. Labram, although a citizen of the United States and a non-combatant, holds a unique position in the military history of Great Britain. His services during the siege of Kimberley received the thanks of the British government and were publicly referred to by Lord Roberts as not only among the most momentous in the South African campaign, but in their own way unparalleled in modern warfare. Yet the story of his work—a story of American enterprise and resource in strange and dramatic surroundings, is but little known among his fellow-countrymen.

It is now a matter of history that when President Kruger's ultimatum expired on the afternoon of Wednesday, October 11, 1899, the British colonies in South Africa were ill prepared for war. Nowhere was this unreadiness more apparent than in Kimberley. From the proximity of the town to the Transvaal and Free State borders, and in view of the notorious bad

feeling existing in the republics toward the people of the diamond fields, it might have been expected that the British government would take steps to protect a place of such commercial and strategical importance. This was so far from being the case, however, that when, after the collapse of the Bloemfontein Conference, the inhabitants appealed to the Cape administration for arms and ammunition to defend their town, they received through the Civil Commissioner the following reply:

"There is no reason whatever for apprehending that Kimberley is, or in any contemplated event will be, in danger of attack, and Mr. Schreiner¹ is of opinion that your fears are groundless and your anticipations without foundation."

The Imperial government, it is true, had so far recognized the danger of the situation as to send to the diamond fields, toward the end of September, 1899, a small body of regular troops amounting to some 564 officers and men. These were under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Robert George Kekewich of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, an officer who had distinguished himself in the Malay Peninsula and on the Nile. The Colonial troops in and around Kimberley when the

¹Prime Minister of Cape Colony.

war began were some 530 of the Cape Mounted Police, a very efficient semi-military body, and about 550 local volunteers, corresponding in training and equipment to the State militia in this country.

With a total command, therefore, of not more than 1650 trained men, Colonel Kekewich had to prepare to defend a town of 45,000 inhabitants and a perimeter of over eight miles. As such a garrison was wholly insufficient for the purposes of defence, he proceeded without delay to enroll a town guard. The men enlisted were mostly De Beers employees, civil servants, clerks, and shop assistants, very few of whom had had any military training. Fortunately, colonial life produces sportsmen in all classes, so that many of these citizen soldiers, although ignorant of the profession of arms, knew how to use a rifle, and in both veldt and camp could teach the regular troops some useful lessons.

On the 14th of October, 1899, when, by the red flags fluttering from the shaft-heads and the prolonged screaming of the De Beers sirens, the people of the diamond town knew that the investment of Kimberley had begun, Colonel Kekewich was able to man the trenches and forts with about 4500 armed troops of all ranks, of whom about four fifths were Kimberley men.

The town lies on the open, rolling veldt.

¹My brother, George Labram, was born in 1859 in Detroit, Michigan. About 1864 his parents moved to the Quincy Mine, Michigan, where he attended school. His spare time was taken up with books on machinery and engineering. When a comparatively young man he entered the employ of S. F. Hodge & Company of Detroit, who were manufacturers of machinery. He left the latter place for Chicago, becoming in time

A unique feature of the place is the great mass of tailings from the mines—locally called debris heaps—which, during the last twenty years, have been piled up round the outskirts. These blue-gray mounds rise to a considerable height along some miles of the circumference and, from the point of view of defence, occupy a good strategic position. An ordinary wire fence, officially known as "the barrier,"

was erected along the whole perimeter, and on this at frequent intervals the Royal Engineers had built sand-bag and earth redoubts.

Besides the task of garrisoning and fortifying the town, Colonel Kekewich had to face innumerable difficulties in which local conditions counted for much, and he and his officers had frequently to rely on the information and advice of civilian residents.

Among the first of these with whom the commander was brought in contact was Mr. George F. Labram, chief engineer of the De

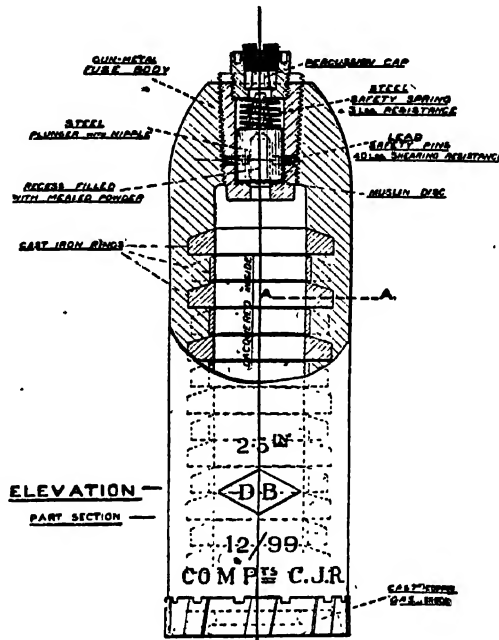


DIAGRAM OF THE RIFLE-SHELLS MADE BY MR. LABRAM FOR THE "LONG CECIL"

Beers Consolidated Mines.

Mr. Labram was born in Detroit and was reared in Hancock, Michigan. After working for some years in the mines of Mexico and Arizona, he went to South Africa, in 1893, to erect and run a crushing plant for the De Beers mines.¹ Three years later, when only thirty-six years old, he was appointed chief engineer and electrician of that company. From his father, an engineer of Scotch

an employee of Fraser & Chalmers, who were also manufacturers of machinery. Previous to his connection with the latter firm he was employed by the M. C. Bullock Manufacturing Company of Chicago. His next move was to Arizona, to take charge of the machinery of the Silver King Mining Company. From Arizona he went to Anaconda, Montana, as mechanical engineer at the smelter. He then erected

extraction at the Quincy Mine, Mr. Labram inherited a genius for mechanics. His home had been poor and his education desultory, but the spirit of the student and the specialist had been born in him. From his earliest youth the problems and discoveries of mechanical engineering filled his thoughts, and in the pages of "The Scientific American," the only professional publication within his reach, he found material for constant study and experiment.

In his development the process by which this country remakes a nationality in one generation was strikingly demonstrated. Born of parents who combined with British perseverance the limitations of their class and up-bringing, he developed in his childhood the enterprise, the freedom from traditional restrictions, and the self-confidence which the world recognizes as typically American. His personality was essentially of the New World. Amid the little groups of English officers who directed the defence of Kimberley, his gaunt, quick-moving frame and deliberate, nasal accents were as conspicuous as was his loose civilian dress among the dapper uniforms. Forced by circumstances and duty to take daily part in military councils and operations, his point of view remained that of a man of business. He saw in them many of the conditions of commercial competition, and, unaffected by military usage and traditions, applied to the problems of defence the inventive genius and enterprise which had won him success in his profession. Among the officers of the garrison he was very popular. He had a keen sense of humor, and his Western habit of quaint expression introduced a new element into the councils of the British staff.

Colonel Kekewich first consulted Mr. Labram about fitting out the armored trains which did such useful service during the siege. The commanding officer was immediately impressed by the confi-

dence with which the engineer undertook a piece of work so entirely novel; he realized that he had found an assistant with an open mind and uncommon skill.

Mr. Labram then took in hand the converting of one of the great shaft-heads situated near the center of the town into a watch-tower. Upon the summit of the immense steel structure he built a protected platform, from which one could see almost the whole town and many miles of the surrounding country. This he connected by telephone with the forts on the barrier, the railway station, the artillery and ambulance headquarters, and the armored train. Colonel Kekewich could thus personally direct from the conning-tower, as the fortified shaft-head was officially named, not only the whole daily conduct of the defence, but when a sortie was delivered along the railway line he could keep in touch, through the armored train, with the troops.

Mr. Labram's telephone system, though hurriedly erected from inadequate material, was remarkably successful. Throughout the siege the conning-tower was the central point of the defence. Like the Eiffel tower in the Paris Exposition of 1900, it dominated the landscape, and the troops came to look on it with something of the awe with which the Israelites of old regarded the pillar of smoke.

Mr. Labram's skill as an electrician proved even more valuable in another direction. From the first it was apparent that Kimberley must be in grave danger after nightfall. The circumference to be guarded was out of all proportion to the size of the garrison. The town guard, who manned the barrier, were for the most part without military training, and their lack of discipline seemed likely to prove a serious embarrassment in the alarms of a night attack. The openness of the surrounding country, though a safeguard by day, became a menace after dark. Save for the uncertain light of the moon, which was near its full when the siege

machinery for the Boston and Montana Consolidated Copper and Silver Mining Company of Butte, Montana, for a short period. After this he accepted a position with the Butte and Boston Mining Company of Butte, Montana, as engineer in charge of the machinery. After about a year he went to Dakota, to erect a tin mill. During the dull season of 1893 he had charge of a machinery exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair,

and later in the same year he was selected from a number to go to London, England, to revise plans for a concentrating plant for the De Beers Company of Kimberley, South Africa. He afterward erected the plant, and remained with the company until his death.

Clara Labram Vivian.

BUTTE, MONTANA, JAN. 20, 1906.

began, there was little to hinder the enemy from concentrating at comparatively close quarters and delivering two or more simultaneous attacks, which, if well planned and vigorously executed, must have had disastrous consequences.

During the first nights of the siege this thought was uppermost in the minds of most of the defenders. It sent the chief engineer of De Beers to Colonel Kekewich with another suggestion. The next day wooden scaffoldings began to rise in the four forts which may be conveniently described as forming the corners of the town. When these were completed, Mr. Labram and his assistants mounted on the summit of each a large cauldron-like object. That night the white beams of powerful search-lights played tentatively round the watching town, and until the end of the siege the perilous zone was swept from sunset to dawn by a dazzling white light which precluded the possibility of any sudden attack in force. During a later period in the investment, it was by means of these search-lights that communication with the relief column under Lord Methuen was established and maintained.

From this time Mr. Labram was much with Colonel Kekewich. Although he never accepted military rank, he became unofficially a member of the commander's staff, and not only spent each evening with the principal officers of the defence, but frequently relieved Colonel Kekewich at the conning-tower. The quiet Englishman on whom the responsibilities of those days of heat and turmoil rested gained relief and stimulus in the society of one whose restless genius found in every crisis only an opportunity for expression.

As chief engineer of De Beers, Mr. Labram's close connection with the military authorities placed him in a somewhat difficult position. It is an open secret that even at an early date in the siege there was friction between Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the head of the great diamond company, and the officer commanding the troops. When hostilities began, Mr. Rhodes had hurried north from Cape Town, arriving in Kimberley by one of the last trains which penetrated the enemy's lines. In view of the peculiar malevolence felt by the Boers against his person, this was a brave act, and unquestionably Mr. Rhodes

risked his life from a fine sense of duty toward the town in which he had made his fortune. When he arrived in Kimberley martial law had been proclaimed. A lieutenant-colonel of the line was in supreme command of the people among whom his influence had hitherto been paramount. At first it seemed as though there were to be two kings at Brentford, but conditions under which the most distinguished civilian becomes of less account than the latest recruit proved too strong even for Mr. Rhodes. He retired to the seclusion of the sanatorium, and it is to his honor that although his personal relations with Colonel Kekewich were clouded by a bitter animosity, his public services throughout the siege were generous and patriotic.

That Mr. Labram continued to be welcome both at the conning-tower and at the sanatorium was a tribute not only to his tact and good sense, but also to his idea of duty. From the officers of the staff he learned the daily needs and difficulties of the garrison, and, as chief executive engineer of De Beers, he could supply, with Mr. Rhodes' consent, many of these requirements from the company's workshops. His next notable work was to develop the resources of the mines in a totally new direction.

On the 17th of October the enemy dealt an alarming blow at the town. They occupied the pumping-station at Riverton and disconnected the mains which carry the water supply of Kimberley from the Vaal River, seventeen miles away. Consternation filled the city when this news leaked out, for the most dreaded of all possibilities seemed to threaten the population. There was barely thirty days' store in the reservoir. When that gave out, the town would be dependent on the wells which had given a precarious supply in the old days when Kimberley was a mining camp and water was sold in the streets at exorbitant prices.

The hot weather was at hand. Streets and compounds congested with refugees from the surrounding country were ripe for pestilence. The De Beers compounds alone contained a population of 10,000 native workmen. Throughout the entire siege these natives, many of them of fierce Zulu and Matabele stock, were a serious menace to the safety of the

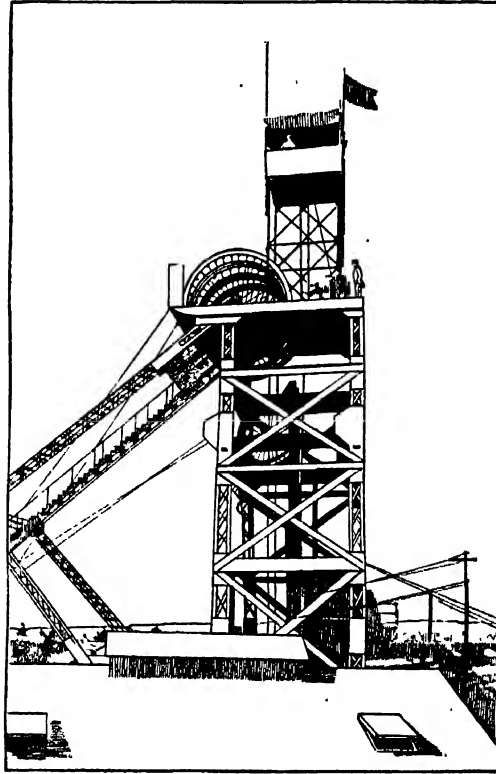
white inhabitants. They chafed at being excluded from their national pastime of war, and as hardship and disease increased, they developed so dangerous a temper as to require vigilant watching. A water famine might lead to an outbreak beyond the controlling power of their guards. With most of the able-bodied male population on duty in the trenches, women and children might find themselves at the mercy of these maddened savages.

In this emergency Mr. Labram came forward with the news that the De Beers mines contained something more precious at that moment than all the diamonds of South Africa. It appeared that in the Wesselton Mine there was virtually an inexhaustible supply of good water. In spite of the difficulties involved in framing and carrying through a new water scheme for a besieged town of 45,000 inhabitants, Mr. Labram took the matter in hand with prompt confidence. Before the inhabitants had suffered any inconvenience from the

enemy's blow, a daily supply of 300,000 gallons was pouring into the city reservoirs, and throughout the rest of the siege the whole population, white and black, had sufficient water for all its needs. It was undoubtedly to this abundance that Kimberley owed its comparatively low death-rate from disease.

Only second in importance to water was the food supply. No efforts had been made by the British government to provision the town, but by a fortunate chance there was a large stock of food-stuffs in the merchants' stores when the siege be-

gan. At first the daily meat ration was set at one pound per head of the adult European population. As time went on this allowance was steadily reduced, and early in January horse flesh began to take the place of bullock. During the last month of the siege the daily ration had sunk to $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of horse flesh, six ounces of bread, some dried Indian corn, and a little coffee and sugar. Small as this supply is, it is sufficient to keep a healthy man in moderate condition. But a population of 45,000 people, confined in a beleaguered city for the four hottest months of a South African summer, must number many who do not answer to that description. From Christmas there were many sick, especially among the women and children. For these, and for the wounded, the eating of the regulation horse ration would have been an almost impossible task. Happily for them, a nourishing and fairly palatable soup was procurable. This was made in soup kitchens organized and run



THE CONNING TOWER DEvised BY MR LABRAM TO AID THE BESIEGED

by Mr. Rhodes, The Honorable Mrs. Rochefort Maguire, and other ladies and gentlemen to whose unwearying services the people of Kimberley were greatly indebted. It was, however, Mr. Labram's forethought and enterprise that made such relief work possible. There were a considerable number of cattle in and around Kimberley when the siege began. The difficulty was to find food for them. Neglected as the streets were, no grass grew among their dusty cobbles; the narrow area of veldt outside the barrier on which, under a mounted guard, a few

cattle could be grazed, became each day more barren of nourishment. If the animals died of hunger, it was obvious that they would be almost useless as food, while to kill them off-hand would be to glut the town with meat, which at that season would not remain edible twenty-four hours.

Mr. Labram solved the difficulty by presenting plans for a cold-storage building of 14,000 cubic feet capacity. On the scheme being approved, he superintended the erection of the storage house and the installation of the plant. The cattle were then killed while in fairly good condition, and their carcasses preserved for future use.

In this matter Mr. Labram's care was of the utmost value to the people of Kimberley. The paramount danger to administrative efficiency during a siege lies in uncertainty. Relief is expected—not infrequently on good grounds—long before it comes, and the temptation merely to fight on from day to day and live in hope is overpowering. Although the establishment of a storage plant may seem to have been a very obvious precaution in the circumstances, most of the defenders regarded the scheme as unnecessary. As the Kimberley men marched out to the trenches on the 14th of October they expected to hear the British guns thundering among the Spytfontein Hills within a few days. On the 11th of December they heard them there—at Magersfontein. All that day the noise of battle rumbled over the open veldt, and hourly the garrison expected to see Lord Methuen's division emerge from the shadows of the distant hills. Evening came, and the echoes of the British attack died suddenly away. Not until over two months later—on the 15th of February, 1900, did the relief which had been looked for throughout each of the long hours of these 124 days actually arrive. It was in the stress of these later times that Kimberley owed so much to Mr. Labram's storage scheme.

Although in this and in other matters Mr. Labram's services were known and appreciated by the authorities, it was not until the second month of the siege that the people of the town as a whole and the rank and file of the troops came to realize the versatility of his genius. From

the somewhat prosaic problems of water, food, and lighting the chief engineer of De Beers suddenly turned to a work which set all Kimberley talking.

When the siege began, the artillery strength of the town consisted of the 23rd Battery, Royal Garrison Artillery, with six 7-lb. mountain guns, and a local volunteer battery of six 7-lb. guns. These twelve pieces had each an effective range of about 4000 yards; two unreliable old Cape police seven-pounders completed the list. The inadequacy of such equipment was in itself serious enough. It paralyzed the whole scheme of defence. The full gravity of the situation did not appear, however, until the beginning of November, when Colonel Chamier, who commanded the artillery forces, reported that the ammunition for his guns was giving out. A moment's reflection will show that, with her cannon silenced, Kimberley's doom was accomplished. Small as her guns were, they prevented the enemy from bringing up their heavy ordnance to within 4000 yards of the town, and they made possible a number of minor operations outside the barrier, such as reconnaissances, patrols, and the grazing of horses and mules. In fact, their presence insured a marginal area round the town essential to defence. If they went out of action, the enemy would inevitably move up their artillery and batter the place from point-blank range.

The authorities at once reduced the expenditure of ammunition; but still the supply dwindled. Apparently there was only one possible upshot. At a meeting of the staff Mr. Labram asked if he might see one of the 7-lb. shells. After examining it carefully he said, "I guess I can make things like that all right." His confidence was not immediately communicated to the officers about him. They knew that the manufacture of shells is highly specialized work, and is confined to the great arsenals of the world.

On inquiry, it appeared that the only powder procurable in Kimberley was intended for blasting, and was, without special preparation, wholly unsuitable for artillery uses. Mr. Labram, however, refused to be deterred by such considerations. That afternoon he obtained a requisition from the military stores of such

material as was likely to be of use in the experiment, and began work in the De Beers shops. His foundry may be said to have been the child of his own brain, for he was without even reliable hand-books to guide him. The most important part of shell manufacture is the fixing of a satisfactory fuse. Mr. Labram overcame this difficulty by invention. He designed a percussion-fuse to be inserted in a hole drilled for its reception in the point of the shell. The fuse consisted of a brass body with a screw thread outside and a steel block, or plunger, working freely in an axial direction inside. The plunger, through which a small hole was bored, was pointed at the front end. In a recess in front, a percussion-cap was held in position by a screwed plug. While the shell traveled forward, the plunger, being loose, remained at the back of the fuse. On a sudden stoppage, however, it shot forward and struck the percussion-cap. A spark then traveled along the hole and exploded the bursting charge of gunpowder contained in the body of the shell. To prevent the plunger from moving when the shell was handled, a light spiral spring was so placed as to require compression before the nipple could touch the cap. As an extra precaution, safety wires were provided, which had to be broken before the plunger could move. The united strength of these safety attachments was not more than sufficient to prevent premature explosion in case of accidental fall.

In practice Mr. Labram's astonishing invention proved entirely satisfactory. In an amazingly short time this man, who had scarcely seen a shell until a few days before, was supplying the artillery headquarters with between sixty and seventy projectiles every twenty-four hours—shells, moreover, of a quality which the military authorities, after the exhaustive test of over three months' continual use, pronounced "extraordinarily good."

In so far as Kimberley's round dozen of seven-pounders could affect the situation, Mr. Labram's inventive genius had proved of the utmost service. Toward the end of December, however, the Boer artillery began a bombardment to which the town was powerless to reply. From the beginning of the investment Colonel Kekewich's schemes had been ham-

pered by lack of adequate artillery. Ridiculous as the mountain pieces appeared when masquerading as siege ordnance, they were too urgently required in that rôle to be risked at their legitimate work of supporting troops in the open. A distressing loss of life had in consequence attended more than one sortie. The whole matter was a sore one with the inhabitants. They felt that between the levity of the Cape administration and the paltering of the Home government, they had been placed in the position of a man who, when attacked, cannot strike back. The possession of even one heavy-caliber mobile gun would have changed the situation. Colonel Kekewich and his officers realized this, but they were too busy to waste time in vain regrets; their only course seemed to be to make the best resistance possible in the circumstances.

To Mr. Labram the matter appeared in a different light. Kimberley required such a gun just as she had required her water, her search-lights, and her ammunition. Could this later and most pressing need be supplied as the others had been? The engineer thought the question over and came to the conclusion that it could. He went to Colonel Kekewich and offered to make a gun of the sort required.

Mr. Labram's proposal occasioned much comment. The construction of an effective modern cannon is elaborately technical and is the cumulative result of experiment. The be-patented machinery of an arsenal, the trained skill of its mechanics, the scientific equipment of its directors—for these it would be hard to find substitutes in a little besieged town in the heart of the veldt. Neither Mr. Labram nor any of his principal assistants had experience of such work. The De Beers shops, except for the recently installed plant for making shells, were no more like an arsenal than their name implies. Two old hand-books on gunnery, the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and an old file of "Engineering" were the only "authorities" on the subject to be found in Kimberley. In spite of his achievements earlier in the siege, it is scarcely surprising that his proposal should have been generally regarded as impracticable.

There is a report current that in making the gun Mr. Labram was discouraged and opposed by the military authorities.

Such a statement is most misleading. One senior officer of little distinction treated the scheme contemptuously, but from its beginning the work had the support and keen interest of the commanding officer, and Mr. Labram profited on more than one occasion by the advice of Major O'Meara, a scientific officer of the Royal Engineers.

On Christmas eve Mr. Labram received his requisition, and Mr. Cecil Rhodes signed the order empowering him to use the De Beers workshops for making the gun. Two days later the work began. The basis of the gun were a 10-ft. billet of hammered mild steel, 10.5 in. in diameter, weighing 2800 pounds, originally intended for shafting, and several bars of 6 in. by 2.5 in. Lowmoor iron, all of which happened to be in the shops. The rough turning began on the 26th of December. As many different parts were kept simultaneously under construction as possible, the thirteen strengthening rings and trunnion rings being prepared while the preliminary boring was in progress. The forging of the trunnion rings was, under the circumstances, a large piece of work each ring being 5 in. in diameter, 24 in. from end to end, and the collars at the ends 6 in. in diameter. The final bore was 4.1 in. The rifling consisted of thirty-two spiral grooves each $\frac{1}{4}$ in. wide and $\frac{1}{8}$ in. deep, with a variable twist beginning at the powder chamber equal to one turn in 100 calibers and increasing to a twist of one turn in 32 calibers at a point near the muzzle, from where it continued at that rate to the end.

No satisfactory description can be given in the space of this article of the ingenious devices employed by Mr. Labram and his assistants in handling the immense mass of metal; in boring and rifling; in affixing the trunnion rings and strengthening rings; in constructing the breech and block, planning the vent-holes, toughening the obturator, and in sighting. The work went on night and day, often under heavy fire. While the gun was being made, the necessary 28-lb. shells were cast, each being fitted with Mr. Labram's specially invented fuse. The construction occupied the incredibly short time of twenty-four whole days. On the 18th of January the gun, with carriage and fit-

tings complete, left the workshops. As the twelve-foot mass of shining steel rumbled through the dusty streets behind its team of ten mules, it seemed to the people of Kimberley, accustomed, as they were, to their battered little seven-pounders, a very impressive engine of war.

On Monday the 19th, after one or two slight adjustments, the new gun opened fire on the enemy's laager at the pumping station, full 8000 yards from the barrier. The shell exploded with an effect much like disturbing a gigantic ant-hill. Before the cloud of smoke and dust had cleared away, the veldt around the laager was blackened with half-awakened burghers rushing hither and thither. Their consternation could be guessed at by those who knew anything of the national characteristics of their race. The South-African Dutch are a simple people; they believe implicitly in the existence of a living and moving devil. From the beginning of the siege the laagers which encompassed the diamond town had been uneasy with rumor. The agonized wailing of the De Beers sirens calling Kimberley to quarters had, when first heard, terrified many of the besiegers into open flight, and although on that occasion the burgher leaders had succeeded in restoring discipline, the nerves of their following had been severely shaken. Then came the night when from out the blind darkness over the town the white eyes of the search-lights had suddenly flashed across the veldt. To men who from childhood had gone to bed with the sun and whose experience of illumination was limited to one tallow candle power, these restless beams, flashing to and fro amid the midnight squalor of their shelter trenches, were fraught with horror. Of late, too, the British guns had sent among them shells which bore a message from one whom every good burgher knew to be in league with the arch-fiend.¹ And now that Kimberley in the midst of her distress should have given birth to a cannon—a prodigy more terrible by far than her entire brood of puny ordnance—must have seemed to the farmer-soldiers an inexplicable and portentous circumstance.

From that day until the end of the

¹ Mr. Labram's shells bore the inscription "With compts. C. J. R."—(Cecil John Rhodes.)

siege "Long Cecil," as the gun was christened, fired 255 shots without suffering any appreciable wear in bore or rifling. In the hands of a picked crew from the Diamond Fields Artillery it proved from the first remarkably accurate. In the scheme of defence it did valuable service by relieving the pressure of the bombardment and by hurling back the enemy's base. It could be readily moved from point to point, and its long range enabled the defenders for the first time to interfere seriously with the enemy's operations. Above all, in moral effect, where, especially during a siege, the value of artillery so largely lies, its presence was as stimulating to the hard-pressed garrison as it was unwelcome to the burghers.

Not, however, until the first week of February did Kimberley thoroughly realize how much she owed to Mr. Labram's unique achievement. On a lofty heap of debris at Kamfersdam, three miles across the veldt, the enemy established a 6 in. Creusot cannon; shortly before noon on the 8th the first of the huge 100-lb. shells which afterward devastated the town crashed into the Market Square. A new and terrible phase in the siege then began. The big gun was seldom directed against the fortifications on the barrier; shell after shell screamed into the heart of the town, where, among the flimsy galvanized-iron buildings, they burst with terrific noise and effect. The high muzzle velocity of the Creusot gun invested its projectiles with an added danger and terror. Before the sound of the cannon's discharge had time to travel across the veldt, the shell was splitting with a deafening explosion into a hundred jagged fragments in the midst of the town.

A bugler was stationed on the conning-tower with orders to warn the inhabitants by a sharp call of alarm when he saw the smoke of the Kamfersdam gun. To the women and children in the town these were times of dread; imprisoned throughout the long, stifling days in the partial security of cellars and basements, separated from husbands and fathers, whose duty called them to the trenches, ill fed, without occupation, their nerves stretched to breaking by months of anxiety and deferred hope; to them the minutes passed in terror while they listened through all

the lesser turmoil of the bombardment for the piercing call from the conning-tower. There were few shell-proof shelters in the town; scarcely a house was safe from the effects of the projectiles. Only in the depths of the De Beers mines could security be found. Thither thousands of women and children fled, preferring the reeking gloom of the galleries and shafts to the shell-swept streets above. In such a crisis the British seven-pounders were useless; outranged and outclassed, they could not even enter the lists. Throughout these days of stress and danger the task of defending Kimberley fell upon Mr. Labram's gun. It was fortunate then for the defenders of the diamond town and for the prestige of the British in South Africa that the flagging spirit of the heterogeneous civilian population of Kimberley was fortified and stimulated by the sound of "Long Cecil's" cannonading and by the success of her valiant defence.

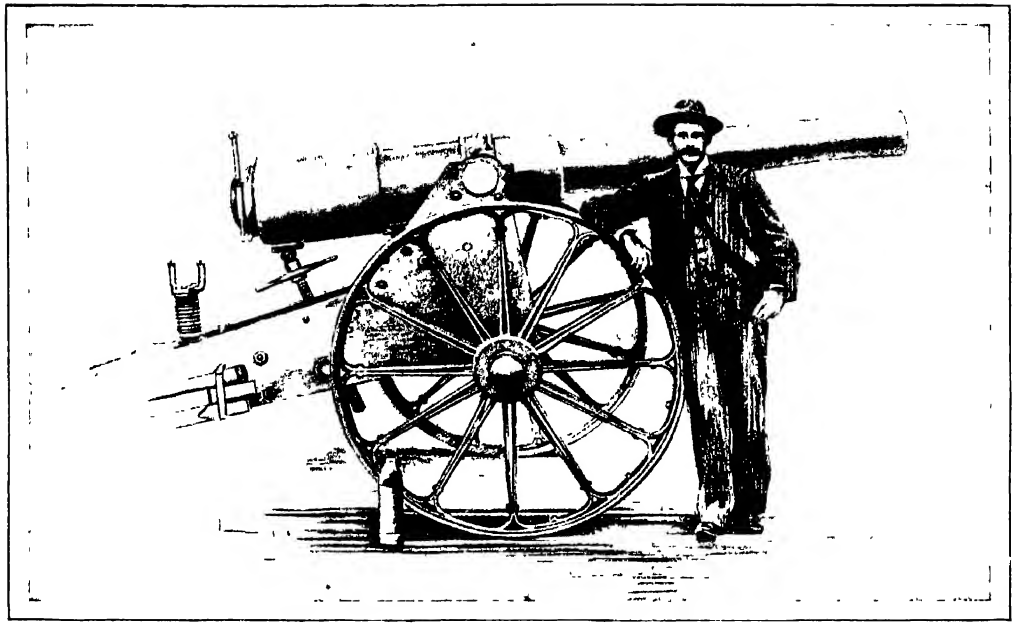
During these final weeks of the siege Mr. Labram became famous. In sun-scorched trenches and baking, dusty forts, in the dripping galleries of the mine, and aloft on the windy conning-tower, his work was discussed and marveled at. Then it was that the men and women of the diamond fields came fully to understand what they owed to the American civilian whose genius had served them, not once and again, but in every crisis of these months of common trial. The imminent danger of night assault, the peril of water famine and pestilence, the horror of a starving populace, from these he had labored to save their town. His telephone wires were the nerves of the defence; his shells armed their attack. And now against the fury of this later bombardment, his gun, the complicated and deadly weapon created, as it were, before their eyes from the resources of a mining workshop—this final triumph of his enterprise and skill—maintained unsupported the brunt of their resistance. Small wonder that, without one thought of disloyalty to the gallant British officer who commanded their town, the people spoke of Mr. Labram as the hero of Kimberley.

On the afternoon of the 9th of February, while on leave from my redoubt, I met Mr. Labram in the hall of the Grand Hotel. He looked haggard and depressed,



Drawn by C. M. Relyea. Half tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. G. KEKEWICH, IN COMMAND OF THE DEFENCE
OF KIMBERLEY



Drawn by C. M. Relyea

GEORGE F. LABRAM AND HIS 4-INCH BREECH-LOADING GUN AND SHELL.

and spoke of having had a narrow escape earlier in the day from a bursting shell.

"I'm no fighting man, and this sort of thing is getting on my nerves," he remarked with a momentary smile. I had not seen him for some time and was struck by the alteration in his appearance. The strain of the siege showed in his face; his eyes were restless and distressed; behind his heavy mustache the pleasant lines about his mouth had changed.

After a few minutes of conversation Mr. Labram left me and went upstairs to his room. The sun was setting on the iron roofs as I left the hotel. From the sky came the scream of shells, and the stifling streets resounded with explosions. The evening bombardment was at its height. As I hurried across the Market Square I heard the bugle call from the conning-tower; a moment later came the high note of the shell, and I bent involuntarily and held my breath. There was a deafening crash, the muffled rending of iron fragments, and then stillness; a thin, brown cloud of dust rose from among the roofs behind me.

That was the last shot of the day—the "good-night" shell, aimed perhaps at a venture, in the impersonal, often half good-humored spirit with which besiegers

and besieged alike bombarded each other. It struck Mr. Labram in his room at the Grand Hotel, covering his shattered body with wreckage and mercifully killing him on the spot.

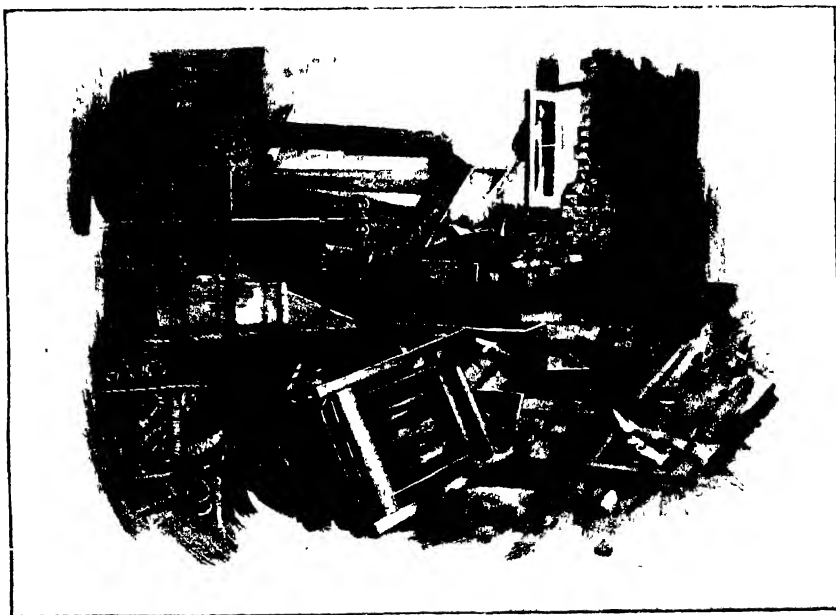
We buried him the following night with full military honors. Shortly before nine o'clock the troops fell in outside the hospital where the body lay. There was no moon, and a chill ground fog hid the stars. As the last stroke of nine sounded from the tower of the government buildings, the mist on our left quarter reddened and the air rustled suddenly against our ear-drums. A murmur of "Kamfersdam!" ran down the lines; a moment later came the shriek of the shell and the dull roar of the gun. As the clatter of the flying fragments ceased, the first bars of the "Dead March" sounded out of the darkness in front, and the long column of men moved forward. The cemetery lay on the far side of the town. Treachery must have carried the news of our errand across the veldt, for as we marched through the deserted streets one by one the enemy's guns awoke. In the darkness under the eucalyptus-trees of the cemetery we listened to the voice of the venerable Archdeacon of Kimberley reciting the words of the burial service, while against the distant flashes the lines of men around

the grave appeared and disappeared. The last salute of three volleys was omitted, for we were in danger; instead, the bugles sounded "Retreat," the call for sundown. So, amid the wailing shells and the boom of many guns, we took farewell of the American civilian whose genius had been the mainstay of our defence.

Kimberley was relieved on the 15th of February. In the midst of the morning bombardment the big gun at Kamfersdam ceased firing, and a report ran round the trenches that the Boer cannon had been disabled by a shot from "Long Cecil." While the defenders were eagerly discussing this news, which had been brought by a native runner, another rumor spread from fort to fort. From among the low hills to the east of the Spytfontein Range, in the direction of Jacobsdal, an immense column of dust was bearing down upon the town. As it rolled and smoked over the veldt, the figures of a large number of mounted men showed amid the yellow cloud, riding furiously. The usual apathy of the town gave place to intense excitement, and along the barrier speculation ran from

sentry to sentry. Were these horsemen friends or enemies? Men strained their eyes southward through the dancing heat haze, and then turned anxiously to the conning-tower for an answer. No red flag of alarm fluttered from the signal-staff; one by one the Boer guns at Carter's Ridge and the Lazaretto went out of action; on a wagon behind a team of innumerable oxen the Kamfersdam cannon was pitching over the veldt toward the Free State. Hope flew through the town. Again the question, Who were these approaching horsemen? If this were relief, it was coming from an unexpected quarter. Methuen was at the Modder and without horses. Who were these? A heliograph flickered among the Kopjes and answered the question. General French was leading his cavalry brigade into Kimberley.

Evening came up as the troopers of the relief column straggled through the Beaconsfield barrier—New Zealanders, Australians, guardsmen, and yeomanry. Their wearied horses blocked the approaches to the town, while north and east across the darkening veldt the enemy fled toward the Free State border.



Drawn by C. M. Kely

EFFECT OF THE SHOT WHICH KILLED MR LABRAM IN A ROOM OF THE
GRAND HOTEL, KIMBERLEY



Drawn by Leon Gupton. Half tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick.

'SHE BROUGHT ME HER TWO CHUBBY FISTS FULL OF TIGER-LILIES" (SEE PAGE 271)



"MISS TIGER LILY"

O YURI SAN:

A MEMORY
BY CHARLES KORIMER.

PICTURES BY  LEON GUINON.



EAR little O Yuri San, how well I remember our first meeting! It was on a wild, wet night during my earliest visit to Nikko the Magnificent, the professional beauty of Japan. I had wandered up among the dark temple woods for the sheer pleasure of seeing the nodding branches make faces at me. My waterproof was drenched, my boots squashed up and down with the wet; but I was supremely happy, listening to the wind roar like the waves of the sea. The long avenues, hemmed in by moss-covered border-walls, were as dark as the aisles of a great cathedral at midnight, and deserted except for here and there a stone Buddha sitting placidly with an expression of profound and benignant melancholy.

Presently I heard a confused murmur, a gentle shuffle over the wet stones, beginning far away in the direction of the great Red Pagoda. Gradually the noise approached, and a small person, a very minute person, with a lantern, appeared. We called a halt at ten paces to reconnoiter. Then this small person became smaller, doubled up after the manner of a jackknife, and drew a great luminous shell, like a phosphorescent mushroom, over itself. The lantern disappeared altogether underneath. My curiosity leaped up like a sprightly flame. Was I about to discover a new variety of hedgehog, or was I about to make the acquaint-

tance of an *Obake*? You don't know what an *Obake* is? You have never met one? Well, by way of explanation, he is the Japanese equivalent of an "honorable hobgoblin," the very essence of mystery and mischief, exactly what one might expect to meet at night in a Buddhist avenue.

My anxiety was soon removed. The queer bundle righted itself, and then bobbed again. The evolutions were as regular as the flashes of a revolving light in a lighthouse, only after each one the quaint little figure was transported several paces nearer me. I can not say whether it hopped like a kangaroo or ran like a startled jack-rabbit, but six times at least the quaint contortion happened until, finally, we were close—and I discovered a wee midget of a Japanese maiden under a yellow, oil-paper umbrella three times as big as herself, and with a round red lantern like a luminous radish held very firmly in her tiny hand. The mystery was solved: she was simply bowing to me, greeting me as her ornate code of politeness demanded, metaphorically touching the ground with her forehead in salutation.

How quaint she was, with her microscopic kimono tucked up into her obi to keep it from dragging in the wet, with her coils of blue-black hair, and her softly solemn eyes! She came gracefully over to me, and, holding up the umbrella to the full length of her baby arm, invited me to share its shelter. We divided the labor, she holding the dainty lantern,

my longer arm steadying the heavy umbrella, and proceeded along the silent avenue, our bobbing light cutting sharply into the shadows.

My knowledge of Japanese was certainly as rickety as a scaffolding, but we began a patchwork conversation, notwithstanding, by the exchange of our "honorable names." Her name was O Yuri San, the Honorable Miss Tiger-Lily, she told me in a lisping baby voice, and the "poor house" of her father was close to the Gammon Bridge. Where was "the magnificent home of my worthy parents?" I answered her with a proper humility, which obliged me to use every deprecating adjective, that I was living in the "miserable hotel." Luckily, we found our paths lay in the same direction.

The rain had stopped by that time, and the clouds, hanging low, were torn into strips by the high trees. Then the wind swept them away. I was sorry to see the sky clearing. There was no longer any real reason for our partnership. We might separate, O Yuri San and I, and go our divers ways at any moment. Fearing, with her wise gravity, she would not appreciate this, I fanned with all my might the flickering conversation. She answered readily. Where had she been alone in those dark woods? Oh, she had been to the grave of her brother, to set a lantern there, since this was the festival of the *Bon Matsuri*. A childish, ringing peal of laughter broke out when she spoke of the poor little dead brother. It was a shock to me, just like a bunch of cold rain drops falling from the end of a branch upon my face. But now, in the light of further knowledge, I understand her motives. It is the custom of her country to laugh when one speaks of death, and so to spare the listener one's own sadness. This wee mite already was beginning the imitative lesson of self-control.

Too soon our little walk was over, and the parting of the ways reached; but not before I had begged to come and visit the "Honorable Interior," her mother. After a courteous permission, O Yuri San slipped away smiling into the darkness with the same succession of dainty, discreet bows, calling to me in her baby voice the sweet salutation of her people,

"*Sayonara*" ("Since it must be, since it must be").

The very next day the sun shone down with a feverish savage heat. Through the middle hours of the afternoon the hills lay in a heavy drowsiness. The earth was steeped in languorous semiconsciousness. But when the fresh evening time was come, the hour when Midas, let free of his imprisonment among musty gods, descends to touch the world with his touch of gold, I went to find my little friend of yesterday, O Yuri San-of the Hundred Bows.

The road led me down to the river racing gaily over its stones, then across a little bridge, and up a narrow pathway to the thick grove of trees which announced the village straggling along an undetermined little street.

In the center of the sandy roadway a naked yellow atom like a marmoset crouched, intently interested in something which, on nearer view, proved to be a lizard, a glorious tropical lizard of a wonderful blue, with two burning ruby eyes.

He scampered away over the sand at my coming, and the baby looked up. It was O Yuri San in her birthday suit, solemnly confiding in the queer little animal. She recognized me, and went through her quaint salutations, rendered irresistibly comic by her undress uniform of one soft silver bracelet.

I was escorted ceremoniously to the house, a square, picturesque mansion with a lowering, beetle-browed roof. A long iron chain hanging from the rafters was the principal piece of furniture, and to it clung desperately the iron pot for cooking the family meals. A cheerful voice saluted me. It was the "Honorable Interior" herself, peeping over the rim of a big wooden tub. Her "noble husband," she explained, having bathed, she was now taking her turn at the "venerable hot water." O Yuri San, with patience, would scramble in next, and then, later the very tiny baby sister; perhaps last of all the coolie who helped her husband in the fields, each in regular progression. Looking round the corner, I saw, sure enough, her "noble husband" airing and drying himself in the side garden. He was smoking a miniature pipe and knocking the ashes *tan, tan, tan*, out of the



Drawn by Leon Guilford. Half-tone plate courtesy of U. C. Merrill.

O YURI SAN IN THE DARK AND THE RAIN

tiny bowl against the outer edge of the veranda.

The "Honorable Interior" was not the least disconcerted. Bathing in the quiet villages of Dai Nippon is not permitted to interfere with an opportunity for gossip, and so we had a conventional call, her head peeping over the shining wooden rim of the tub, which looked like a halo that had grown too big for its wearer and had slipped down from her forehead.

But I, distressed all the while at breaking in upon such an intimate domestic incident, dissolved in apologies. It was to quiet them that she presently slipped her lobster-colored neck a few inches out of the water, called the child to serve me with thimble cups of tea, and closed the paper *shoji* which separated the living room from the bathing place.

Almost before the tea was poured she re-appeared in a fresh cotton kimono, her wrinkled face grinning at my surprise, and showing two rows of blackened teeth.

It was evident that O Yuri San belonged to a staid, old-fashioned household, since the "noble husband" pursued the ancient dog-in-the-manger policy of requiring his wife to disfigure her pretty white teeth in order that she be unattractive to others—and incidentally to himself.

Such was my introduction to O Yuri San at home, at the convivial hour of the bath. Just as I was leaving, she brought me her two chubby fists full of tiger-lilies, her face all one bright smile, a comical little smile. They were her namesakes, these glowing flowers. The "Honorable Interior" explained to me that they were just bursting into bloom as O Yuri San's own little spirit unfolded its baby wings. She showed me the splendid bed of them growing on the flat ridge-pole, swaying lightly with the breath of the wind. They were banished from the gardens centuries ago, legend says, by a certain emperor dowered with a hypersensitive conscience. He disapproved of feminine vanities, and, as the poor lilies yielded their roots to make a face powder, he ordered the people to dig them up from their gardens. Thus they were exiled, according to the old

story. But the country folk planted them on the roofs, where to-day you will see them still waving like an oriflamme from every house.

II

It was several years before I came again to Nikko. On the first evening there I went in search of my little friend O Yuri San along the same dainty greenwood path. Her house stood there just as before, the tiger-lilies nodding and beckoning. Several babies who were tottering off in search of adventures called out "*Ohayo*," which was singularly unsuitable. But the little things have found that morning tourists will repay the greeting with coppers. Therefore, understanding no better, they imagine that afternoon passers-by should be equally willing to nibble at the same lisping bait. Alas! O Yuri San did not run with the rest to meet me. I imagined she had forgotten.

The woman of the house, in reply to my questions, said that the family which had lived there before had gone, lost like a drop in a river, disappeared among the cities.

Why? Ah, that she could not tell; poverty, perhaps. O Yuri San herself was still in Nikko, the pupil of a celebrated geisha, learning to dance and sing and entertain. The woman had apprenticed her because she was pretty, until such time as a husband should deign to require and purchase her. It sounded natural and true enough, for, as I well knew, in Eastern countries the lot of woman is entirely subservient to the will of man.

She may be bought, sold, apprenticed, or married. Her voice is the one which does not count in the matter.

"But why did her parents sell her?" I asked, probing for reasons. The woman did not know. From the other side of the open fire, across the bronze kettle which was singing merrily, her husband, as brown as if he had been toasted, ventured a cynical witticism. "Perhaps the Honorable Miss Tiger-Lily became too talkative. Therefore her father sold her, it may be for a price which would buy him three pack-horses, all pledged to silence."

I found the geisha house and O Yuri San. She remembered. But on the subject of her home she was as silent as the ancestral tablets set up in the corner with the bowl of rice before them. Her parents were gone—beyond the mountains. She appeared with the settled Oriental fatalism, which is not quite melancholy, neither to think of nor wish for them. Physically she had changed tremendously—grown, perfected, developed, all at once. She no longer begged for cash with babyish gestures and shrill "*Oh-ayos.*" A certain timid, maidenly grace clung to her. Her face had a delicate, wistful expression, across which the old childish smile played.

In short, O Yuri San was no longer the simple baby, but a composite mixture, a young girl, a child, and an imp of mischief—

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet."

She was learning the quaint music of her country, set to vague, mysterious words, with its delirious love-songs and frenzied dances in which it was hard to tell where pure gaiety merged into shadowy mysticism. I asked her to sing for me, and she complied willingly, accompanying herself on the *samisen*. Most of her songs were short and primitive, and sad with scales of divided intervals, and here and there falsetto notes dropping suddenly to deep cries. They are comparable to no music that we know. She was never required to work and she seemed quite happy. With a little wistful smile she told me so. Her nature had remained sweet and gentle, simple and sincere, a strange contrast to the artificiality of her rich dresses and her splendid hair built up on a scaffolding of pins.

It was a wonderfully complex operation, the arranging of it. Once a week it took place, and the whole day was required. O Yuri San would sit for hours on the white mats before the old hairdresser who patiently worked over her.

First the coils of hair were undone; the thick masses were carefully combed, and then they were re-done, molded into elaborate loops and whirls and volutes, all

stiffened and held in place with castor oil. One by one the coral beads were put in, and finally the gold lacquer combs. Lastly, in the nape of her neck a little wavy piece was coaxed to stay, held by an ivory pin artistically arranged to complete the curve, as graceful as a bent bow.

O Yuri San proved my complete guide to Nikko. How indefatigably she could walk, this delicate little doll! Together we climbed to every shrine and laid the pebbles of our prayers in the motherly laps of mossy Poussas. Every one, I think, needs to return to the pagan state occasionally, to worship the trees and find "sermons in stones." It may be, as O Yuri San believed, that there is virtue in asking Omi-Kami to wash us "white of our sins in the river Kamo." What matter, said she, by what name we call our protector? Is Lethe any sweeter-sounding to the ear than Kamo? I agreed with her. Thus in deep discussions leading on to intimacy we discovered a closer bond of sympathy between us.

III

I REMEMBER well the very last walk we took together, O Yuri San and I, up to a little shrine in the heart of the woods. It was a favorite pilgrimage. The poor weather-beaten image there had lost all traces of expression. Perhaps this misfortune endeared the little god doubly to us. It might be that he would hear and pity the defacements of mortals more easily.

Around us spread a forest of wonderful green, ever fresh, an emerald green which temperate trees can never hope to attain, not even in the full splendor of a June. I walked solemnly over fragrant pine needles, but O Yuri San flitted through the wood like a bright butterfly in her gay kimono—"a butterfly who comes in the early autumn to seek in the deep green places the last flowers of summer," as one of her own poets expresses it. Patiently we climbed a flight of mossy steps side by side, O Yuri San smiling gaily up at me and trudging bravely along on her wooden clogs, which beat a tattoo on the stones. Her kimono, which was tucked up, as on our first meeting, through the magnificent

brocaded obi tied in a stiff puff behind, left her little legs bare to the knees but for the short red crape petticoat that fluttered like a tiny flag.

"*Nam amida, nam amida*"—the soft chant of the Buddhist priests at benediction in the dark temples floated through the trees like a faint perfume, and the answering echo followed as the worshippers at the hundred little shrines hidden in the hills clapped their hands and repeated the prayer, "*Nam amida*." O Yuri San stood still, bent her little hands together, bowed her head over them, and repeated it.

Then, with redoubled energy, we climbed to our little altar. I secretly think that O Yuri San was half afraid lest the Honorable Lord of Heaven would go off to listen to the prayers of Tokio if we did not hurry. And if he should escape before our arrival, no amount of hand-clapping could reasonably be expected to call him back, could it?

There he sat, cross-legged and defaced, the little stone god. O Yuri San diligently searched for a nice white pebble, a round one, a smooth one, and set it on his lap with a short prayer. That was all.

"Against what misfortunes do you pray to be defended?" I asked as we turned homeward. "And what blessings do you desire, O Yuri San? Yours is the country of content. There is no sadness in its borders, nor during my stay here have I ever seen tears. The poor eat rice, and the rich eat rice also. For what do you pray?"

She turned to me sweetly and nestled close, with a childish confidence slipping her little hand in mine.

"Oh, noble friend," she answered in her wisest tones, "the leaf of the lotus floats serenely on the surface of the lake; but who knows if the unseen root longs also for the sun? Who knows? So it is with a woman," she continued, the high philosophy sitting quaintly in her baby voice.

"She longs to accomplish, to fight, to die for her country. She longs to be a man, a samurai. And I—I long to be a man and a warrior."

She did actually, I believe, strike at the root of her people's character. Pa-

triotism is with them a bright fire; to die for one's country the noblest possible conclusion, the "consummation devoutly to be wished." Instead of a passionate devotion to her parents, this fragile, dainty little maiden clutched and held tightly the ideal of her country.

"Your wish reminds me that last night I dreamed a strange and wonderful dream—that I was about to die," I said to her, laughing; "and I was sad and miserable indeed over it, nor did the fact that I was dying in the defence of my country comfort me."

O Yuri San turned a little pleading face up to mine.

"Honorable friend, let me buy thy dream," she said. "Indeed, indeed, it may be," she continued, seeing my astonishment. "Thy dream and all it foretells shall become mine. To thee it has no meaning. Ah, let me buy it, as in olden times Masako bought the dream of her sister. Let me buy it of thee," she pleaded.

The legend of Masako and her bought good fortune, which, like a silver thread, meanders through Japanese mythology, had evidently taken a firm hold on the imagination of my childish companion. Again and again she pleaded. Therefore I humored her, and we clinched our intangible bargain. She offered me what I would in exchange, and so I chose a little branch of red maple quivering on a tree near by, a little flame of fire prophesying the autumn holocaust. She toddled after it, and, returning, made the presentation ceremoniously. "It is the emblem of death, the flower of good-by," she said. Her queer little mind was filled with misty aspirations. The dream was working in her thoughts and leavening them like yeast.

"Good-by until the spring," I corrected; but she refused to have it so, and I think when we parted near the hotel after our pilgrimage, our "happy-direction-going," as she called it poetically, there was a little more mournful note than usual in her "Sayonara"—"Since it must be."

The next morning I rattled off on the train for Tokio while Nikko was clothing itself in holiday flags. The Empress was coming to pay a visit to the frowning palace.

HISTORIC PALACES OF PARIS

THE ÉLYSÉE PALACE

FORMERLY THE HÔTEL D'ÉVREUX, NOW THE RESIDENCE OF
THE FRENCH PRESIDENT

BY CAMILLE GRONKOWSKI



HIS old seignorial hôtel belongs to the last century but one and is to-day the official home of the President of the French Republic. If stones could speak, echoes only repeat forgotten sounds, what secrets might we not extract from these stones of the Hôtel d'Evreux, from these echoes in the gardens of the Elysée, where the great prima-donnas in the tragedies of history lived, moved, loved, and suffered—the Marquise de Pompadour at the height of her orbit as the favorite; Napoleon I at the opening and again at the close of his glorious career; the Empress Maria Louisa at the most critical period of her life; the Duc de Berry at the moment when the fatal blow was to fall; Louis Napoleon Bonaparte preparing for the Coup d'Etat of December Second; Eugénie de Montijo before ascending the throne; and, more recently, Carnot brought in dead and Félix Faure passing away.

IN 1720 Henri Louis of Auvergne, Count of Evreux, second son of the Duc de Bouillon, received from King Louis XV as a reward for his services—he had been general of cavalry—a big tract of land extending from the Elysian Fields to the Faubourg St. Honoré, that suburb which the world of elegant people was just beginning to recognize. In truth there was no possibility of a struggle between the Faubourg St. Germain in all the glory of its splendor and the new one. For the latter was really outside the

walls of Paris and almost in the country; it was scarcely more than a stepping-stone between the city proper and the villages of Chaillot, Monseau, Roule, and Neuilly, where alongside of the humble cabins of gardeners and farmers rose buildings at that time called the "little villas" or casinos.

The Count of Evreux was utterly ruined and without a "sou marky"—and even without a shadow of credit—when, through the royal generosity, he received this magnificent property. Yet, thanks to his marriage with the daughter of the colossally rich financier Crozat, he caused to be erected on this spot one of the most sumptuous palaces in Paris. The architect Molet, entrusted with the work, spared no expense in order to make a success of the fine edifice we can still admire to-day. But it should be noted that neither noble husband nor his family knew enough to show proper recognition or even politeness to the young woman who was the cause of and the natural center for all this luxury; for the count took no pains to conceal his passion for Mme. de Lesdiguières, while the people about him went so far as to dub poor Mme. Crozat with the pretty but cruel nickname of Little Lingot.

The second owner of the hôtel was the famous Marquise de Pompadour. She bought it in 1753 for 650,000 livres, and at once added a big tract of land to the park.

Thereafter the most fabulous sums were spent on the decoration of the interior, in which Pineau, one of the clever-



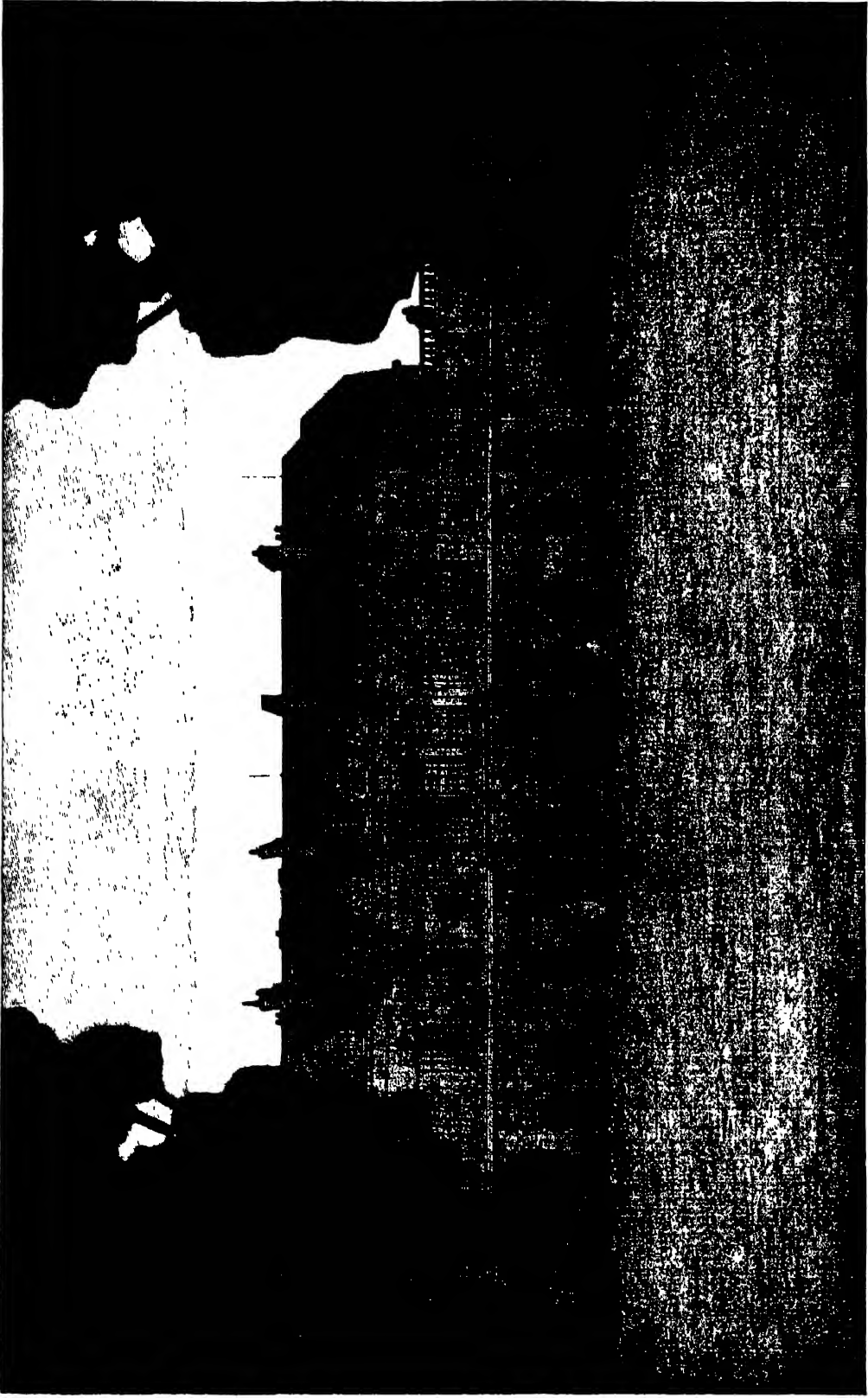
PRIVATE OFFICE OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT

est artists in the new style then fashionable, distinguished himself. Nevertheless, the King's favorite did not come very often to Paris. She had to ask and obtain permission from the King, who preferred to keep her at Versailles and at the country places of Bellevue and Marly, which were more discreet and retired. But when she did appear in Paris, what a pouring out of luxury, what a bewildering wealth of ostentation! The fact is that Mme. Antoinette Poisson was a daughter of the quarter and had become Mme. d'Étioles through marriage. Under that name she lived a long while in Faubourg St. Honoré street. There it was that by tact, adroitness, and beauty she raised the marvelous edifice of her fortune. Memoirs of the period have left us very curious information as to the patient approaches made by this young Mme. d'Étioles, this apparently reserved yet insinuating lady, to push open little by little the doors of some important drawing rooms, like those of Mme. Geoffrin; but she was much hampered in her worldly strategy by the paralyzing presence of her mother, a certain Mme. Poisson, whose past was lamentably queer.

Now all these little humiliations remained in the Marquise's memory, and of a certainty some notion of revenge was not absent from the magnificence that attended her installation and her festivals in the new Hôtel d'Évreux.

And it was just in these very Parisian, very elegant, but in no way official surroundings that the great painter of pastels La Tour dreamed of painting her without any powder in her hair, without any of those obligatory columns and draperies after the elegant fashions of Largillière. But, in opposition to his wishes, an order reached him to come with his crayons to Versailles. To which the bold fellow dared reply: "Tell Madame that I never go to paint *in town*."

Nevertheless, La Tour decided to go, as we know from the famous masterpiece at the Louvre. But accidents did not fail to happen, owing to the stubborn nature of the artist, who insisted that he should not be disturbed at his work. One day the King entered while the Pompadour was sitting, and La Tour, doffing his cap, cried out: "Madame, did you not promise me to keep your door closed?"



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half tone plate engraved by Robert Arley.
THE GARDEN FRONT OF THE ÉLYSÉE PALACE.

Then, as Louis XV laughed good-humoredly and remained, the painter left, grumbling to himself: "I don't like to be interrupted; I will return when Madame is alone."

Several "Watteau dairy parties" were offered by the Pompadour to a selected public, and with perfect success up to the notorious evening when the following tragic-comedy occurred.

Perceiving that these eternal pastorals resulted in monotony and flatness in the long run, pastorals wherein the satin-clad shepherd made love to shepherdesses covered with lace, always accompanied by the same conventional frills, the Marquise invented something calculated to revive the wavering attention of the spectators by details truer to nature, by a staging more vital with breath, more *vécu*, as we say nowadays. On a general background of decoration painted by J. B. Huet a herd of sheep, real live sheep, was to appear, combed and perfumed, and tied up with ribbons, so that amorous speeches might alternate with the most correct baaing of lambs. Her secret was kept, even by the women, and much was expected from this surprise. But, alas! Nature does not like to be cramped, and when the heriboned herd made its entry into the gallery flaming with candlelight, while music played, the innocent creatures halted a moment in a state of stupor, and then scattered in a mad stampede. A ram spied a long mirror and dashed at himself, breaking it to pieces, not unlike Don Quixote before the windmills. The rest followed his example, broke the furniture, and scattered with baas of panic through the apartments. The Marquise thought she would faint—and from that moment renounced all shepherd festivals.

When the Pompadour died, the following was found in her will: "I supplicate the King to accept the gift which I make him of my hôtel in Paris, since it is susceptible of being made a palace for one of his grandsons. I desire that it should be for Monseigneur the Count of Provence."

Did Louis XV, one muses, know beforehand of this bequest, on the day the favorite died? One hopes not, for we know how little regret he showed at the time the coffin of his friend was being carried through a terrible rainstorm from

Versailles to Paris: "The Marquise will have a disagreeable trip," he remarked with a yawn, as he stood at the window of his bedroom, which looked out on the Marble Court.

When the palace was emptied of its furniture, it was turned into a storage-place for the royal things awaiting the completion of the palace on the Place de la Concorde. At last, in 1773, owing to the empty condition of the exchequer, it was sold to Nicolas Beaujon, the court banker. Up to 1768 the gardens and the pictures belonging to the King had been open to the public.

With respect to the arts, this banker was a sort of Fouquet, but more scrupulous. He modestly called the Hôtel d'Évreux his "Hermitage," and increased its splendors. In its galleries he placed furniture of great price, books of the rarest editions, canvases signed by Rembrandt, Vandyke, Poussin, and the great Spaniard. This banker also owned the portraits of the royal family, including all the princes, received from them as gifts. A contemporary writer expresses naively enough his surprise at the honor, and makes this amusing guess. "Doubtless it is because of the great beauty of the salons, perfect in all their details and splendid in their general aspect."

The King was so much impressed by the banker's palace that he began negotiations, and finally bought it for 1,100,000 livres, occupation to be had at the seller's death. In the end the King, forgetting his original purpose, sold it after Beaujon's death to the Duchess of Bourbon-Condé at the price he had given for it. Then it was that they first called it the Palace Elysée-Bourbon.

The Elysée—charming name that evokes visions of festivities of paradise. What an ironical name when the hapless duchess installed herself there! For she was fated never to quit it until she offered her neck to the guillotine. The Elysée—what a name for the mother of the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien, whose execution was the most tragical of all (1804). The Elysée—for the wife of that Duke Louis-Joseph de Bourbon, the last of the Condés, who was found one morning hanging by the neck in his bedroom at Chantilly castle (1830). The Elysée—for the sister-in-law of that



GRAND RECEPTION ROOM

Philippe Egalité whose head rolled under the knife on the Place de la Révolution after it had felt the aureola of popular favor. The Elysée—for all that family tragically familiar with mourning and sorrows!

It is true that in the term Elysium, applied by the ancients to the place of sojourn for souls of the fortunate, they likewise mingled an idea of death.

By a strange contrast—but contrasts were frequent in that epoch of unheard-of events—the grounds of the Elysée suddenly became a place for pleasure-seekers and the festive. Decreed to be national property in 1793, it was bought by Citizen Hovyn. With the assistance of his daughter, he made out of it a gambling house and place for public balls. At that time such places enjoyed a great popularity. While the fateful carts passed through the streets on their way to the guillotine, the population, crazed and unsound of mind, poured in shoals toward pleasures and a forgetfulness of actualities.

Its director Hovyn was a forethoughted person who was a friend of the powers, and this is a proof. Since the Place

de la Révolution, now de la Concorde, so near by, was steeped in human blood and exhaled an insupportable odor of corpses, Hovyn organized a public petition of the inhabitants of the faubourg, and the guillotine was transferred to the former Place du Trône. After that, people could dance and amuse themselves in peace among the refreshing fragrances from trees and flowers. Entrance to the Elysée cost fr. 1.20, and of that sum the visitor could use 75 centimes for refreshments or other purposes. Only, during the evening, cautious people never went there without having somewhere about them a certificate of civism, without which the Rue St. Honoré itself would scarcely be a safe place.

Sometimes private persons or societies hired the palace and garden for a private party. Thus the old salons of the Pompadour and the Duchess de Bourbon saw the Ball of Victims and the Ball of Benedicks. The latter was rather original. Ever since Liardot, in 1794, opened the first matrimonial agency, several inventive adventurers tried to surpass him.

So it was that these balls were given, to which "boarding schools" of young

girls desirous of marriage were conducted by agents, the bachelors being asked to attend, in order to make their choice. It must be confessed that some people remained old fogies and disapproved of these innovations.

As to the celebrated Ball of Victims, nobody was admitted but those who affirmed that they had lost relatives on the scaffold. They danced in mourning garb and bowed to each other with a short, sharp movement of the head, as if they had been suddenly struck by the knife of the guillotine. So it appears that these amusements partook somewhat of the Dance of Death. At times they developed into tragedy, as, for instance, on one occasion when a bloody fight broke out between the Youths of the Revolution, who adopted the light-colored wig and black collar, and the troop of "red collars," who were democrats. Pleasures, debauchery, blood-flowing, cold irony—those in truth were the characteristics of that troublous and disorderly period.

This moral crisis having passed away at last, the Consulate brought in a calmer period. Prince Murat, in 1805, bought the palace for 570,000 francs. Napo-

leon's brother-in-law resolved to pass there a luxurious life, a branch, as it were, of the court. Four millions were spent on the Elysée in repairs, decorations, and art works, and the princess, whom people called the Beautiful Caroline, managed the receptions with as much dignity as tact. But nothing was less sedentary than this family and, indeed, all of Napoleon's high dignitaries. Soon Murat was appointed King of Naples, and had to "move" just like an ordinary citizen, and the Emperor took possession of the palace.

In this delightful setting he replaced in lofty style his brother-in-law. Josephine took the position of Caroline with much grace. Compelled to live at the Tuileries, they made only short stays at the Elysée; but we may be sure that it was the residence they preferred, for there they could escape the bondage of etiquette, that famous etiquette of which Napoleon was the first victim. A few years later Napoleon was still walking up and down beneath the ancient trees of the park, but it was not with the kindly Josephine. Disdained and repudiated, she had given up her place to Maria



THE MURAT SALON



PRIVATE DINING ROOM OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT

Louisa, Archduchess of Austria. And now a child was running in front of the royal pair—the King of Rome, the only hope of the dynasty.

But soon the sky darkened; the star of the Emperor began to pale. It was in the salons of the Elysée that doubt as to his mysterious destiny showed itself for the first time *in public*. Before leaving Paris to make front against the sixth European coalition, he had an intuition of a possible personal misfortune, and he gave to the Empress the title of Regent. The ceremony of investiture was impressive. Cambacérès read the document aloud, and then Maria Louisa, overcoming her emotion, swore fidelity to the Emperor, vowed to maintain the laws and constitution, and obey the orders of Napoleon.

This scene occurred in the Louis XV drawing-room, where to-day Mr. Fallières presides over the meetings of the cabinet. But it was merely a prelude. This very room, with its delightful carved wood-work picked out in gold, which used to be, so it is said, the favorite boudoir of the Pompadour, was soon to harbor an-

other dramatic episode at the close of the Hundred Days.

In fact, the day after Waterloo, at eleven o'clock at night, the doors of the Elysée opened for Napoleon, worn out, overcome by fatigue, and without an army. Faithful Caulaincourt, Duke of Vicenza, rushed to meet him in the court of honor. The Emperor stayed him with a gesture, and pronounced the historic words: "The army did wonders; a panic overwhelmed it; all is lost. I am at the end of my strength; I must have a few hours of repose before I can do any work. I am suffocating here."

The next morning Napoleon was walking with his brother Lucien in the park. It was the 21st of June; spring was glittering and gay about their mourning and their sorrow. At that time the wall that ran along the Avenue de Marigny was not high, and suddenly the crowd perceived the vanquished hero, and a frantic cry arose from every mouth. "Long live the Emperor!" they cried with an enthusiasm as spontaneous as it was indescribable.

"Sire, lead us to the enemy: with you at our head, we shall win or die!"

"Dare do it, sire!" begged Lucien. "Let the gates of the Elysée be opened wide and let us set out for the frontier!"

"No," answered Napoleon; "I have already dared too much. I do not wish to appear as an Emperor of Jacobins, leaning on a violent party and fighting for my crown against the peace-loving portion of the people. It would not be worthy of my character."

His eyes turned sadly toward these unknown friends; he shook the hands of several persons over the fence, quieted the others with a gesture, and abruptly turned away among the shadowy walks of the park.

The next day the Chamber of Representatives went the length of threatening to have him arrested. One hour only was granted him to make up his mind. Then, yielding to the advice of St. Jean d'Angély, the Emperor abdicated. The scene passed in the Louis XV drawing room just mentioned as the room for cabinet meetings.

By a singular irony of destiny Napoleon left his favorite residence to his worst enemies. At the time of the invasion of 1815 the Emperor of Russia and the Duke of Wellington installed themselves as victors in the palace of the Elysée. During the days he passed there it might have been said of Alexander that he was in truth the arbiter of Europe.

On the 13th of February, 1820, the Duc de Berry, nephew of King Louis XVIII, left the opera to accompany his wife to her carriage, when a workman named Louvel rushed on him and stabbed him with a knife. They brought him back to the palace dead. The widow left for good and all a place which recalled too much sorrow, and took up her abode in the Louvre.

Then our palace returned to the destiny which had been arranged for it in the eighteenth century—a lodging place for royal or otherwise illustrious guests. Thus it sheltered Mehemet Ali under Louis Philippe; then the queen of Spain, Maria Christina, widow of Ferdinand VII. When Louis Napoleon Bonaparte had been elected President of the Republic, he lost no time in settling himself at the Elysée. Thus he knit once more the bond of tradition with Napoleon the

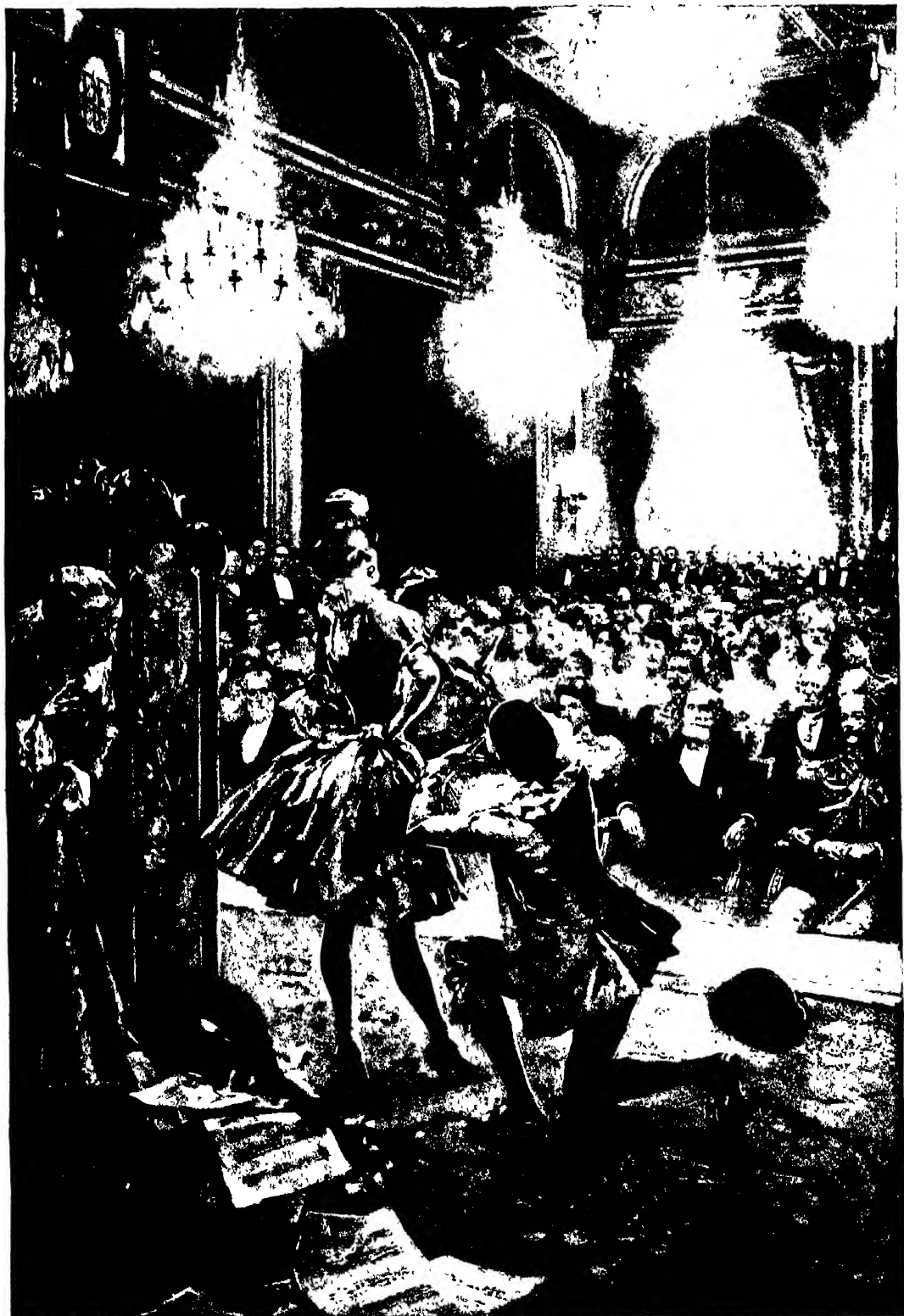
Great, a thing he never neglected, and a principle which had a great influence on his entire line of conduct.

More and more did the Prince President assume the air of an aspirant to the throne. Aided and abetted by an important popular party, which saw in him the "nephew of the Emperor"; by the bourgeoisie, to whom he made the finest promises; by the monarchists also, before whose eyes he dangled the "red peril," little by little he prepared the famous Coup d'Etat. The night before the celebrated Second of December—it was a Monday—there was the usual semiweekly reception at the Elysée palace. Adroit persons, those who snuff the wind, had presented themselves in such numbers in order to make their obeisances and offers of service that it was found necessary to open all the apartments. But the President of the Republic remained calm and impenetrable; he listened to everything, promised nothing, and revealed nothing. At a certain moment he made a sign to Colonel Vieyra, who, exactly the day before, had been placed at the head of the Garde Nationale. "Colonel," said he, "are you enough master of yourself not to blanch at the announcement of a moving bit of news?"

"I am ready to stand the trial, Prince."

"Well, my friend, we march to night." Then, looking hard at Vieyra's face, of which not a muscle had budged: "Very good; here 's a strong man. I have only a single order to give you: until to-morrow prevent every meeting or calling of this National Guard, and watch that the *rappel* is not beaten anywhere. Now you may go."

A moment later, with a smile on his lips, Louis Napoleon made the tour of the galleries with the wife of the ambassador of Spain on his arm. At last the guests retired, and only a few intimates remained, among whom were General de St. Arnaud and M. de Morny, Louis's illegitimate brother, son of Queen Hortense Beauharnais and General Count de Flahaut. He gathered them into the salon of the cabinet meetings and gave them there his final recommendations. Finally he sent them away. He seated himself and remained for a long while staring at the logs in the fireplace—in that very same room where Napoleon I signed his abdica-



Drawn by A. Castaigne Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

A THEATRICAL SOIRÉE AT THE ÉLYSÉE

tion. He had let his easy and smiling air of the evening drop; he listened feverishly to the night sounds without. Well, during those few hours Morny took possession of the Ministry of the Interior; the Legislative Palace was invaded by Colonel Espinasse; and Generals Cavaignac, Changarnier, Lamoricière, and many more were arrested in their beds. At the rising of the sun the Coup d'Etat was an accomplished fact.

UNDER the Second Empire the Elysée became once more an elegant, gay, and sumptuous residence. At the start it sheltered for some weeks Mademoiselle Eugénie de Montijo, the betrothed of the Emperor, that young Spanish girl whose striking beauty was at the time the astonishment and admiration of Paris. Night and day an army of work-people labored on the splendid trousseau; from that time dates the construction of a boudoir linen-room remarkable for the great fineness of its woodwork. Finally, on January 30, 1853, the Duchess of Bassano, first lady of honor, drove to the Elysée in a gala coach to take Eugénie to Notre Dame, where the marriage was solemnized.

After that there was no more lingering in the palace of the Faubourg St. Honoré. Compelled by court etiquette to live at the Tuileries, the sovereigns were not even able, like Napoleon I, to pass a few days there in villeggiatura. So it was that for the third time the palace became a kind of princely hotel for sovereigns on their way about Europe. For that purpose important changes were made under the direction of M. Lacroix, brother of the foster-sister of the Emperor. This somewhat distant relationship was perhaps insufficient to compensate for the very middling artistic feeling of this architect. He tore out various woodwork decorations of the eighteenth century and also substituted for them in many places hideous things in the style of Napoleon III, a miserable style combined of copies from the Renaissance and Louis XIV. In order to enlarge the palace, two old buildings were demolished—the Hôtel Sebastiani and the Hôtel de Castellane, and on their sites were erected certain offices and conveniences luckily of small importance. All

this took up a dozen years, and in 1865 the Emperor was able to give in the transformed palace a splendid festival to the diplomatic corps. An open air concert in the park, illuminated as if by daylight, was the occasion for triumph to Auber, the composer of "Fra Diavolo," "La Muette de Portici," and "Le Domino Noir."

Thereafter came a continuous defile of royalties: one by one were seen the kings of Prussia and Belgium, of Sweden, Portugal, and Greece, of Bavaria and Würtemberg, the Prince of Wales, the Khedive of Egypt. The last named was also the last royal guest.

In a few weeks more the corps of *francs-tireurs* of Lafont-Mocquart would take up their quarters in the galleries of the Elysée with the authorization of the Empress-Regent Eugénie.

THEN it was that the extraordinary history of our palace reverted once more to the note of tragedy. On September 4, 1870, two days after the capitulation of Sedan, the Republic was proclaimed. At once the staff of the commander of the National Guard took possession of the Elysée and installed itself under General Clément Thomas. Since the palace is very large, an entire wing was reserved for the societies in aid of the wounded. Miserable caravans traversed day after day the court of honor and the gilded galleries. Ladies of fashion, directed by the Countess de Flavigny, crossed every day heroically the streets swept by bombshells in order to reach the wounded. They installed their apparatus in the Salon Murat and in the great dining hall on the lower story. Then came the ignominious days of the Commune. While the beautiful monuments of Paris were burning—the Tuileries, Hôtel de Ville, Palais de Justice, a similar fate was feared for the Elysée; but it was saved, thanks to the presence of mind of the curator, M. du Gourlet, who placed forged judicial seals on the doors and made the insurrectionists believe that their leaders had decided for the present and for a secret reason to protect this palace from destruction.

SINCE 1879, the date of installation of M. Grévy, the Elysée has become the

official residence of the President of the French Republic. The earlier years were somewhat dry; but with President Carnot the tradition of grand receptions revived, notably at the date of the Universal Exposition (1889). Madame Carnot, endowed with great distinction and the true tact of a woman of the world, knew how, with her native kindness of disposition and address, to bring together at her evening receptions certain personages who had been frightened away by republican etiquette. However, this Presidency was curtailed by the crime of a wretch, the anarchist Caserio, who assassinated Carnot on his trip to Lyons in June, 1894. The body of the unfortunate President was brought back to the Elysée and placed in the Salon of the Hemicycle, where during four days all Paris disputed the honor of bowing before his inanimate remains.

A few years later sorrow made once more its overwhelming appearance at the palace. President Félix Faure, who seemed full of life and health, was found dead, struck by apoplexy in his study. This death so impressed the imagination of some people that the most incredible rumors were started concerning it.

It would take too long to describe the Elysée—its stables, so brilliantly conducted under Faure; its galleries, so splendidly used in receptions to royalties under Loubet of late years; its Salon of the Tapestries, with hangings made by the Gobelins in 1706, and representing the story of Scipio, after designs by Julio Romano—a salon which contains fine woodwork from the Château de Bercy, demolished forty years ago, and is used by the President for official receptions; its Grand Reception Room for crowned heads and other distinguished guests, decorated under the eye of Count d'Evreux himself in 1718, and containing a fine carpet from the Savonnerie, and Beauvais furniture. Most of these salons, it is true, are placed one after the other, and have no doors to a communicating corridor, as they would be arranged to-day. This inconvenience is particularly unfortunate for the residence of the head of a nation who must see many visitors, sometimes one after the other, sometimes in crowds.

The Salon of the Hemicycle mentioned above was the old parade room of the Hôtel d'Evreux, such as every residence of the period which respected itself had to show. It was not opened for common folk, but only to guests of high degree or the sovereign. The round alcove was at that time hung with a marvel of tapestry famous among all the products of the Gobelins. It represents the "Daughter of Jephthah." The freshness of the colors put to rout all our ideas concerning the effect of time on ancient things; and yet it already had a history in the time of Madame de Maintenon, who caused robes to be stitched over the nudity of the three female forms—altogether too frisky to suit the austere spouse of Louis XIV in her old age. Napoleon I slept in that alcove, but luckily he introduced no changes. The whole room has remained delightfully intact, with its admirable woodwork, covered with interlacings and arabesques, where cornucopias, as a leading motive, are mingled with "rayed shells." The jambs of the doors, framed in long, carved dragons, bear a modern signature, that of Chaplin. He has not hit the light style of the artists under Louis XVI. The same heavy touch appears in the Salon of the Cabinet Ministers, which in the eighteenth century was the music room of the Pompadour. It is a fine big room, the five tall windows of which look partly on the park and partly on a small retired garden. The woodwork is really a marvel of beauty, certainly due to the decorative genius of Nicolas Pineau. Formerly one might see framed in fine moldings the heads of the nine Muses, treated with all the grace peculiar to the period. But about forty-five years ago, by order of Napoleon III, a less than average painter replaced these charming works, so well in keeping with the interior, by frightful portraits, rank with bitumen, of, alas! Nicolas I of Russia, Franz Josef of Austria, Frederick William of Prussia, Pope Pius IX,—he is in the shadow between two windows,—Queen Victoria (at the age of 22), Victor Emmanuel, and the King of Würtemberg! I leave to the imagination what a discordant note this detestable mingling of styles and periods has introduced.

There is also little harmony in the last

of the large reception galleries on the ground floor, known as the Salon of Cleopatra. Here are remains of Louis XVI woodwork, a fine tapestry after designs by Natoire,—“Antony and Cleopatra,”—arm-chairs in Empire style, a mantelpiece set of the Directory times, and, on a Chinese stand, a *modern* statue of Louis XIV in terra cotta!

The chapel of the palace is very dark and vaguely Gothic, built by Lacroix under Napoleon III. The saints of France are painted on the walls—Saint Rémi, Saint Clothilde, Saint Clodoald, Saint Radegonde—to all of whom the artist has had the singular idea of giving the likenesses of the leading artists of the day.

The Murat Salon is decorated in the First Empire style—woodwork white and gold. Dating from 1806, and done under the eye of the King of Naples, it was renovated later, as one can see by certain traces of bad taste and also from the monogram and badge of Napoleon III and Eugénie. They had the idea of framing in the woodwork, too, immense canvases by Carle Vernet, one representing the “Entry of Murat into Naples” in 1799, the other a carriage drive of the Grand Duchess of Berg (Caroline Bonaparte Murat). The latter scene passes in a park which is no other than that of Beyreuth, the monumental architecture of which one perceives in the background. Between the two windows, which permit but little light to enter, is a curious canvas representing the Column Vendôme in an Egyptian landscape. It is crowned by the statue of Napoleon I dressed as a Roman Emperor.

What can one say of the Grand Reception Room, built by the architect Chancel, under President Carnot, to meet the requirements of the exposition of 1889? For a similar crime against art the only excuse is that it was meant to be temporary. Alas! we know how long the temporary thing is capable of lasting! The combination of iron and brick has been very justly likened to a stable. The decorations of the ceiling are in a colored and gilded *paste*, and frame certain pale compositions by Dubufe. Red carpets, red velvet curtains with gold tassels, gilded armchairs with red velvet cushions, give inevitably an official look to

this gallery. Notwithstanding all this mediocrity, on festal occasions it takes on a kind of air under the glitter of the lights. This miracle, this paradoxical result, is entirely due to the marvelous tapestries profusely used in this hall, both as hangings to the walls and as portières. Here are the “Story of Medea” by de Troy (1754-1758), “Creüsa Consumed by Fire,” and “Jason Unfaithful to Medea.” There is also the famous Don Quixote series by Coypel. What brilliancy, what an expression of life, what a sincerity in decoration, alongside of these poor modern things!

THE first story contains only reception rooms, but more intimate, and used in accordance with certain diplomatic shades of etiquette. In the large gold salon in the middle of the suite Mme. Loubet received visitors on Mondays, her “day.” There she awaited illustrious guests after they had been received officially by the President and had expressed a desire to pay their respects to Mme. Loubet. It is an interior formerly Louis XV, white and gold, but, alas! wretchedly maltreated, where one is surprised to see under the delicate woodwork the unexpected monogram of Napoleon III and Eugénie, carved in some substance like plaster. Salon des Dames, Salon des Huissiers, Salon des Paysages, Billiard Room—in the last at any rate one’s eyes are greeted by a work of distinction: the portrait of President Loubet against a red background, arms crossed, breathing a smiling strength. It is more and better than an official work: it is a portrait by Bonnat.

Here, anyhow, is an intimate note, a home corner. This suggestion grows stronger in the next room, the working study where President Loubet used to come to pass the evening with his family. It is a fine room on the corner, with four windows looking on the garden. It must be said that green dominates too exclusively, from the hangings to the cloth on the round table, passing through the shades on the furniture. Another likeness of President Loubet, dating from 1889, shows him at an epoch when care had not yet whitened his hair. As if a witness to his laborious hours, even after dinner, there is a massive empire desk

littered with papers and books, testifying to long studious hours under the midnight lamp.

To close this description with a truly artistic, though modern, note, I should like to call attention to one of the rooms at the end of the first story, the very pretty Salon of the Mirrors, originally an ante-chamber in the hôtel of the Pompadour, later the bathroom of the Empress Eugénie. What a ravishing little boudoir! It is entirely made up of mirrors, as its name indicates, but they are mirrors decorated with delicate paintings by Chaplin in the feeling, but not in imitation, of the Louis XVI style. Flowery garlands, Cupids, Venuses, Undines, and Sirens furnish the delightful motives for this precious decoration, which recalls the pretty fancies created by Marie Antoinette. And along with these goes a rose-and-mauve carpet very harmonious to the eyes and soft to the feet. Add a few pretty consoles, a mantel set of Louis XVI style well combined, and you have an interior as charming as can be imagined, decorated in a strain the like of which one might have thought forever lost. In fact, it is with this impression on us that we stop our ramble through the principal apartments of the Elysée.

Those for whom history is a sort of resurrection, following the phrase of Michelet, will undergo a variety of emotions while passing through the place where a series of tragic events has occurred—events so important in their results. Such seekers, such devotees of a past forever gone, may at times feel disappointed if they hope to meet with many traces of these haunting figures which are still fresh and, one may say, *palpable*. Where are the easy-chair, the bed, the familiar chest of drawers, of the Marquise de

Pompadour? Where is the arm-chair of Napoleon or the table on which he signed his abdication? All these have been disposed of or destroyed.

The architecture of the palace remains in its general lines, it is true, particularly if one can disengage it from its modifications and incrustations. Inside the visitor will admire without reserve the woodwork of several of the rooms on the ground floor, that of the Aides-de-camp, of the Grand Salon, the Cabinet Room. He will stop before the marvelous tapestries of the second vestibule of the Salon of the Hemicycle, before the immense Savonnerie carpet, bearing the arms of the Orléans family, which covers the floor of the great dining room. He will enjoy the few objects of art, not numerous, it is true, but genuine, which are scattered here and there, such as a certain chess-table, or the two splendid clothes-presses by Boulle in the vestibule of the first story; and he will be interested in the decorative effort of Chaplin in the Boudoir of Mirrors.

But, on the other hand, what bitter regrets for the unheard-of acts of vandalism due to the architect Lacroix! The same reprobation should befall the displeasing buildings made at the same period round about the Court of Honor and on the street of Elysée. Finally, one must cast a veil, from the artistic point of view, on the presidency of M. Sadi Carnot, to whom, alas! we owe the Salle des Fêtes, as well as the galleries that run so awkwardly along the ground floor, breaking clumsily the harmony of the general lines laid down by Molet in 1720.

Perchance the future may know how to repair these mistakes, at least in part. A great deal of money will be needed, and erudition, and taste, and wit besides. Let us hope—without believing in it too much.





Drawn by J. R. Gruger

THE WAITER TEACHES UNCLE JOHN TO SAY "ROO-ANK"

SEEING FRANCE WITH UNCLE JOHN

BY ANNE WARNER

Author of "A Woman's Will," "Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

I

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

Second day out at sea.

DEAR MAMA: We did get off at last, about four in the afternoon, but you never imagined anything like the day we had with Uncle John. It was awful, and, as luck would have it, he just happened to go aft or sou'west, or whatever it is on shipboard, in time to see them drop his trunk into the hold, and they let it fall from such a height that he swore for an hour. I don't see why Uncle is so unreasonable: a Russian gentleman had the locks broken to both his trunks and just smiled, and a very lovely Italian lady had her trunk caved in by the hoisting-rope

and only shrugged her shoulders; but Uncle turned the whole deck fairly black and blue on account of a little fall into the hold. If Lee had only been along to soothe him down! But Lee is in London by this time. I do think he might have waited and gone with us, but Uncle says he 's glad he did n't, because he says he has more than half an idea that Lee 's in love with me, and that no girl alive could be happy with him. I wish Uncle liked Lee better. I wish Lee would n't slap him on the back and call him "old boy" the way he does.

Mrs. Clary does n't like it because she has to sit next to the doctor and talk English to him, and he can't talk English. She says whenever she goes on board a liner the doctor always spots her as intelligent-looking, and has her put next to

him for English purposes. She says she's made seven trips as nursery-governess to a doctor with linguistic aspirations. The consequence is, she has most of her meals on deck with a man named Mr. Chopstone. Uncle does n't like Mr. Chopstone, because he says he has a sneaking suspicion that Mr. Chopstone admires Edna. He says Edna could never be happy with a man like Mr. Chopstone.

More later.

Fourth day out.

I 'VE been writing Lee; I can mail it at Plymouth. It does seem to me as if Lee might have waited and gone with us.

We are nicely adjusted now, and Uncle has had his trunk brought to his room, and has examined the corners and found them intact; so now the trunk is off his mind. But he has almost had fits over a man named Monsieur Sibilet, so the situation has been about as brimstonny as ever. M. Sibilet is a Frenchman going back to France, but his chair is next to Mrs. Clary's, and Uncle says steamer-chairs are never accidents, but are always premeditated and with intent to kill. He asked Mrs. Clary if she could n't see that no woman could ever be happy with a dancing fan-tan like Sibilet. We did n't know what a "fan-tan" was, but we all agreed with Uncle's premises as to poor monsieur; and then it developed that there is a Mme. Sibilet deathly sick down below, and Uncle said that he had known it all the time and was only joking.

Edna and Harry are very happy, but they have to be awfully careful, because Uncle says he has a half-fledged notion that Harry is paying attention to Edna, and that he won't allow anything of the kind—not for one York second. We don't know what a "York second" is, and we have n't asked. Uncle plays poker nights, and we make the most of it. There is a nice Yale man on board, and I walk around with him. His name is Edgar. Uncle says he looks as if he had his bait out for a fortune, but Mrs. Clary says to never mind it—to go right on walking. She lies still while we walk, and talks to M. Sibilet in French.

Uncle says he is the head of this expedition, and there 's to be no foolishness. He says it's all rot about a man not being able to see through women, and that Edna

and I need n't expect to keep any secrets from him. I do wish Lee was here to soothe him down. He was so furious to-day because he shut up his wash-stand and let the tooth-powder slide to perdition. M. Sibilet offered him an extra box of his own, but Uncle was n't a bit grateful. He says he is sure M. Sibilet is in love with Mrs. Clary now, or why under the sun should he offer him his tooth-powder? He says he thinks it's disgraceful, considering poor Mme. Sibilet, and he took mine instead.

More later.

Sixth day out.

I do wish we were in Havre, or anywhere where Uncle had more room. The third officer invited him up on the bridge yesterday, and Uncle says you need n't tell him that any third officer in this world ever would invite him up to the bridge unless he had his eye on Edna or me. Uncle says for Edna and me to remember that old uncles have eyes as well as young third officers, and to bear in mind that it would be a dog's life to be married to a third officer. I 'm beginning to be very glad, indeed, that Lee took another steamer; I reckon Lee saw how it would be. Uncle says he 'd like to know what we took a slow steamer for, anyhow. He says it would have been more comfortable to have all been in death agonies and to have been in Havre by this time. He was terribly upset to-day by Mme. Sibilet's coming on deck and proving to be an old lady with white hair and the mother of monsieur instead of the wife. He says you need n't talk to him about French honor after this. We don't know what the connection is between poor old Mme. Sibilet and French honor, but we think it best not to ask. The truth is, Uncle lost all patience with M. Sibilet the day it rained and pitched—I think it was the third day out. He never did like him very much, anyhow. Mrs. Clary wanted to sit in the wind that day, and she and monsieur sat in the wind until the rain grew so bad that they were absolutely driven to come around and sit by Uncle, under the lee of the port, or whatever it is on board ship. Monsieur lugged Mrs. Clary's chair because he could n't find a steward, and he brought it around by the smoking-room and the whole length of the

deck, with the steamer pitching so that half the time he was on top of the chair, and the other half of the time the chair was on top of him. There was no one on deck but us, on account of the storm, and I thought we should die laughing, because there were forty empty chairs under shelter already.

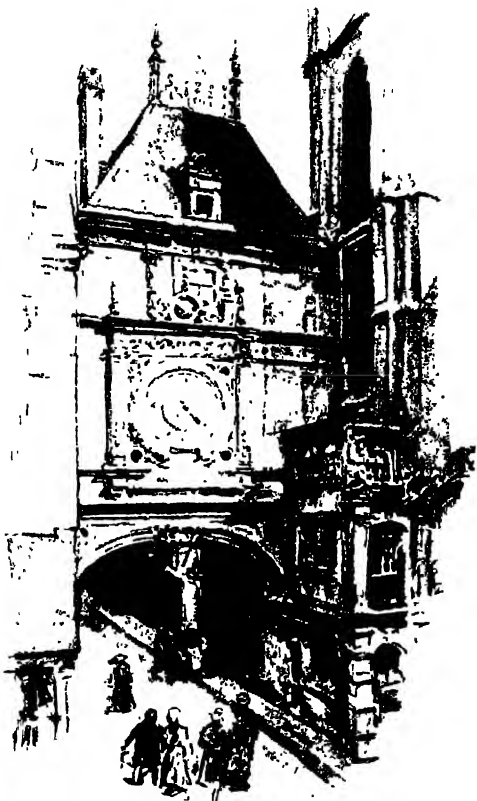
Uncle waited until, with a final slip and a slide, the poor man landed the chair, and then he screamed: "I say, Sibbilly, just take the cards out and change them another time. That 's the way we Americans do."

You should have seen poor monsieur's face! Uncle said the whole affair gave him a queer feeling as to what might be in store for us in France. He said if M. Sibilet was a sample Frenchman, he thought he would n't get off at Havre, after all.

Mrs. Clary is in lots of trouble over the doctor. He comes up on deck and bothers her half to death, talking English. She can't understand his English, and M. Sibilet gets tired translating.

M. Sibilet speaks seven languages. Uncle says that 's nothing to his credit, however.

More later.



Drawn by F. R. Gruger

THE GREAT CLOCK AT ROUEN

Ninth day out.

UNCLE is in high spirits to-day, for he won the pool. He has been so disgusted because Mr. Edgar has won it three times. Uncle says that 's no sign he 'd be a good husband, though. I do think Uncle's logic is so very peculiar. He came into my state-room to-day and asked me if I

did n't think the doctor was absolutely impertinent in the way he was pursuing Mrs. Clary. You 'd have thought the doctor tore after her around the deck, to hear him. He said he expected to have trouble with Edna and me, but he never looked for Mrs. Clary to be a care. He

said he did n't suppose she was over forty, but she ought to consider appearances more. He 's quite put out, and I am gladder than ever that Lee is n't with us.

We laughed ourselves half sick to-day over Mr. Chopstone. Uncle's port-hole does n't work very easily, and Mr. Chopstone heard him talking about it to himself as he passed in the corridor, and he went in to help him. Uncle asked Mr. Chopstone if he had a crowbar or a monkey-wrench with him, and Mr. Chopstone did n't have a crowbar or a monkey-wrench with him, but said why not ring for the steward. Uncle would n't hear to the steward, and so they climbed on the divan together and tried to pry it with

Uncle's hair-brush. The hair-brush broke, and Uncle went spinning, but Mr. Chopstone caught his cuff in the crack, and it tore, and half of his shirt-sleeve with a diamond cuff-link went to sea. At first we all felt awful about it, but he was so composed that Edna said he must be a millionaire, and Uncle said it must be a paste diamond. That is all only preliminary to the funny part. This afternoon we were lying in our chairs and Uncle was standing by the rail looking at a ship.

All of a sudden he exclaimed, "Great Scott! Chopstone, if there is n't your cuff!" Mr. Chopstone made just one bound from his chair to the rail, and looked over so hard that his cap fell into the sea. Of course the mere idea of the cuff having sailed as fast as we did all day used us up completely, and Uncle in particular had to hang to the rail for support while he sort of wove back and forth in an ecstasy of speechless joy. Even M. Sibilet was overcome by mirth, although it turned out afterward that he thought the fun was on account of the lost cap. And then, when we got ourselves under control once more, Mr. Chopstone explained that what he had thought was that the cuff had caught somewhere on the outside of the steamer and that Uncle saw it hanging there. Edna says that it all shows that poor Mr. Chopstone is *not* a millionaire, and Mrs. Clary says it proves, too, that it *was* a real diamond.

It is beginning to seem like a pretty long trip, and Mrs. Clary has started packing her trunk. The little flag that marks our progress across the chart is making Europe in great jumps, and we are all glad. Uncle gets more restless every day, and he says if the doctor don't quit coming up on deck to talk to Mrs. Clary, something will soon drop. The doctor is really very amusing; he says the first officer has a pet "marmadillo," but we cannot see it because it is too anxious. He means "frightened," it seems. Mr. Edgar is very nice; both he and Mr. Chopstone are going to Paris. Lee will be in Paris by Wednesday, I hope, and I most sincerely trust he will keep on the right side of Uncle.

They say we will land early day after to-morrow. I can mail my letters in Plymouth to-morrow evening. Uncle says he's going express hereafter; he says no more dilly-dally voyages for him.

Tenth day out.

WHAT do you think! Uncle took me into the parlor after dinner to-night and told me that he was n't going to Paris with the rest. He says he did n't come abroad to scurry around like a wild rabbit, and that he's going to stop in Havre for a day or two. He says Edna and I had better stay with him, as he can't think of our traveling with Mr. Edgar and Mr.

Chopstone alone. I said, "But there's Mrs. Clary." And he said, "Yes; but you forget Sibbilly." I do think Uncle's logic is so remarkable.

Eleventh day out.

EVERYBODY is getting their trunks in from the baggage-room and running to the rail to look at ships. Uncle won the pool again to-day; he says this is one of the pleasantest trips he ever made, and he shook hands with M. Sibilet when he met him on deck this morning.

Mrs. Clary is awfully upset over our staying in Havre, and she says if Lee is in Paris he won't like it, either. We expect a mail in Plymouth.

Later.

The mail came, and I had a letter from Lee. He is going to Russia for a week, and he folded in an extra piece, saying to give Uncle the letter. It was a funny kind of letter, but of course it had to be a funny kind of letter if I was to give it to Uncle. I gave it to Uncle, and he said, "Hum!" and that was all. He says if Mr. Edgar or Mr. Chopstone stay in Havre, he'll know the reason why. I do think Uncle might be more reasonable. Edna has been crying. She does n't want to stay in Havre; she wants to go to Paris when Harry goes.

Yours with love, as ever,

Yvonne.

¶¶

UNCLE JOHN IN ROUEN

9 A.M.

"WELL, girls, are you ready to get up and out and set about improving your minds? -I've been reading the guide-book and spilling my coffee with trying to do two things at once ever since eight o'clock. But what your Uncle John does n't know about Rouen now is n't worth stopping to look up in the index. Why, I've even got the real French twang to the pronunciation. It's Roo-ank; only you stop short of the 'n' and the 'k,' so to speak. The waiter who brought my breakfast showed me how to do it—said he never saw a foreigner catch on to the trick so quick before. I gave him one of those slim little



Drawn by F. R. Gruger

AT THE TOMB OF RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION

quarters they have here, and he was so pleased that he taught me how to say 'Joan of Arc' for nothing. It's Shondark—*Shondark*—I learned it in no time. Well, come on, if you're ready. I've been waiting almost an hour.

"I declare, but this fresh, free atmosphere is refreshing! As soon as you get outside of your bedroom door you begin to get the full benefit of the Continental climate. I presume, if you're poor, you get it as soon as you get outside of your bed-clothes. Rather a medieval staircase, eh? And four orange-trees at the bottom to try and fool us into feeling balmy. However, I don't mind little discomforts; all I mind is being shut up on a ship with a darned fool like that man

Sibbilly. I should n't wonder if his mother was his wife, after all. I could believe anything of him. I did n't like him.

"We'll go to take in the cathedral first; it is n't far, and I've got it all by heart. Thirteenth century and unsymmetrical—you must remember that. There, that's it ahead there—with the scaffolding. They're bolstering it up somewhat, so as to keep on hooking tourists, I presume. The biggest tower is the Butter Tower, built out of paid-for permissions to eat butter in Lent. Rather a rough joke, its being so much the biggest, is n't it? The whole cathedral's lopsided from eating butter, so to speak. I believe it's the thing to stop in front and act as if you were

overcome; so we 'll just call a halt here and take in the general effect of the scaffolding.

"Now we 'll walk around the whole thing. I have n't come abroad to take life with a hop, skip, and jump; I 've come to be thorough, and I want you girls to form the habit of being thorough, too. What I did n't like about that fellow Edgar was his not being thorough. When he went down to look at the ship's machinery he only stayed an hour. Now, I did n't go at all; but if I had gone, I should have stayed more than an hour. Good job of scaffolding, is n't it? You see, they make the scaffolding out of young trees withed together, and use them over and over. Economical. Just about what you 'd expect of Sibbilly. Those gargoyles and saints around the top stick their heads out pretty interested-like, don't they? But their view is for the most part blocked. Now this cheerful old jail at the back is the palace of the archbishop. I wish, young ladies, that you would note those little bits of high windows and the good thick bars across them as illustrating the secure faith that the dead and gone archbishops had in their loving people. I 'll bet there 's been plenty of battering and rioting around under these walls, first and last; plenty of fists and sticks and stones. It 's big, is n't it? Big as half a block, and things look so much bigger here than they do at home. They slide a roof up slanting and cock it full of little crooked windows, and you feel as if you must tip over backward to take in the top. I vow, I don't just see how it 's done; but—oh, here 's where we go in. This dark, damp little stone-paved alley is the celebrated 'Portail des Libraires,' so called because those arcades used to be full of book-stalls. We go along on the cobblestones, throw ourselves hard against this little swinging door; it creaks, it yields, we enter—hush!

"Great Scott, is n't it big, and *is n't* it damp? Will you look up in that roof? I feel solemn in spite of myself; but, then, feeling solemn is no use: what we want to do is to find some one to open those big iron gates, for the most of what is to see is in back there. Edna, you ask that man how we can get hold of some other man. Well, what did he say? Said to ask the Swiss, did he? What does he mean by

that? Is it a joke, or can't they trust a Frenchman with their old relics? I 've been told that in Japanese banks they always have to have a Chinaman to handle the money, and maybe it 's equally the thing in a French cathedral to have a Swiss look after the relics. But the guide-book never said a word about a Swiss: it said '*fee*,' and I 've got my pocket full of them.

"Well, where can we get a Swiss? I should think he 'd be more handy than he appears to be. There 's another man looking for him, too. He—Great Scott! if it is n't—no, that is impossible. Yes, it is!

"I beg your pardon, sir, but is your name Porter? Yes? Robert Porter—Bobby Porter that went to the Washington School? Bob, do you remember me? Well, of all the larks!

"Girls, this man and I went to school side by side for eight years, and he 's the finest—my nieces, Bob. That 's Edna and this is Yvonne, and—you don't say he 's your son? Did n't know you ever married. Oh, I 'll take your word for it, of course; but, I say, Bob, you 've got to come and dine with us to-night. You must; I won't have it any other way. You and I 'll have to just sit down and overhaul all our old memories together. Do you remember—but how do you come to be in Europe, anyhow; and what liner did you line up on? We had a beastly trip,—only came from Havre last night,—and, by the way, how in thunder can we get hold of the man who opens these iron gates? Everything in the place is back there.

"Is that a Swiss—that splendid circus-chariot driver? Give you my word, I thought he was a cardinal! How much of a tip is that much gold lace going to look forward to getting? I wish he was plainer, somehow. I 'll tell you, Bob; you pay, and I 'll settle up later. I certainly am glad to see the gates open; I felt more like a serpent shut out of paradise than I ever expected to feel in all my life.

"Well, now we begin. Who 's buried here? Henry II of England, eh? I can't read Latin, so Henry's virtues and dates are all one to me. Which Henry was he, anyhow—the one with six wives or the one who never shed a smile? Either way,



Drawn by I. R. Gruget

IN THE COURT OF THE HÔTEL DU BOURGTHÉROULDE, BEFORE THE BAS-RELIEFS
OF THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD

let 's move on. What comes next? Richard Cœur-de-Lion—petrified, eh? Oh, only a statue of him; that 's less interesting. I thought at last I was looking at Richard when he was himself again. What is our Swiss friend hissing about?

Heart buried underneath? Whose heart —Richard's? Ask if it 's his bona-fide heart or only a death-mask of it? Strikes me as a pretty big statue to put up to a heart, don't you think, Bob? But come on; I want to be looking at something else.

"So this is the tomb of the husband of Diane of Poitiers? I did n't know she ever had a husband—thought she only had a king. I've never been brought up to think of Diane of Poitiers mourning a husband. But maybe she did, maybe she did. They say you must check your common sense at the hotel when you set out to inspect Europe, and I believe it. I believe it. It's a nice tomb, and if they kneel and mourn in a gown with a train, she certainly is doing it up brown. However, let's go on.

"Two cardinals of Amboise kind of going in procession on their knees over their own dead bodies or maybe it's only hearts agam. Well, Bob, the Reformation was a great thing, after all, was n't it? Must have felt fine to straighten up for a while. Stop a bit, the guide book said there was something to examine about these two—wait till I find the place. Oh, well, never mind, I dare say a guide book's very handy, but I move we quit this damp old hole,

anyway. I would n't bother to come agam. That's a sad thing about life, Bob, as soon as you get in front of anything and get a square look at it, you're ready to move on—at least I am.

"What's he saying? Well, ask him agam. Whose grave? Well, ask him agam. Rollo's? What, Rollo that was 'At Work' and 'At Play' and at everything else when we were kids? Another? What other? Well, ask him. Rollo the Norman? I don't see anything very remark-

able in a Norman being buried in Normandy, do you, Bob? When did he die? Well, ask him. What are we paying him for, anyway? Died about 900, eh! And this church was n't built till four hundred years later. Where did he spend the time while he was waiting to be buried? Well,

ask him. I declare, if I could talk French, I bet I'd know something about things. You are the *dum-est* lot! Here's Rollo lying around loose for as long as we've had America with us, and no one takes any interest in where. Is that the tomb he finally got into? Clever idea to have it so dark no one can see it, after all. I suppose he thinks we'll be impressed, but I ain't. I don't believe Rollo's in there, anyhow.

"Come on, I'm tired of this old church. I move that we go out and look at the place where they burned Joan of Arc, or something else that is bright and cheerful. What's he saying? No, I don't want to see any treasury, I've done enough church-going for

one week day. Give him his money, Bob, and let's get out. You tell us where to go next, you must know everything, if you were here all day yesterday. I want to see that double faced clock and those carvings of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. They're all over in the same direction.

"Good to be out in the air, eh? I vow, I never was great on churches. What boat did you come over on? Did it roll? Ours rolled and pitched, too. I never



DECEASED COPY, 1

THE RUINS OF THE ABBEY OF JUMIÈGES

saw such a rolling. I tell you, Bob, the man will make a fortune who invents a level liner. I used to try and figure on how to hang the passenger department in an open square, so it could swing free,—do you get the idea?—but I don't know as it could be managed. I was trying to work it out one morning, and I came up against the wash-stand so sudden that I thought I was cut in two; the next second I went backward so quick that the edge of the berth nearly amputated my legs; and then the whole craft arose on such a swell that I swallowed half my tooth-brush. You may laugh, Bob, but I'm not telling this to be funny; I'm telling it for a fact. I had to have the steward in to put the washing-apparatus to rights, and I asked him what in thunder was up outside. He was standing at an angle of forty-five degrees, looking up at me where I sat in the lower berth, and he said, 'If the wind shifts, we're very likely to have it rough.' Just then he took on an angle of ninety-five degrees, and my trunk slid out on his feet so quick he had to hop. I said: 'Have it *rough*, eh? Well, I'm glad to know, so that I can take advantage of this calm spell.'

“So that's the clock! Well, it's a big one, surely—almost as wide as the street, although candor compels us to own that the street is about the narrowest ever. All right, I'm done; a clock is a clock, and one look in its face always tells me all I want to know. Come on; we can't stand dilly-dallying if we're to get through Rouen to-day, and I must say I consider a day to a town as quite enough in Europe. I know, when I was young and traveled for wholesale shoes, I used often and often to do three towns a day and never turn a hair. I tell you, Bob, when I was—

“Is that the fountain? Hold on; we want to see that! The guide-book has it in italics. I don't see anything to underline, though; looks foreign to me. Come on; we've got to be getting somewhere, or I shall feel I was a fool to stop off at Rouen. Not that I'm not glad to have met you again, Bob; but that could have happened anywhere else just as well, you know. When did you come over? Last year! Great Scott, what are you staying so long for? I bet I get enough in six weeks; I feel as if I'd got pretty close to enough now. Not that time ever hangs

heavy on my hands, you know. No, not by a long shot. I'm the kind of man that can always amuse himself. Give me a fair show,—off a ship, of course,—and I'll defy any one to get on better. Take the day we landed, for instance, there in Havre,—rainy, not a thing to do, and every one else off for Paris. You might have looked for me to be a little disgusted, naturally; but not a bit of it. The day went like the wind. We landed at noon, I slept all the afternoon, and in the evening I took a bath. I tell you, Bob, a fellow with brains can get on anywhere. I never know what it is to feel bored.

“What's our Goddess of Liberty doing up there? What's that Indian bead-work around her feet for? Who? You don't mean to tell me that's Joan of Arc? Well, all I can say is, I never imagined her like that. But what are the beads? French funeral wreaths! Great Scott! do they keep Charlemagne wreathed, too, or is five hundred years the bead-wreath limit? Pretty idea, to put up a fountain where they burnt her—keep her memory damp at all events, eh? What's the moral of her train turning into a dolphin? Just to bring the mind gradually down to the level of the fact that it is a fountain, after all, I suppose.

“She was n't burnt here, anyhow, the book said. The book said she was burnt farther over. Smart people here—have two places where she was burnt, so people must trot through the whole market if they try to be conscientious. Look at that woman, with her bouquet of live chickens—novel effect in chickens, eh, Bob? Strikes me it was an enterprising idea to burn Joan in the market, anyhow—good business for the market. Folks come to see the statue, and incidentally buy some peanuts.

“Well, where can we go now? I say to set out and have a look at the tower where she was imprisoned. Pulled down! It is n't, either; it's starred in the book. What's that? This tower named for her, and hers pulled down! Well, there's French honor for you again. What do you think of Sibbilly now, Edna? I don't want to see the tower if it ain't the real one. I want to see the bas-reliefs of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and then I want to go back to the hotel to lunch. I tell you, this sight-seeing is a great ap-

petizer. The more old ruins and burnings I look over, the hungrier I get.

"Is this the place? Makes me think of a sort of glorified gate to a wood-yard. What is it, now? Well, ask somebody! A bank, eh? Are those the famous bas-reliefs? Those! Them! Well, well, I must say the touring public is easy game. They're all worn off. What's the tin overhead for? To keep the rain from damaging them, eh? Pretty bit of sarcasm, eh, Bob? Great pity they did n't think to put it four or five hundred years sooner. I don't see a man with a head or a horse with a leg from here. It lacks character, to my idea. Let's go home. Come on. I've racked around Rouen all I care to for one day.

III

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

Rouen.

DEAREST MAMA It is mid night, and I must tell you the most astonishing piece

of news. We came here with Uncle last night, and all this morning we were out with him. When we came home and unlocked our room we found Lee sitting by the window. But he does n't want Uncle to know. It was fortunate that Uncle's room is across the hall, for I screamed. We could n't see how he got in, but he says that he has bent a buttonhook so that he can travel all over Europe. It seems he never meant to go to Russia at all; but he does n't want Uncle to know. He says he thinks Russia is a good place for Uncle to imagine him in. We had such fun! We told him all about the

voyage and all about Uncle. He says M. Sibilet's mother is his wife—he married her for money. He says he's a painter. Lee is really going yachting, but he does n't want Uncle to know. He is n't going for a while, though; and he does n't want Uncle to know that, either. While we were talking, Uncle rapped, and Lee had to get into the wardrobe while Uncle came in and read us a lecture. When we were in the cathedral to-day he

found a man he used to know in school, and he was utterly overjoyed until he saw that the man had a son; and then, of course, he was worried over the son. So he came in to-night to tell us that if he discovered any skylarking, he should at once give up a friendship which had always meant more to him than we young things could possibly imagine. He said we must understand that he'd have no sort of foolishness going on, and at that the wardrobe creaked so



Drawn by F. R. Gruger

LEE SURPRISES THE LADIES

awfully that Edna had a fit of coughing, and I did n't know what I should have if he kept on. He did n't go until it was high lunch time, and I was afraid Lee would have to stay in the wardrobe until he smothered. When Uncle was gone, Edna asked Lee how under the sun he kept still, and he said he nearly died, because so many hooks hooked into his coat and he had nothing to perch on except shoe-trees. I do think Lee is so clever. I wish Uncle thought so, too. He went to his room, and we lunched with Uncle, Mr. Porter, and Mr. Porter, Jr.; and afterward we visited the church

of the Bon-Secours and the monument to Jeanne d'Arc. She stands on top, her hands manacled, with her big, frightened eyes staring sadly and steadily out over the town where she met death. Uncle admired her so much that he tripped on one of the sheep that are carved on the steps, and after that he did n't admire anything or anybody. We got back about five, and Lee came in for a visit of an hour. Lee says he had a fine voyage. It stormed, and he says he never was battered down with such a lively lot of people. Uncle came in twice while he was there, but Lee has the wardrobe by heart now, and does n't take a second. He says the men he 's going yachting with are great sport, and he expects to have the time of his life. I do wish Uncle liked Lee, so that he could go around with us these days, he would be so much fun.

We are going to Jumièges to-morrow, Uncle says. Lee says he must take the early train for Havre. He 's just been in to say good-by. He brought a cherry-tart and his shoe-horn, and we had ours, and so we had no trouble at all in eating it.

It has raised my spirits lots, seeing Lee. It seemed so terrible for him to go off to Russia like that. Uncle spoke of it yesterday. He said he was glad to have one worry off his mind and safe in Russia. The wardrobe squeaked merrily.

Now good-by.

Love from

Yvonne.

IV

YVONNE TO HER MOTHER

Rouch.

DEAR MAMA: Lee is gone. I do wish he could have stayed longer, but he thought it was risky. Uncle John was sure he smelt cigarette smoke in my room, and although it was n't true at all, Edna cried and said the wardrobe was getting on her nerves, and Lee said he reckoned he 'd take his button-hook and move on. We had an awful time bidding him good-by, for Uncle came in three times, and the second time he had lost his umbrella and thought it must be in our wardrobe. I never was so frightened in all my life; for, you know, if Uncle had been hunting for his umbrella and had found Lee, he

would n't have liked it at all. Edna volunteered to look in the wardrobe, and I know I must have looked queer, for Uncle asked if I 'd taken cold. You know how much I think of Lee, but I could n't help being relieved when he was gone. It is such a responsibility to have a man in your wardrobe so much of the time. He said that I must try to steer Uncle toward Brittany, because he 'll be yachting all around there. He says I must mark places in the Baedeker with strips of paper. He says that 's a fine way to make any one go anywhere, and that if Edna and I will talk Italy and mark Brittany, Uncle is almost sure to wind up in the Isle of Jersey. Lee says he wishes he 'd been kinder to Uncle in America, and then he 'd like him better in Europe. He 's afraid Uncle will never forgive him for taking him bobbing that time and dumping him off in the snow. It was too bad.

We went to Jumièges to-day. Uncle found it in the guide-book, and we took an eleven-o'clock train. Mr. Porter and his son were late, and just had time to get into the rear third-class coach. Uncle was much distressed until we came to Yamville, where the train stopped, and they got out. Uncle wanted them to get in with us, and he talked so forcibly on the subject that the train nearly started again before Mr. Porter could make him understand that Yamville is where you get off for Jumièges.

I do wish it was n't so hard to turn Uncle's ideas another way when he 's got them all wrong.

Yamville has a red-brick depot on the edge of a pleasant, rolling prairie, but there is a little green omnibus to hyphenate it with Jumièges. We were a very tight fit inside, for of course we could only sit in Uncle's lap, and he did n't suggest it, so I had to hold Edna; and Mr. Porter and his son knew Uncle well enough not to suggest taking her. I thought that we should never get there; and it was so tantalizing, for the country became beautiful, and we could only see it in little triangular bits between shoulders and hats. Young Mr. Porter wanted to get out and walk, but Uncle said, "Young man, when you are as old as I am, you will know as much as I do," so he gave up the idea. I do believe we were cooped up for a solid hour before we finally

rolled down a little bit of a hill into a little bit of a village, and climbed stiffly out into the open air.

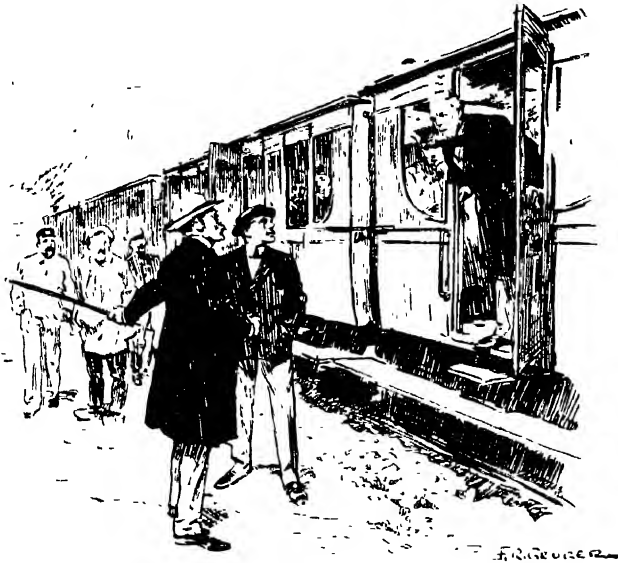
We all had to cry out with wonder and admiration then, it was really so wonderful. On one side were the hills, with the Seine winding off toward Paris; and on the other side was the wood, with the ragged ruins of the abbey-church walls towering up out of the loftiest foliage. Uncle thought we had better go and see all there was to be seen directly, so we walked off down the little road with a funny feeling of being partly present and partly past, but very well content.

The story goes that one of the ancient French kings took two young princes of a rival house, crippled them, put them on a boat, and set them afloat at Paris. They drifted down the current as far as this spot, and here they were rescued. They founded a

monastery in gratitude, and their tomb was in the church, which is now in ruins. Later we saw the stone, with their effigies, in the little museum by the gate. They were called "Les Deux Enervés," in reference to their mutilation. Uncle thought the word meant "nervous," and we heard him say to Mr. Porter, "Well, who would n't have been, under the circumstances?" The whole of the abbey is now the private property of a lady who lives in a nice house up over back beyond somewhere. She built the lodge, and also a little museum for relics from the ruins, and has stopped the wholesale carrying off of stones from the beautiful remnants of what must have once been a truly superb monument. I am sure I shall never in all my life see anything more grand or impressive than the

building as it is to-day. It is much the same plan as the cathedral at Rouen, only that it has been preserved, and this has been long abandoned. It is so curious to think of the choir which we saw yesterday, with its chapels and stained glass, and then to compare it with this roofless and windowless one, out of the tops of the walls of which fir-trees—big ones—are growing. You don't know what a strange sensation it is to see trees growing out of the tops of ruined walls the foundations of which

were laid by Charlemagne's relatives. Edna and I felt very solemn, and Uncle was quiet ever so long, and then only said, "I vow!" The grass is growing in the nave and transept, and the big carved pediments stick up through the turf here and there, with moss and lichen clinging to the shadowy sides. The rows of pillars are pretty even, and the set of big arches above



Drawn by F. K. Gutzwiller

"YAINVILLE IS WHERE YOU GET OFF
FOR JUMIEGES"

are mostly all there still. There was a third and a fourth gallery above, and although they are fallen away in places, still you can see exactly how it used to be. When you look away up to the fourth tier of columns, the main walls of the nave are still soaring higher yet; and when you follow the sky-line of their vastness, you see the two mighty towers rising, rising, straight up toward heaven, with the rooks whirling and circling about them and screaming in the oddest, most awfully mournful manner. I'm sure I shall never feel the same way again, not even if I live to be a thousand years old myself. I felt overcome; I felt a way that I never felt before. I don't know what I felt.

Uncle was delighted; he sighed with satisfaction. "This is the real thing," he

said to Mr. Porter; "I like this. You can see that there's been no tampering with *this* ruin." Mr. Porter looked up at the sky above and said: "I should say that there had been considerable tampering with this ruin. I will take my oath that the whole of the little town yonder was built with the stone taken from these walls and those of the monastery buildings."

Uncle is getting very nervous over Mr. Porter, Jr., because he walks around with Edna so much; so we were not allowed out of his sight during the visit, and did n't explore half as much as we wanted to. The little museum was really very interesting, and had the tombstone of one of Joan of Arc's judges. I feel very sorry for Joan's poor judges. They had to do as they were bid, and have been execrated for it ever since.

We came home late in the afternoon, and Mr. Porter found a telegram calling him to Brussels on business, so he and his son said good-by hurriedly and took a half-past-six train. Uncle said at dinner that it was a strange thing to see how, after forty-five years of seeing the world, a man could still be the same as when one had to do all his sums for him at school. We absorbed this luminous proposition in silence, and then Uncle looked severely at Edna and said that at the rate that things were progressing he would n't have been surprised to have had a John Gilpin in the family any day. We were struck

dumb at this threat or prophecy or whatever was intended, and went meekly to bed. Edna had a letter from Lee and I had one from Harry. Lee did n't dare write me and Harry did n't dare write Edna because of Uncle. But they each sent the other their love.

Uncle wants to go to Gisors to-morrow.

P. S. I must add a line to tell you that Mrs. Braytree and the four girls have arrived. They saw Uncle on the stairs coming up, and all came straight to our room. They landed yesterday, and had a real good passage, only Eunice fell out of the berth and sprained her wrist. She has it in a sling. They had a hard time arranging about the dog, as the hotel did n't want him in the rooms. He is one of those dogs that look scratchy and whiny at the first glance. Mrs. Braytree has lost her keys, so she sat with us while the hotel people got a man to open her trunks. She says she's in no hurry to unpack, for she had so many bottles she's almost positive one cork at least must have come out. They entirely forgot to bring any hairpins and suffered dreadfully on ship-board on that account. They had trouble with one of their port-holes too, and Mrs. Braytree and Uncle are both going to carry crowbars at sea hereafter.

They are going to stay here a week. It's so nice to meet some one from home!

Always yours lovingly,

Yvonne.

(To be continued)

MANHATTAN

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

FANTASTIC wreck of simpler things,
 She sits beside the haughty sea
 And calls the whole world to her knee.
 There is no mete to her control,
 No doubting in her dreaming brain.
 With eyes that know nor dread nor dole
 She builds and burns and builds again.

She typifies our race for fame,
 Our haste, our hope, our love of game.
 In her fierce heart our passions rave,
 Madly contemptuous of the grave.

To leave for a moment fundamental truths and come to the details of every day. We are in the height of the season. Between Christmas and New Year's, as you know, in a place like this, there is everything going on. The boys are all at home from college, the girls from school. There is a dance each night, and I go to every one. Do I find any pleasure in it? I love madly the exhilaration of dancing, but at the end of an evening with whom I have danced I could not tell you. As I never reveal my convictions to the boys, they are not frightened away, and dance with me in blissful ignorance.

I go everywhere and I know every one. On second thought I should say that there is one man I have not known. Strangely enough, we have missed each other at every dinner and ball. I understand, however, that he works very hard and is very busy. I suppose just because I have not known him I am curious about him. That is one thing, and then meeting him nearly every other afternoon in Mohegan Avenue has given me an interest in him. The awkwardness of always passing him, each of us knowing perfectly well who the other is, has drawn my attention to him. I can't, of course, look at him. Sometimes he appears thoughtful and almost tired. On his forehead is a slight scar. I wonder what made it and if there is any story about it. He seems like a man about whom there might be stories. That he has not had himself presented to me, I must say, surprises me. Of course I don't really care; still, I am puzzled. They say he is very clever, and he must have heard that I was—not stupid, and seen that I am—not hideous. Such indifference is perplexing, and I should almost like to show him the error of his ways.

Last night the dance was at the Grinnells', the night before at the Kendricks', and the night before that I can't remember. One is so like another. I am beginning to weary of it already—to feel the meaningless monotony of it. I go, because there is nothing else to do. The machine is wound up for the winter. I am "in the fourth speed." But I will not live mechanically. The first thing I shall astonish them all by refusing something.

Two mornings in the week I am at All Hail Hall. Usually the girls I meet there have been out two or three years. I believe a "bud" is a *rara avis*. But the relief of doing something is very great. Even before Lent I shall take up the work. Perhaps I may find in it what I want. I have thought of going to live in a "settlement." I have also thought of going to spend a winter in a Paris studio, to see if I have any real talent for art. I have also considered a London season, where our ambassador is an old friend of papa's, seeing interesting people and doing interesting things.

When I express my very natural desires and determinations, papa laughs. I do not like the way he laughs. He is so convinced that he will not be troubled by my demands. His face has the same expression that it had when I used to ask for something for Christmas which had already been bought as a present for me. He laughs as he laughed only the other day when I wanted a new automobile, and he let me go out into the stables to find it standing there. He annoys me, for he is clever, and I hate to be treated that way; and he continues to smile. Finally I tell him that I must go away by myself somewhere and live my own life.

I said that I should astonish them by refusing to go out. I am of half a mind to begin this, very evening. Fanny Ramsay has a large dinner before the Weston dance. Why should I go? I know everything they will say and do, and everybody who will be there except Mr. Warde, who, curiously enough, is going. Fanny said that she wanted me particularly to come. Of course I could find some reason for not doing it, and she would not be angry with me very long. Not to go, though, would be distinctly rude. If I do, I wonder who will take me in. Perhaps Mr. Warde may sit on the other side. Anyway, if he does, there will not be the difficulty about not bowing to him.

II

MR. AND MRS. ALEXANDER GORDON MAXWELL
REQUEST THE HONOR OF YOUR PRESENCE
AT THE MARRIAGE OF THEIR DAUGHTER
CATHERINE

TO

MR. HENRY PEYTON WARDE
ON TUESDAY, THE EIGHTEENTH OF JUNE,
AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, AT ALL-SOULS' CHURCH, OCHIGO.

III

He has just gone. He said that he wished that we could escape the fuss and bother of the wedding. He said that he'd rather clope and run away from it all. His way of looking at it is so simple and large. Any other view than his seems very petty and unworthy. His disregard of all except the essential is so strong and great. He makes me fairly ashamed of any interest in the preparations, in the selection of the bridesmaids (how good that you can come), in the first presents and in the last,—for each comes as a constantly recurring delight and surprise,—in the dress and veil, and where we are to go.

Of course he was right.

"Then we can change it and be married quietly," he was quickly assured.

"Never in the world," he declared vigorously. "We must climb up to the pinnacle of the occasion. We must make a Roman triumph of it and be slaughtered to make a Roman holiday. Is n't this wedding a great event?"

"The greatest for me," he was informed. "But when you said what you did I agreed with you."

"What I said," he answered, "was an expression of my feelings rather than my convictions."

"How glad I am, then, not to be too wrong, after all!" was my answer, with a contented sigh.

"I suggest," he said, with a laugh, "that we at once add two more bridesmaids at least."

"How dear you are about it!" he was swiftly told.

How nice relying on his judgment is! To know that he can decide every question, to have him to settle everything! The peace and serenity which follow are quite indescribable. The conclusiveness, the inevitability, is so satisfactory. There is the restfulness of being carried by a great power. There is a placid sense of being held, contained, engulfed. The feeling must be something like the river running into the sea, to be lost in its greater immensity—to be lost, to be sure, but to be past all the tiresome shallows, all the vexing little whirlpools and disturbing rapids.

We had been talking about our honeymoon.

"I suppose that we must go somewhere," he said. "Shall it be the midnight sun at Hammerfest or moonlight on the Mediterranean?"

"Oh, no," he was implored earnestly. "Don't go where there are people. Let us just find some quiet spot out of the world, where we can make our world—be our world as we are."

He knew of a hidden place in the Canadian woods where he had once gone to shoot. What he said pleased me at once. We are going there. To be free from the interruptions and exactions of the world, to forget that the world exists and be together in the absolute solitude, just forest and lake shutting us in!

All this reminds me that my father was so strangely amused this morning when I told him what we proposed.

"Yes, yes," he said, with a little twinkle in his eyes. "But how about a London season and seeing interesting people and doing interesting things?"

I frowned, for I remember having mentioned something of the sort to him.

"Bother the people!" I said. "We are much more interesting ourselves."

"Or," he went on thoughtfully, "a short time in the Paris studios might show whether you really had a talent."

"Fiddlesticks for a talent."

"Or," he continued relentlessly, "the settlement—"

Who could listen to such nonsense? Think of going to a far off place to see people about whom one cares nothing. There is much more interest in hearing old Mrs. Willington talk about the way in which she manages her cook. The Paris studio and art no. We shall have enough to keep us busy in discussing the architecture of the house. Drawing plans is the most entrancing occupation in the world. On funny, criss-crossed, checkered paper we make them all the time. Generally something is lacking. In one plan no place was left for the stairs. In another there was no chimney. In each scheme the beginning is always a good big "den" for him. I always arrange to begin with that. The rest appears to be built about it.

We are going to have a nice little world which we carry about with us.

'Some people might say that it was small. What do they know? There is so endlessly much that I want to have him tell me, such an infinity that I can learn from him. Oh, how good and patient he is with my ignorance! And what that ignorance is I am only discovering more and more every day. Such abysses of stupidity and such prospects of knowledge of which he gives me glimpses! To feel the safety of having one's steps safely guided over the rough places that must come in life, through the devious ways where to wander is so easy!

Whenever I think of you I am sorry for you. Why are you not engaged? You will never be happy until you are. When I look at the girls here, I am sorry for each one of them. As you are nearer to me than any of them, I shall see that you are safely married at once. You are coming on to be a bridesmaid, and I have already made plans. I have left your picture where one young man has seen it, and what he says I will tell you when you come. How nice he is you shall be allowed to find out for yourself. Always to have every nice girl promptly married shall be an interest and an occupation and a *duty*. Each woman owes this to another. Oh, the kindness I feel toward the world you do not know! What is the individual? Nothing. To realize one's own littleness and unimportance is to realize the need that all have for help and sympathy. My heart goes out to every one. We are all so close together and yet so needlessly apart. One's own individuality is only a barrier. We should cast aside our own beliefs and desires in order to be brought nearer to others. We should all meet in our great common humanity. All is for the best in the best of possible worlds, but all must put their shoulders to the wheel to make it go round. None can be allowed to lose themselves in the selfishness of self, and only in union is there strength.

You may think that I grow rhapsodical. I confess that I am a little enthusiastic. How can one have patience when the matter is so clear and simple, when

the best is so manifest? Very well; to come to facts again. I send you the drawings for the bridesmaids' dresses and all the directions. You will look bewitchingly. Because of a *particular reason* this is necessary. For myself I foresee a future of match-making.

You must come on the 12th. A great deal will be doing—many luncheons, dances, and dinners. How good seeing you will be and having you here! There is not time to write now. He wants me to be ready to go with him in the automobile, and he must not be kept waiting. . . .

I was just going to close the envelop when I thought of one more thing to tell you and opened it again. And such an important thing! You must hear at once.

Do you know that directly across the street there is a vacant lot? Such a dear little vacant lot, just the right size and shape and everything. We have bought it. Already and entirely it is our very own. That is where we are going to build a house. Could anything be more perfect? If I had felt at all afraid,—which I have n't,—to have our house there would make me feel safe and comfortable. I have looked out of my windows over that lot ever since I was a little girl. Now I shall all the rest of my life look from my new home into the windows of my old one where I always lived. Doing it will be almost like looking into my own eyes—at myself. But what a different self! I shall see myself a poor, foolish little girl, peering out she did not know whither, beholding she did not know what. With calm eyes I can gaze into the young, wild, restless ones, and smile a little sadly at the little unquiet ghost of myself.

As soon as we had bought it and the papers were signed, we went across to take possession of it. The gray old fence was most considerably broken down in one place, so that we could easily get through. I felt at home at once. And could you believe it, there, growing in the grass, was the prettiest tender little flower. I picked it, and I shall press it and keep it always.



Drawn by Harry Tenu from a photograph

THE AMSTERDAM MUSEUM OF SECURITY

EUROPEAN MUSEUMS OF SECURITY

BY WILLIAM H. TOLMAN

Director of the American Institute of Social Service



N the days of our grandfathers, when it was necessary for a man to master at least one trade and possess a working knowledge of two or three more, life was simple and self-contained. The home was mostly the center of his activities; there he plied his trade and made his own little world. There was no overcrowding; thoughts of light and air, of improved sanitation, did not trouble him much. His chief concern was to provide a comfortable home, food, and clothing, and to observe his children grow up rugged and strong.

With the introduction of steam and machinery life became more complex. The factory became the working-home. What had once been a pretty rural district be-

came a hot, noisy city. Tenements took the place of cottage homes. Competition forced into use ever new and more complicated machinery, until to-day one trade is divided into many, each making part of a whole. For example, it takes sixty-four people to make a shoe. Each worker is supposed to do a distinct part and to keep at it. In this industrial evolution, electricity is the last advance, ushering in entirely new economic problems, and making necessary a readjustment not only in homes, but between master and man.

During the last decade this awakening interest has been particularly marked. Not only does it absorb the attention of the economist, teacher, and preacher, but the industrialist, too, desires harmony to insure business success. He cannot, as heretofore, give his whole attention to the

making-and-selling part of his business; equally important is consideration for the industrial betterment of his workmen. Accordingly, to-day, these problems of industrial betterment are occupying the thoughts of an increasing number of industrialists. Although many interesting attempts to improve conditions and to promote more cordial relations between master and man have been made with fair success, the safeguarding of life and limb has not been perfected to any appreciable

first having been opened in Amsterdam in 1893, in charge of a mechanical engineer who is responsible for the supervision of machinery and its explanation.

Among the curious sights in Amsterdam there is one that will escape the tourist unless his attention is particularly directed to it. Leaving the royal palace behind him, cutting through the narrow streets, crossing the numerous bridges of the Venice of the North, and making his way down a side canal, he comes upon the



BERLIN MUSEUM OF SECURITY, CHARLOTTENBURG, GERMANY

extent. Ask a manufacturer if his circular saws, punches, and presses are protected by safety-devices, and usually he replies, "No; or if they are, my men won't use them."

One evening, at the conclusion of a lecture on European museums of security, a number of young men came forward and expressed their surprise, saying: "We had no idea that a museum of security meant safety to life and limb. We thought you were going to explain a new kind of institution for guarding our securities and valuables." To most people a museum conveys the idea of a mass of material, duly catalogued and labeled, uninteresting except to the scholar and special student.

The idea of a museum of security excites curiosity. People ask, "What's that?" It is not surprising that there should be general ignorance on this subject, because such institutions are of recent origin, the

"Museum van Voorwerpen ter Voorkoming van Ongelukken en Ziekten in Fabriken en Werkplaatsen." Reduced to its lowest terms, this means in English the "Amsterdam Museum of Security."

This building contains a permanent exposition of apparatus and devices for the prevention of accidents in factories and workshops, so that manufacturers and all other employers of labor may see in actual operation the safety-devices that guard the lives and limbs of their workers. This museum owed its origin to the Association for the Development of Manual Training and Hand-work in Holland. The labor-inspectors of Holland find that the museum is of the greatest service to them, because it meets every objection on the part of a superintendent that the safety-device in question will interfere with the proper operation of his machinery.

In 1889 an important exposition of de-

ices for the prevention of accidents to laborers was held in Berlin. An effort to preserve the valuable documents and other exhibits as a collection did not succeed at that time, chiefly through the failure of the government to coöperate. But in 1900 an appropriation of \$142,000 was made by the Reichstag for the creation of a museum of security. The Reichstag also appropriated \$75,000 in 1901 and \$43,750 in 1902. For the maintenance of the museum, which is in Charlottenburg, an appropriation of \$7500 was made in 1902 and \$10,000 in 1903.

As its name indicates, the museum of

your machines and models?" I asked Dr. Albrecht, the executive director in Charlottenburg.

"In the first place," he said, "we appealed to constructors and inventors, offering a place in the museum where such



CAP ON A CIRCULAR SAW



CHISEL-SHIELDS AND GOGGLES USED IN CLEANING COLD STEEL BLOCKS

methods and devices could be brought to public attention, in this way enlisting the support of all classes. We reserve in every instance, however, the right to refuse any specimen or plan not deemed useful. The exhibits are temporary, and at any time may be replaced by others

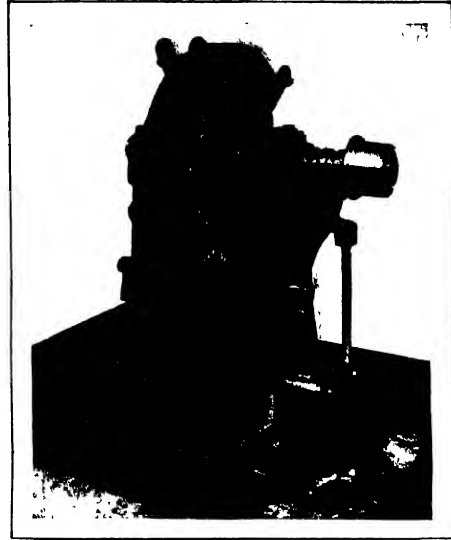
security aims to become a permanent exposition not only of devices for the prevention of accidents to laborers, but of the best suggestions originated by any person or institution to help workmen in any way. It is really divided into two great sections, one comprising all that has to do with the prevention of accidents in the various branches of industry, and the other comprising social and industrial hygiene.

"What was your plan for collecting

that are better. The museum is already so full that the question of enlarging it has been brought up."

"How do you guard against the admission of machines or devices that are unsuitable?" I asked him.

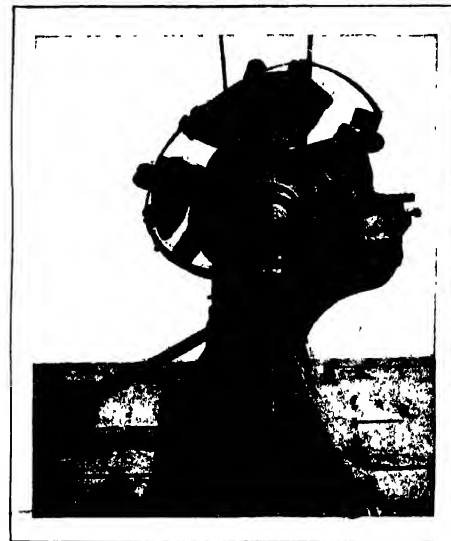
"For that," replied the doctor, "we have a jury of twenty-eight experts—engineers, factory-inspectors, technicians—and of four trade representatives, namely, a brewer, a cabinet-maker, a worker in



TWO VIEWS OF A PROTECTION-DEVICE ON AN EMERY POLISHING-MACHINE



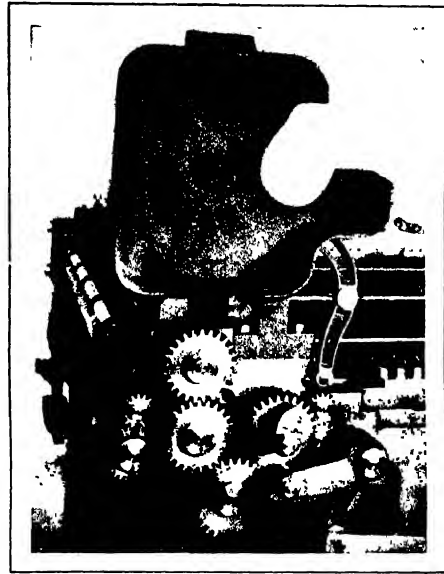
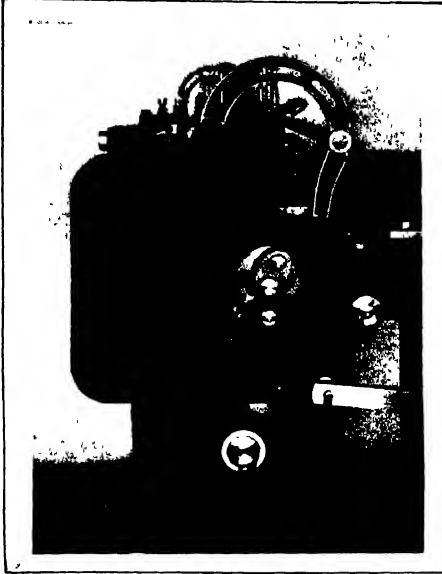
A FACE-MASK



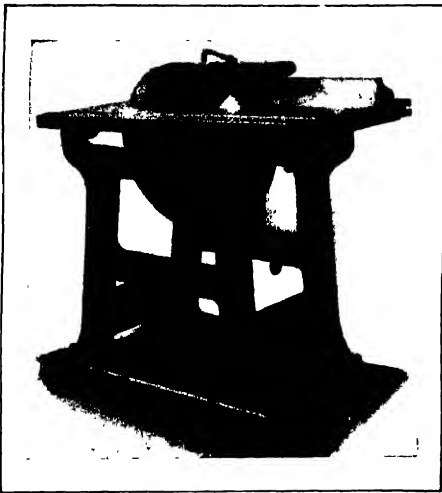
EMERY GRINDING-MACHINE

metals, and a worker in textiles. Any device that is passed upon by this jury is accepted as a loan by the museum for one year, with the privilege of its renewal. In this way we keep the exhibits thoroughly up to date, replacing old models by those that are new and more highly perfected. It is our aim to display not only miniature models, but those of actual size, in order that workmen visit-

ing the museum may see faithful representations of devices actually used in the workshops and on machines that can be set in motion. Altogether we have some eighty-five machines for motor-power, and thirty that may be operated by hand. The other exhibits are models, designs, and photographs. The machines form five independent groups, and each group can be operated alone. Four large electromotors



TWO VIEWS OF A GEARING-COVER FOR A PAPER-WORKING MACHINE



SAFETY-DEVICE ON A CIRCULAR SAW



PROTECTION-DEVICE ON A KNEADING MACHINE

furnish the power for the five groups, and eleven electromotors direct the machines independently."

For administrative purposes, the building is divided into three parts: (1) The executive, comprising offices in the basement, rooms for one of the officials, a library, a lecture-hall, and a special museum for tuberculosis. (2) A grand hall; a basement, comprising an area of 1610 square

yards, for the installation of the machinery; and a large gallery of 810 square yards reserved for models, plans, and photographs. (3) The administration building and the grand hall are united by a vestibule in the basement, and above this vestibule is an assembly-hall. The ground floor of the grand hall has the greatest amount of space, and here the largest and heaviest machines in motion are installed.

Different kinds of safety-elevators are shown, with automatic stops, so that, if the chain is loosened, the weight rests suspended; also, windlasses with arrangements for stopping the winding in advance of the crank-handle; elevators with improved closings, regulators for speed, and apparatus that will stop the car without danger; band-saws, circular saws, planes, polishers; boring-machines, with protectors of various kinds; metal-working machines for perforating and winding; clipping shears, with all the necessary protectors; printing-presses, stamping-machines, and machines for the manufacture of soap.

For food stuffs there is a special group of machines for cutting, grinding, mixing, separating, and packing. There are also machines for textile industries, improved carriers in mining, and agricultural machinery of every kind. The appliances of security for boats are very numerous—a system of automatic closing of compartments; various kinds of life-boats, dredging-boats, steamboats; a system for lessening the chances of spontaneous combustion of coal in the store-room; boiler and steam-pipe safety-stops; warnings for the ear or eye in case of insufficient water; and systems of safety-sheathing for the water-tubes. There are, also, brakes for roadway vehicles, and safety-lamps for mines.

As evidence of an interest in the museum, the Association of Quarrymen has sent a number of protectors employed in its industry. There are magazines for dynamite, arranged according to police ordinances; devices to protect from blasting; and masks and spectacles for use in excavating.

The Textile Association of Alsace-Lorraine and the factories at Chemnitz are

represented by a number of excellent models. Breweries have sent a number of protectors used in their cellars and depots. Tiling and bricklaying are represented by models and photographs. The chemical industry is represented by devices for protection in handling corrosive substances and decanting inflammable liquids. In the court are large objects, such as engines, scaffolding, and brick- and mortar-carriers; while in the vestibule are

shown varieties of protectors for the eyes which guard them against flinty substances, flame, or matter at white heat. There is also a collection of model clothing for men and women.

The museum has an important collection relative to the nutritive value of foods of the ordinary kind, models for economic stoves; utensils for cooking, and for heating the food brought from home by the workmen; and the right kind of baskets or boxes in which to bring such food to



FACE-MASKS FOR HANDLERS OF HOT METAL BLOCKS

the shop. In a pavilion erected in the center of the grand hall are exhibited a series of objects relating to the social betterment of workmen—houses, the instruction of children, and the education of the growing girl and boy.

A special section has been set aside for a tuberculosis museum, and here the German Central Committee of Sanatoria has exhibited a series of valuable documents relative to this dread disease and the war being waged against it. Dr. Th. Sommerfeld has exhibited specimens showing how many maladies, notably skin-diseases from parasites, are developed in factories, with the corresponding methods for prevention.

Among the collections for improving the hygienic conditions of labor, pure air is the first consideration. Accordingly, the museum presents various appliances for ascertaining the degrees of vitiation.

A special group shows microscopic views of the dust generated in various industries, as well as colored photographs indicating the action of dust-particles on the lungs of workmen. By the side of these exhibits showing diseases developed from factory dust are the remedies—a series of models of mask-respirators to shield the lungs, and also devices to renew the air. Machines for working in wood are guarded against the dust from chips and shavings, and there are also guards against the dust from emery- and other grinding-wheels.

A collection of models for the prevention of the absorption of harmful matter while the workmen are eating include rooms where they may take their meals after having changed their garments, with special lockers for their clothes. Lavatories and shower-baths enable the men to refresh themselves before entering the dining-room.

Early in 1900 the Bavarian Minister of the Interior decided to establish a museum for the welfare of workmen. The funds necessary for the establishment were provided under arrangements made by the Minister of the Interior, and from the Munich Polytechnic Association there was a munificent gift of money accumulated for some years for the purpose of creating a hygienic museum. Through the generosity of constructors and industrialists a great many models of machinery were offered to the museum.

Five rooms were at once put at its disposition gratuitously by the great paper concern of Munich-Dachau. The first room is used for the devices for security from accidents, the second is reserved for the protection of workmen in the building industries, the third for industrial hygiene, the fourth for a library, and the last for various purposes relating to the welfare of the workmen. The administrative officers of the museum, with the cooperation of the Association of Technical Schools, have organized conferences on questions of interest touching the moral and material improvement of workmen.

The Munich museum has sought to make its improved housing section of special value, and has collected a large number of plans and photographs. The most interesting documents have been furnished by the Society for the Construction of

Small Houses for Workmen at Frankfurt-on-the-Main and by the Association for Improving the Housing Conditions of Munich.

In France there are three large associations of employers for the prevention of accidents in factories and workshops, the largest organized in 1883. These three societies vie with one another in obtaining the very best improvements at home and abroad for lessening accidents. The Manufacturers' Association holds an annual meeting for the express purpose of arousing interest in the general subject and encouraging new attempts and suggestions for the improvement of appliances already in use. Thanks to the propaganda of these three organizations, there is an excellent system of factory inspection and a general willingness on the part of industrialists to equip their machinery with the best safety-devices.

In 1893 a museum of security was formed in Paris; but, through failure to obtain the necessary room, the models then on hand were given to the National Conservatory of Arts and Trades in 1895. However, little was accomplished till 1903, when the Minister of Commerce sent a committee from the Association for the Prevention of Accidents to Laborers to study the museums of Munich and Berlin. As a result of these studies, the conservatory offered space if the association would provide for maintenance. The association raised \$8400 by private subscription, to which the Municipal Council of Paris voted \$2000. For its annual maintenance the Municipal Council of Paris appropriates \$400, the General Council of the Seine a like sum, and private subscriptions \$1400. The persistency of the devoted few who had faith and had worked unremittingly for its realization was rewarded in the formal opening of the museum by the President of the Republic. Similar museums have also been established in Zurich and Vienna.

In our own country five of the States have enacted laws providing against accidents in the building and construction trades, but not one has required the systematic return of accidents in building. We have, therefore, no data on which to base an estimate of the number of accidents in this great division of industry. All that can be said is that they are nu-

merous. Nine States require factory operators to report accidents suffered by their employees, but only inadequate data have been afforded for the collection of complete and detailed statistics. In 1899 the New York Bureau of Labor attempted to gain as complete a record as possible of all accidents for three months in industries employing about one half of the factory-workers of the State. During this period confessedly incomplete returns showed 1822 accidents. On this basis, all the factories in the State would, in twelve months, show 14,576 accidents.

Perils of various kinds beset the coal miner. In a recent year, of 112,420 employees in the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania, 411 were killed. Of 87,802 employees in the bituminous mines, 198 were killed. The next year there were 461 fatal and 1030 non-fatal accidents in the anthracite region. John Mitchell tells us that in the anthracite mines two miners are killed and five injured for every working day in the year.

The statistics of railway accidents are more complete. During the year ending June 30, 1904, there were 10,046 killed and 84,155 injured on the railways of the United States, making a total of 94,201 victims. The average for the year was 27 killed and 230 injured every day. During the last five years there have been 44,794 killed and 329,029 injured. The number of accidents is increasing, and if the rate of increase continues the same during the next five years, there will be 59,169 more slaughtered during that time, besides 624,167 injured. That is, on the above supposition there are now nearly 60,000 people in the United States who are under sentence of death, to be executed on our railways within the next five years!

A comparison of the American and European railway records shows how large a proportion of our accidents are needless. In 1890 our railways killed one person for every 306 employees, while the roads of Germany killed only one for every 750, and those of Austria-Hungary only one for every 1067. The same year American roads injured one person for every 33 employees, German roads, one for every 169, and Austrian roads, one for every 292. That is, of a given number of employees, we killed more than twice as

many as Germany, and more than three times as many as Austria-Hungary; we also injured five times as many as Germany and nine times as many as Austria-Hungary.

Furthermore, an investigation of 15,970 accidents in Germany indicated that fifty-three per cent. of them were avoidable. If, then, of a given number of employees we kill more than twice as many as Germany, and more than half of Germany's accidents are avoidable, it is reasonable to infer that more than three quarters of our fatal accidents, and a still larger proportion of our non-fatal accidents, are needless.

The lives of employees yearly sacrificed in increasing numbers are generally not those of children or old men, but of young men just beginning to repay society for rearing them, or of men in middle life who are the bread winners of families.

Not a few of our industries are so prejudicial to health as to cut many years off the lives of those who engage in them. As Dr. Josiah Strong points out, "Economic considerations are wholly secondary. This is, first of all, a question of conscience. Needless slaughter is criminal slaughter. Industrial homicide is being committed every hour of the day; and the employer who does not provide all practicable means for safeguarding life and limb is *particeps criminis*."

"We are told that ancient Athens was forced every nine years to pay a tribute of seven youths and seven maidens to be devoured by the Cretan Minotaur until Theseus slew the monster. We have here in the United States a monster named Indifference, to which we are making human sacrifices, not at the rate of fourteen every nine years, but at the rate of dozens every day, besides many scores who escape with their lives, but are maimed or mangled."

The establishment of a museum of security for America would mean the saving of thousands of lives, and through the prevention of accidents hundreds of thousands of workmen would be saved from disability, and thus from becoming a charge on their families or dependent on the State. Such a museum would also lessen liability for damage suits growing out of accidents.

THE SPELLING PROBLEM

AND THE PRESENT AIMS OF THE REFORMERS

BY BENJAMIN E. SMITH



THAT English spelling will really be reformed is still, with most, a hope rather than a conviction. The revival of interest in the matter, marked by the establishment of the Simplified Spelling Board, tends, however, to make that hope a rather strong one. The chief reason for encouragement lies in the fact that at last the reform appears to be placed upon a practical foundation. The announcements of the Board make it clear that it will be occupied not so much with what *ought* to be done as with what, in the light of thirty years' experience, *can* be done—a somewhat unusual attitude for reformers, but the only one possible, if even the smallest progress is to be made. Mr. Carnegie's gift to the Board also makes an important change in the situation.

In saying this, no disparagement of the earlier leaders—of such scholars as Whitney, Max Muller, March, Lounsbury, and Child—is, of course, intended. These men and their co-laborers have been the teachers and guides of all who have come after them. They quickly placed the reform in the position of a cause having the full support of scholarship and common sense. They made it impossible for a well-informed person to defend our orthography on any ground except that of habit. But at this point their success certainly ended. That English spelling is unspeakably bad they amply proved, but they were not able to persuade the public to follow their lead in their attempts to make it better. This was not due to any fault of theirs. They simply found the mass of habit, prejudice, and indifference that lay in their way too heavy to be moved. Besides, their treasury was empty.

In looking back over the course of the reform, however, it appears—to that hindsight which makes us all wise—that too much prominence was given to the phonetic ideal. It is true that the only really *good* spelling is phonetic spelling; it is unfortunately true that our orthography, though not wholly unphonetic, is from the true phonetic point of view little less than a nightmare, but it is also true that to reform it phonetically would necessitate a radical transformation of the great majority of the familiar forms of English words, because it would involve extensive alterations of the alphabet. To say, as some do, that this alphabetic reconstruction should be the end rather than the beginning—a goal to which a gradual approach may be made—is only to recommend the substitution of prolonged confusion and anarchy for a quick and sweeping revolution. But that the great mass of English-speakers, who, as Professor Lounsbury has said, have lost the phonetic sense, will consent to give up at once or gradually, through a transition period of vexatious confusion, their orthographic habits, their prejudices, and their convenience, in order that their spelling, or that of their grandchildren, may assume a form which, from its strangeness, seems to them utterly repulsive, is a supposition which cannot be entertained unless one relies upon the scientific accuracy of one's principles more than upon one's knowledge of human nature.

The full recognition of this fact by the Simplified Spelling Board is what chiefly distinguishes its program and makes it a practicable and hopeful one. All of its members, probably, heartily believe in the phonetic principle; they may expect or

hope that some time it may be embodied in English orthography; but they are agreed that it must be subordinated to other practical principles in any reform for which it is reasonable to work. They have not abandoned the standard of the earlier revolt; but they have changed the point of attack and the plan of campaign. This should be distinctly grasped by all who are interested in their work and plans. The extent to which this renunciation simplifies their problem and brings it within the range of practicality can be briefly indicated. Having temporarily, at least, laid aside the scientific aim of making spelling *correct* (phonetic), they are free to follow exclusively the philanthropic and practical aim of making it *easier*; for the two things are by no means identical. Accurate phonetic spelling is no doubt the easiest, for it is the simplest and most uniform; but *regular* spelling, even if unphonetic, is also easy, for the reason that in it the same combination of sounds is regularly represented by the same combination of letters, whatever they may be. For example, if the sounds represented by *-ize*, as in *size*, were always represented by *-ize* (and not sometimes by *-ise* or *-yse*), it would be easy to spell them under this rule, though this particular combination of letters is unphonetic (for it should be *-ais*). Even *though* and *dough* would have no terrors if it were not for *so*, and *sew*, and *know*, and *her*, and *bow*, and *beau*, and the like. In a word, English spelling is "hard" mainly because it is irregular—because the child or the foreigner who has learned to spell one word, or a group of like words, can never safely infer that in the next word he *hears* the same sounds are spelled in the same way. He may have learned *hung* and *rung* and *lung* and *sung*, but if he guesses *tung* and *yung* he is in trouble at once. He is thus condemned at the very start to uncertainty, hesitation, and the fear of blundering, and quickly discovers that he must learn each word by itself, and most words not by the ear, as he has a right to expect, but by the eye, just as the Chinese learns his little ideographs.

But irregularity sometimes implies regularity, and it is a fact that there is a regularity in our spelling which is, on the whole, greater than its annoying irregular-

ity: there are general analogies upon which "rules" of a certain kind may be founded; and it is quite within the range of possibility, if the public will help, to extend these rules by the gradual elimination of "exceptions" until they cover the whole of English orthography and make it very easy to acquire. It is to a reformation of this sort, and of this sort only, that the Simplified Spelling Board has committed itself. That even this reform will meet with great opposition does not need to be said; but at least the charge that it will make our spelling "un-English" cannot be brought against it, for every change that it calls for will be supported by the most characteristic of English orthographic usages. Much of the work can be done by "simplification by omission"—the dropping of silent letters; here and there a word must be respelled; occasionally an old blunder, such as *tongue* and *island*, fastened upon the language long ago by writers ignorant of etymology must be rectified; but no sweeping change will be required and there will be no ground for the charge of radicalism. Most important of all, from the practical point of view, is the fact that, unlike the phonetic reform, this *reformation by regulation* can be carried out gradually, step by step, without transitional confusion, each new form falling naturally into its place, just as new forms have continually been dropping into their places ever since the language began to be printed. It is simply an acceleration of an established and natural historical process.

If it is asked whether in this way—assuming that the public follows the reformers—our spelling can be made enough easier to justify the effort involved, the answer can safely be made that in spite of the many difficulties which its peculiar irregularities present, a reasonable amount of regulation would reduce it to about the simplicity of German and save a year or more in the learning of it. That certainly seems to be worth while. A similar reply may be made to those who fear that, if the reform is carried out, our children will not be able to read the English classics as we have them to-day, and that the entire mass of English books will be unreadable if they are not sent to the printer to be reset. The fact is that if

English orthography is ever simplified to the point indicated by the above comparison with German, it will probably differ from our present spelling less than one-third as much as this differs from the spelling of Shakspeare. Since a prominent

English novelist appears (in what he is reported to have said) to believe that we are still spelling as Shakspeare spelled, the danger that English literature will be snuffed out by the reform does not appear to be great.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

A DANGER TO AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

THAT there are, in America daily, and other periodicals which, in different ways, tend to weaken the brain, demoralize the spirit, and lower the tone of public opinion in the nation, any one may see. But there are many who see and acknowledge this who do not perceive a pressing individual duty and responsibility. Through curiosity, or self-indulgence, or lack of consideration, or from some baser motive, there are men and women, not counted among the evil classes, who actually help to keep alive by purchasing, or advertising in, periodicals which are curses to the community.

When, in open court, through the bravery and energy of an editor and his publishers, a certain weekly paper was recently shown to be vile and venal, perhaps without precedent in any time or place, and when public condemnation and disgust were being expressed in every direction, the cheeks of many women of gentle breeding,* of many men of decent up-bringing, must have,—at least should have,—burned crimson for their part in keeping alive a system of virtual black-mailing; for assisting, by patronage, a publication which catered to the love of scandalous chronicle; which, in so doing, thrust right and left into innocent hearts; which, in so doing prepared the way for gathering large revenue from the vulnerable and the cowardly.

This is an instance exceptional in its prominence and unpleasing picturesqueness. Other instances are at hand and easily observable. The press which the slang of the day nicknames "yellow"; the insincere, the sensational, the demagogic periodicals pervade the atmosphere

of our time like a pestilence. They litter the trolley-cars, their tatters vulgarize the very sidewalks, and roadways,—and many of the men and women who have no desire to be called thoughtless or unpatriotic complacently help to sustain them by their advertisements or their support as purchasers and readers.

Professor Felix Adler, in a suggestive address of last winter on "Impending Changes," spoke of the "incoming of the multitude, the accession to power and influence of the masses." "It is idle," he said, "to disguise the fact that the first effect of the accession of the masses to influence has been productive of much evil. The state of journalism at the present day is one evidence. The newspapers, as a rule, are graded down to the tastes and the intellectual standards of the masses. The 'yellow journals,' so-called, do but reflect the color of the minds of their readers—the love of sensation and exciting news—outrageous over-statements, appeal side by side in the columns of the same newspapers to the better and the worst side of human nature."

The man who made this deliberate statement as to one effect of that march of democracy which he is far from deprecating, in this same address declared that he is "thoroughly democratic in sympathy" and does not believe "that the tide" of democracy "can be turned, or that any attempt should be made to turn it." Indeed, in this city, which has witnessed Prof. Adler's good works, his devotion to the interests of the people and to all that is ideal and noble in American institutions and in the public and private life of our day, no protestation of democratic principle is needed on his behalf. His democracy is of a kind that, seeing the dangers of democracy, courageously cries

out in warning; and insistently demands such leadership as will diminish the dangers and bring about wholesomer conditions, to the purifying and uplifting of the masses whose interests are dear to him.

In the matter of opposition to this danger of the "yellow press,"—than which no greater threatens the democracy of our day and land,—any decent man or woman may be a leader. Such a leader need demand no ultra-refined or difficult standard,—only that of common decency and common honesty. The sensationalism of the press is only a part of the sensationalism of the time—a sensationalism which is evidenced in a thousand ways,—in the fantastic luxury of the brainless rich; in the speed-madness of automobilists; in the crudeness and violence of current works of fiction; in the vulgarities of the stage; in the increasingly dangerous feats of the great circuses, whose programs appeal more and more to a brutal passion for visible escapes from sudden death. The sensationalism of the press, we say, is only a part of that spirit of excess which is rife. The decent members of the community should set their faces against the whole tendency, and against its every example; but it is of this one duty as to the press

that we especially insist upon at the moment. It is the most obvious, the nearest at hand; and, moreover, a blow struck at the "yellowness" of print is a blow struck at all yellowness.

For it is the evil power of a sensational press to increase the evil sentiment on which it thrives. The periodicals that live on false witness, one-sided statements, doctored news, demagogic appeals; the loud calling of public attention to all the big or petty crimes in the calendar; that fan the vices by their constant parade of them; that disseminate class hatred; that are vindictive in their enmities; that are used to advance the selfish and impertinent ambitions of their owners; that exploit good causes for private emolument or personal advancement; that bring suspicion upon restrained, accurate, disinterested criticism of public men by their reckless attacks; that make reform odious by conscienceless imitations of its honest activities; that, in a word, live by cultivating the appetite for sensationalism; such periodicals are the parents of all the vulgarities. Opposition to such sources of evil encourages the "journalism of conscience," as Norman Hapgood calls it,—in its competition with the conscienceless; and is a service to American democracy.

OPEN LETTERS

Goya's Portrait of Doña Isabel Corbo de Porcel
TIMOTHY COLE'S WOOD ENGRAVINGS OF OLD SPANISH
MASTERS. SEE OPPOSITE PAGE 268

THIS portrait was purchased by the National Gallery of London in 1896 from Don Andres de Urzaz of Madrid. As an example of the artist's power in portraiture it is one of the best, displaying delicacy of execution and vivid delineation of character.

The lady is clad in a rose-colored satin dress, which is almost entirely veiled by a black lace mantilla of a style worn by ladies of Spain at the present day. The hair is that of a blonde, but the large eyes are dark, partaking of a greenish-gray cast. There is delicacy of modeling, but the expression is vivacious and spirited rather than refined. Noble and high-strung it may be, but I have always fancied I could see something of

cruelty in its make-up, which seems in keeping with the dragged hair of the forehead, ending in those huge, fierce spit-curls, and the almost defiant pose of the body—right shoulder forward, left hand planted firmly on hip—that gives such a feeling of bravado to the character. The canvas is still as fresh as though but lately finished. It shows the half-length of life-size, and measures two feet, eight inches by one foot, nine and one-quarter inches.

T. Cole.

Notes

"A WEEK AT WATERLOO"

Major B. R. Ward, R. E., who is bringing out a book on the subject of Lady De Lansey's narrative printed in the April CENTURY, informs us that since our article went to press he has learned that a postmortem examina-

tion was made by Dr. Hume, surgeon to the Duke of Wellington. He found that several of the ribs were separated from the spine, "one totally broke to pieces, and embedded in the lungs."

The Lady Hamilton whose picture, by mistake, accompanied the paper was not the Lady Hamilton referred to in the text. The

latter was the wife of Sir H. D. Hamilton, also named in the narrative.

"HOW THE ANTELOPE PROTECTS ITS YOUNG"

Letters from naturalists, received by us, throw discredit upon the statements and pictures in the article on the above subject in the March CENTURY.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Lay of The O'Yama.

Being a Public Protest against the assertion recently made in a prominent Boston Daily, that the Irish took no part in The Late Difference between Russia and Japan

I

The greatest man in Rooshia
I'd like to have ye know,
Was General Kure O'Patkin,
A year, or two ago;
The idol of the army,
The fav'rite av the Czar,
They sent him out to China
For to finish up the war.

• He kissed his Royal Masther,
• Thin stepped aboard the thrain;
Good-night, sez he, yer Czar-ship,
I'll soon be back again;
I'll first make peace in Tokee,
Thin bring back for the Zoo,
That little heathen mannikin
The Jap-King, McAdoo.

That same day out in Tokee
His Highness, McAdoo,
Havin' heard that bold Kuroki
Had crossed the blue Yaloo,
Threw out his chest, an offered
To bet five thousand yin,
That by Xmas-time his army
Would be quarthered in Har-bin.

IV

Wid that a wild-cyed rickshaw-man
Rushed in upon the scene;
News! News! my Lord, from Pethersburg
By wireless has come in;
At last the hated Rooshian,
Is forced to show his hand;
For General Kure O'Patkin
Has been placed in chief command!

Bad News! sez Marquis Eat-ho;
Sad News! sez McAdoo;

May Budda help Kuroki,
An' General Noji too!!!
"Not yet! me liege and dimi-god,"
Sez some one standing by,
"While Marshall Mike O'Yama
Is prepared to do an' die!!!"

A cheer that shook the rafters,
Resounded thro' the hall;
Thank God, sez Yam O'Gata,
There's hope still after all;
I'm ould an' too rheumatic
To fight meself, sez he,
But we'll match 'em with O'Yama,
Our Irish Janpance.

VII

That night the town of Tokee
Was fairly "on the blink"
With banzaus and "hosaners,"
You could n't sleep a wink.
'T was "here's to bould O'Yama,"
And "a cheer for McAdoo";
They'll show the Czar of Rooshia,
What a Mac' and O' can do.

VIII

Whin Marshall Mike O'Yama
Set foot upon COREE
He buckled on his broad-sword
An' to himself sez he:
O'Pat can fight a Tarther
But "he'll be up a three"
Whin he thries to cross shillelahs
Wid an Irish Janpance.

IX

They fought a while at Chow-chow;
O'Patkin slipped away,—
They had a scrap at Kow-tow;
Agin he did n't stay;
The Czar inquired by telegraph
"Why don't ye make a stand,
'T was not for sprintin' tactics
That I gev ye yer command?"

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

X

"Me noble Lord av Rooshia,
Just wait a while," sez he,
"I'm not a bit defaited,
Altho' I seem to be;
I'm lurin' him, yer Majesty,
So never have a fear."
"For God's sake Pat," the Czar replied,
"Don't lure him over here."

XI

Next day they had a scrimmage
At a place called Leo Yang.
O'Patkin was prepared for Mike;
Mike did n't give a "hang!"
They clinched and couthered half a day
An' whin the sun went down
Bould Marshal Mike O'Yama
Was mästher av the town.

XII

At last close by to Mukdin—
The China king's graveyard—
They went at wan another
An' swatted good an' hard.
O'Pat was outmanœuvred
In skill an' sthrategee,
An' the day was with O'Yama
The Irish Japanee.

XIII

Thun up spoke Terry Roosenfelt,
The Yankee heavy weight,
"Throw the sponge, O'Pat," sez he,
"Before it is too late."

"I can't," sez Kure O'Patkin
"Unless I see the Czar,
Just dhrop a line for hivin's sake
An' have him ind the war."

XIV

He wired at once to Pether Hoff,
He wired to Tokeec, too,
"Make peace ye pair of fools," sez he
To Nick an' McAdoo—
"Make peace, or by the hokey
Meself an' Ginerall Wood
Will wipe yez off cration;
Come on now an' be good!!!"

XV

The Czar threw up his hands at once
An' so did McAdoo.
(O'Yama kept his corner,
To see the whole thing through),
But Witte an' Komura
Were peaceful min, ye see,
An' ended all the throuble
Between Russ an' Japanee.

XVI

Now that the war is over,
An' Terry Roosenfelt
Is gettin' all due credit,
An' puttin' on the belt,
I hope he 'll have the dacency
To say- twixt you an' me—
"Sure I owe this to O'Yama
The Irish Japanee."

—Engle Wood U. S. N.



Drawn by J. K. Shaver

A FAIR INFERENCE

Oh, look, mamma! Look! There's a wild horse and cart!

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